DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

Collier's

15c

April 14, 1951

CAMPUS QUEEN NO. 4: PENNSYLVANIA'S SALLY BURDEN

What Truman Would Do to Congress

By JONATHAN DANIELS

MARY A BECK
10 BELL AV
PITTSBURGH 5
PA 17JA52
485797
C R2Y

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's a Wonderful Life You Live in the World's Most Modern Car

START ENJOYING THE OUTDOOR THRILLS that can be yours in a Nash Airflyte. Just step into a 1951 Nash. See what wide, new horizons open up—inviting you to enjoy life as you never have before. Think of sleeping where you like—being first on the spot where the big fish bite . . . of doing what others can't . . . going where others dare not.

Drive it and you'll see why Airflyte owners go more places more economically and have more fun—come home rested and relaxed, with creels bulging. Yes, you'll soon know why everyone calls Nash "The Sportsman's Dream Car"—why you see more and more Nash cars wherever you travel.

Get started now for a summer of fun! See your Nash dealer. Before you decide, take an Airflyte ride—in the world's most modern car.

Your own cabin in the woods even has insect screens. Cutaway view shows spacious interior and seats that become Twin Beds. Great for touring.

An outboard motor is "swallowed up" in this huge luggage compartment—with room left over for the family's baggage. It's twice as roomy as some.

His turn! Let your companion have the thrill of "road testing" your Nash Airflyte while you settle back for a snooze in the Airliner Reclining Seat.

Airflyte Construction is the reason a Nash stays new years longer. Body-and-frame are welded into one double-rigid unit. Rattle-proof, squeak-free.

Record-breaker! The Nash Ambassador is a top winner of U. S. and foreign stock car races. And its high-compression engine uses *regular* gas.

Streamlined to boost economy—over 25 miles a gallon at average highway speed in the Statesman—up to 30 miles per gallon in the smart, new Rambler.

Before You Decide, Take an Airflyte Ride—in the World's Most Modern Car

Nash Airflyte

The Ambassador · The Statesman · The Rambler

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Michigan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Sparkling can you be?

For a smile that's Sparkling bright . . . the answer is ***IPANA!***

The answer is Ipana

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

Nothing like a sparkling bright smile, a sparkling fresh mouth, to give you a confident lift! So start with Ipana—to get your teeth cleaner, spark up your smile—and help prevent tooth decay. You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste and tingle, too—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter. Get Ipana today for your Smile of Beauty!

For a Sparkling date tonight . . . the answer is ***IPANA!***

For a mouth that's Sparkling fresh . . . the answer is ***IPANA!***

Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste (ammoniated or otherwise) has been proved more effective than Ipana!

For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is ***IPANA!***

A Product of Bristol-Myers

P.S. It's Dental Care Month—time for a check-up! 1. See your dentist now. 2. Start using Ipana today!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL

ON YOUR POLICIES

The Continental Insurance Company

Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Co.

Niagara Fire Insurance Company

American Eagle Fire Insurance Co.

The Fidelity & Casualty Co. of N. Y.

IT STANDS FOR

SOUND PROTECTION

IN FIVE LEADING INSURANCE COMPANIES

For the Name of an America Fore Agent or Claims Office Call Western Union by Number, Ask for Operator 25.

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent* KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
JOHN DENSON, *Foreign Editor* GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · WARREN BROWN · JEAN B. CAMPBELL
SEY CHASSLER · LORNA D. CHESSON · ALLEN CLEATON · LONNIE COLEMAN
JOHN CONNER · BETSY CORRIGAN · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. · MACLENNAN FARRELL · DIANA HIRSH · MANLEY JACKSON
JAMES M. KAHN · JERRY KORN · JOHN LEAR · MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY
JOHN C. PELLEW · ELEANOR PORTER · CORNELIUS RYAN · RED SMITH
JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE · JAMES N. YOUNG

Editorial Research · ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief*
DIANE DOWNS, BIANCA TONETTI, MARTHA WEINMAN

Bureaus

WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*; TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST (*Los Angeles*): THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*; JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST (*Chicago*): BILL FAY
EUROPE (*Paris*): SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM ATTWOOD, ROBERT SHAPLEN
FAR EAST (*Tokyo*): CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, BILL STAPLETON, HOWARD BRODIE

April 14, 1951

What Truman Would Do to Congress.....JONATHAN DANIELS 13
Most Exciting Voice in the World.....JAMES POLING 18
World under the Sand.....WENDELL PHILLIPS 20
(Concluding EXPLORING QUEEN OF SHEBA LAND)
Fish the Fast Waters.....RAYMOND R. CAMP 24
2,000 Years of Paris..... 28
Diamond Rhubarbs..WILLIAM J. KLEM WITH WILLIAM J. SLOCUM 30
(Continuing UMPIRE BILL KLEM'S OWN STORY)
Circleville—Un-Bomb-Worthy Spot.....H. B. FOX 66

The Day of the Rose.....ANN CHIDESTER 16
Mrs. O'Brien Enters High Society.....JOE McCARTHY 22
Stairway to an Empty Room.....DOLORES HITCHENS 26
(PART THREE OF FIVE PARTS)
Total Recall.....JAMES HELVICK 32
The Goo-Goo Tree.....ELLIOTT CHAZE 34
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
"N 31 Over".....GURNEY WILLIAMS 10
Editorials..... 86
Cover.....RICHARD BEATTIE

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 127, No. 15. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. *Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board*; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; P. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demerlein, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Twenty-one-year-old Sally Burden, from Wynnewood, Pennsylvania, is Collier's Campus Queen No. 4. An English major and a member of Delta Gamma sorority at the University of Pennsylvania, Sally hopes to do something about starting a writing career after she is graduated this June. Her hobbies are music, cats and bridge.

Week's Mail

Those Letters

EDITOR: Jonathan Daniels' article on How Truman Writes Those Letters (Feb. 24th) was a good job well done. He did a swell job of applying the soothing oil, but I don't think it spread too easily.

I am a man in public office myself, even though it is only a county office. I write letters of sympathy, condolence and friendship like other officials and men in public, but there is one difference with most of us. We assume that since we are in places of responsibility and hold the confidence of the voters who voted for us, we are supposed to use judgment and control in dealing with the public.

I believe this is one of *those letters* like Mr. Truman writes. I hope you see fit to print it, so Mr. Daniels and Mr. Truman can see that I, too, will sign my name to a letter I write. If that's a mark of a great man then I am one, too.

CECIL KENDALL, Carthage, Texas

. . . I like your Give the Man a Break (editorial, Feb. 24th) and Those Letters. I am a Republican. Here is a slogan for a better America: "Be Human—to Truman."

CAP WALLER, B. R. Falls, Wis.

. . . About four years ago I wrote the card which Presidential Secretary Matthew J. Connelly put on President Truman's desk recently, as reported by Jonathan Daniels in your How Truman Writes Those Letters.

It read: "Public relations is the letter you don't write when you're mad and the nice letter you write the so-and-so the next day after you've regained your sense of humor." DON HEROLD, New York, N. Y.

. . . Mr. Daniels has written a plausible, defensive apology for his friend's lack of self-control. That this was necessary is indeed in itself a strain on public thinking and places the subject behind the eight ball.

Many of us are of the opinion that the last vestige of dignity expected of our chief executive has now been dissipated.

GEORGE G. DUNN, JR., Asheville, N. C.

High-Level Photography

EDITOR: Your color camera essay, Manhattan Tower (Feb. 24th) was very interesting.

The text of the article stated in part . . . "a distinction shared with a handful of steelmen and no other photographers." My question is, who took Lew Merrim's picture?

Another question is, how does a cameraman replace a frozen camera shutter 1,472 feet in the air? JAMES ANDERSON, San Francisco, Cal.

The "distinction" cited was Lew Merrim's ascent to a platform 60 feet below the top of the tower. His own picture was taken from a lower level. As for the shutter, you'd probably replace it the *same way you'd replace a frozen camera* shutter at sea level.

How to Start the Day

EDITOR: A Better Breakfast, Please, by Harry Botsford (Feb. 24th) was fascinating, thrilling and tempting. One thing surprises me though. Mr. Botsford really

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What doctors say about Overweight

There are three **wrong** ways to Lose Weight

Through strenuous exercise

Exercise helps burn up some food that would be stored as fat. Authorities agree, however, that physical activity alone causes relatively little weight loss. Moreover, it places an extra burden on the heart which may already be taxed from overweight. In addition, exercise may increase appetite and cause a person to eat more than he usually would.

Through quick reducing diets

Doctors say that practically all "get-thin-quick" diets are likely to do more harm than good. This is because sudden weight loss may impair health by lowering a person's strength and resistance. Gradual weight reduction—ranging from two to three pounds a week—protects against these hazards.

Through reducing pills

Medical science has long condemned the use of self-prescribed drugs to reduce weight. Authorities say these drugs should be used only when recommended by a doctor and then taken exactly as directed. Many of them may affect the heart and blood pressure or cause other serious conditions.

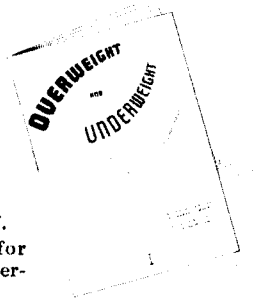
There is one best way to Lose Weight

The way to accomplish weight reduction is through a diet prescribed and supervised by the doctor. Authorities caution against overweight—especially after age 30—as excess pounds may place a burden on many vital parts of the body, particularly the heart and circulatory system.

The best way for each individual to get weight down and to keep it there, is through his doctor's guidance. This is important because the doctor will determine the cause of overweight which, in over 95 percent of the cases, is simply due to overeating.

The doctor's help is needed, too, in determining what foods, and how much, may be eaten. He will be especially careful to include in the diet the necessary protein, vitamins, and minerals needed to protect health, while bringing weight down to normal. He will also recommend regular exercise, and particularly that best suited to the individual.

With the doctor's advice, the hazards of sudden and unwise weight loss may usually be avoided . . . and weight reduction, in cases due to overeating, accomplished *steadily and safely*.



"Cheers for Chubby" is a new cartoon film on the danger, prevention and treatment of overweight. It was produced by Metropolitan, with the cooperation of the Public Health Service of the Federal Security Agency and the American Medical Association. Entertaining and instructive, "Cheers for Chubby" will be shown in theaters this year. Watch for it in your neighborhood.

COPYRIGHT 1951—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

For more information, write for Metropolitan's booklet, 551C, "Overweight and Underweight."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In FATIMA
the Difference
is
"Pleasing, distinctive and really extra mild. That's the way I'd describe FATIMA. It's definitely the best long cigarette."
Mrs. Clay Burden
PALM SPRINGS & SAN FRANCISCO
FATIMA BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES
Copyright 1951, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

missed one of the very best "special breakfasts" to be obtained—and he was visiting in the proper locale, Brownsville, Texas.

This south Texas breakfast is built around white-winged dove, prevalent in the lower Rio Grande Valley area. First is the wakening kiss of native pink-blush grapefruit, then it's every man for himself as plates are piled high with fried white-winged dove, baking powder biscuits smothered with thick whitewing milk gravy, slices of ripe red tomatoes, and scrambled eggs seasoned with garlic salt, crushed mint leaves and basil.

For dessert, hot biscuits are split open on the plate, covered with honey, jelly or any other preserves on hand and eaten like hot cakes. Of course, many cups of fragrant hot coffee are a must.

To prove my point further, whitewing is such a delicacy that the season is limited to just three afternoons a year. However, mourning dove and quail seasons follow, and do make a tol'able substitute.

Is it any wonder I have forsaken New York to live in south Texas?

H. J. HARTNETT, Harlingen, Texas

. . . As a fellow trencherman I heartily agree with Harry Botsford; breakfast is the meal on which to do a day's work. But what about Southern fried chicken? My wife, reared in Mississippi, fooled me by that breakfast at her home when I was courting her. We've been giving breakfast parties on and off ever since.

And don't forget those buckwheat cakes and fried corn-meal mush my mother served me as a farm boy in Pennsylvania.

MONTE WARNER, Dallas, Texas

Bolstering the UN

EDITOR: Bless Collier's for the editorial, The UN Is at Stake (Feb. 24th). You are so right. The UN is the instrument of the best (or only) hope for world peace. But I am not as much surprised, though also disappointed like you, that the UN has not shown more coherence, that Mr. Lie had not more perseverance in calling for help from the members for the Korean fight. After all, what do you expect?

Now, if Mr. Lie had the UN as a federated government behind him and could dispose of a U N armed force under direct UN command (thousands of volunteers from all nations *are* willing to join) instead of a few detachments supplied voluntarily but hesitatingly by some of the members, the status of the UN would be unshakable.

Isn't it obvious by this time to a logical mind that the U N must be strengthened and built up into the only organization that can stop international anarchy, namely a *federated world organization* with defined and limited powers?

The greatest obstacle is the unpreparedness of our own mentality. You and many others recognize this and are seeking the answer to the age-old prayer of humanity for peace. "If that is not an issue worth fighting for, then what in God's name is?"

F. NICHOLAS FEER, South Orange, N. J.

. . . As a combat officer in the ETO in World War II and as a reserve officer going back on active duty very shortly, I agree with you that the GI's opinion of the UN will be far from complimentary upon his return.

Also, you can be sure, in the event that any of the 34 countries who have contributed nothing toward the compaign in Korea were attacked, the first place they would turn for help would be the U.S. Concerning Mr. Trygve Lie's leadership, it has been far from inspiring. It seems as though he attempts to tread the middle path of neutrality by burning his candle at both ends, so to speak.

RUSSELL H. FARR, Blytheville, Ark.

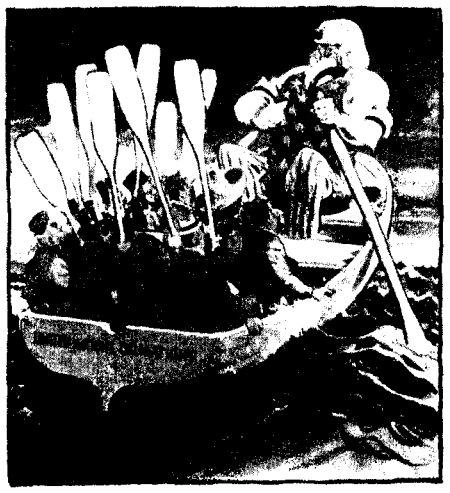
. . . May I congratulate you and thank you very deeply for your editorial The UN Is at Stake. My husband is now in Korea. He is one of the original National Guardsmen who "will not be sent in as replacements" in the Korean war. At least that is what I read in one daily newspaper recently.

The reason I wish to thank you is that your article has made me feel that not only we "little" people want to know what's what, but also you "bigger" people who may be able to do something about it.

I don't pretend to be any diplomat and I will be the first to admit that I don't know what should actually be done. But surely the men leading the free countries of the world do know, and what I want to know is why they don't do it.

I'm sure I speak for many when I say I would rather lose a little "face" than my husband.

MRS. LLOYD FULLERTON, Cedar City, Utah



. . . Your editorial should receive wide attention and support. May I suggest, however, that you have withheld proper recognition or credit in at least three spots where credit surely is due:

1. Your editorial makes no mention whatever of the offers of active support and assistance which have come from Nationalist China. It should be remembered that Nationalist China still holds membership in the UN.

2. Proper recognition should be given to the work of the French and Viet-Nam forces which are engaging the attention of considerable bodies of Communist troops in Indochina and thus keeping them far removed from the Korean front.

3. The British forces at Hong Kong have been augmented and they require the Chinese Communists to station considerable bodies of troops near the boundaries of this British crown colony and thereby to prevent their use in the Korean war.

All three of these factors should be seen as positive contributions to the united effort being put forth by certain UN countries.

SAMUEL ENGLE BURR, JR., Washington, D. C.

Big Job, Gratis

EDITOR: Congratulations on the publication of the Herbert Hoover memoirs. A classic record of an outstanding American citizen who represents my idea of the ultimate standards of ideal citizenship, patriotism and ability. On various occasions I have been told that Mr. Hoover never accepted any salary while in the White House. Is this true? And if so, did he turn it back to the Treasury or to charity?

A. E. BARTLETT, Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Hoover never accepted any salary for his personal use, as President or Secretary of Commerce. He contributed it to national charities or used it to supplement the salaries of staff experts whose services could not be engaged under existing appropriations.

More Dog Stories, Please

EDITOR: The February 24th issue of Collier's, my favorite magazine, was particularly enjoyable. Portrait, the story of Bill, the Irish setter, was beautiful and from all us animal lovers a plea for more.

MRS. R. P. INSKEEP, Tucson, Ariz.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

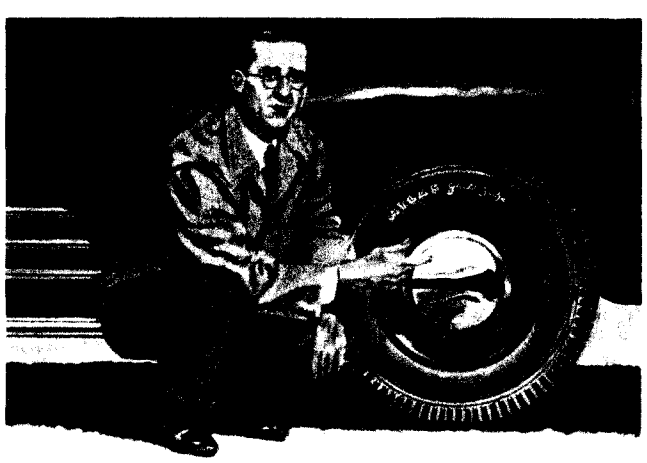
"I have to roll when the news is hot!"

says George P. Saunders of Bowling Green, Ky.

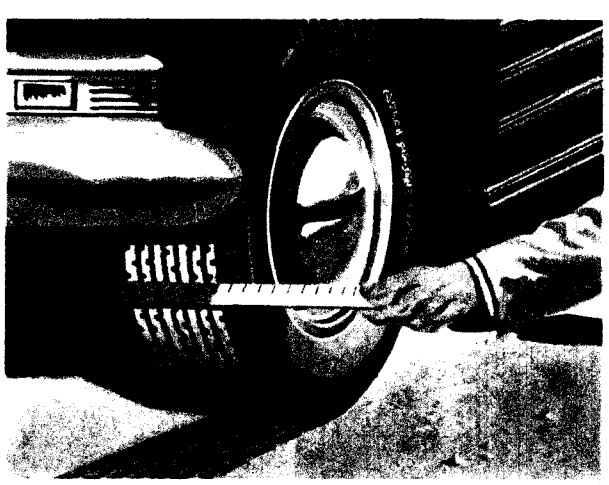
"I'm a college student with a wife and children. Every week-day after classes I deliver our local newspaper to six neighboring towns. It's an all-year, all-weather job—each month I drive 2,500 miles. And my car is used as a family taxi, too.

"Sometimes the papers weigh over 1,000 pounds—and I cover miles of rough roads. My tires take a heavy pounding day after day.

"Since I live on a strict budget, I buy my tires with special care. I know they'll have to face all kinds of road hazards—chuck-holes, wet pavements, quick stops. So I buy *only* Atlas tires.



"I've found through experience that Atlas tires hold the road, wear long. My present set, after months of use, still looks new!"



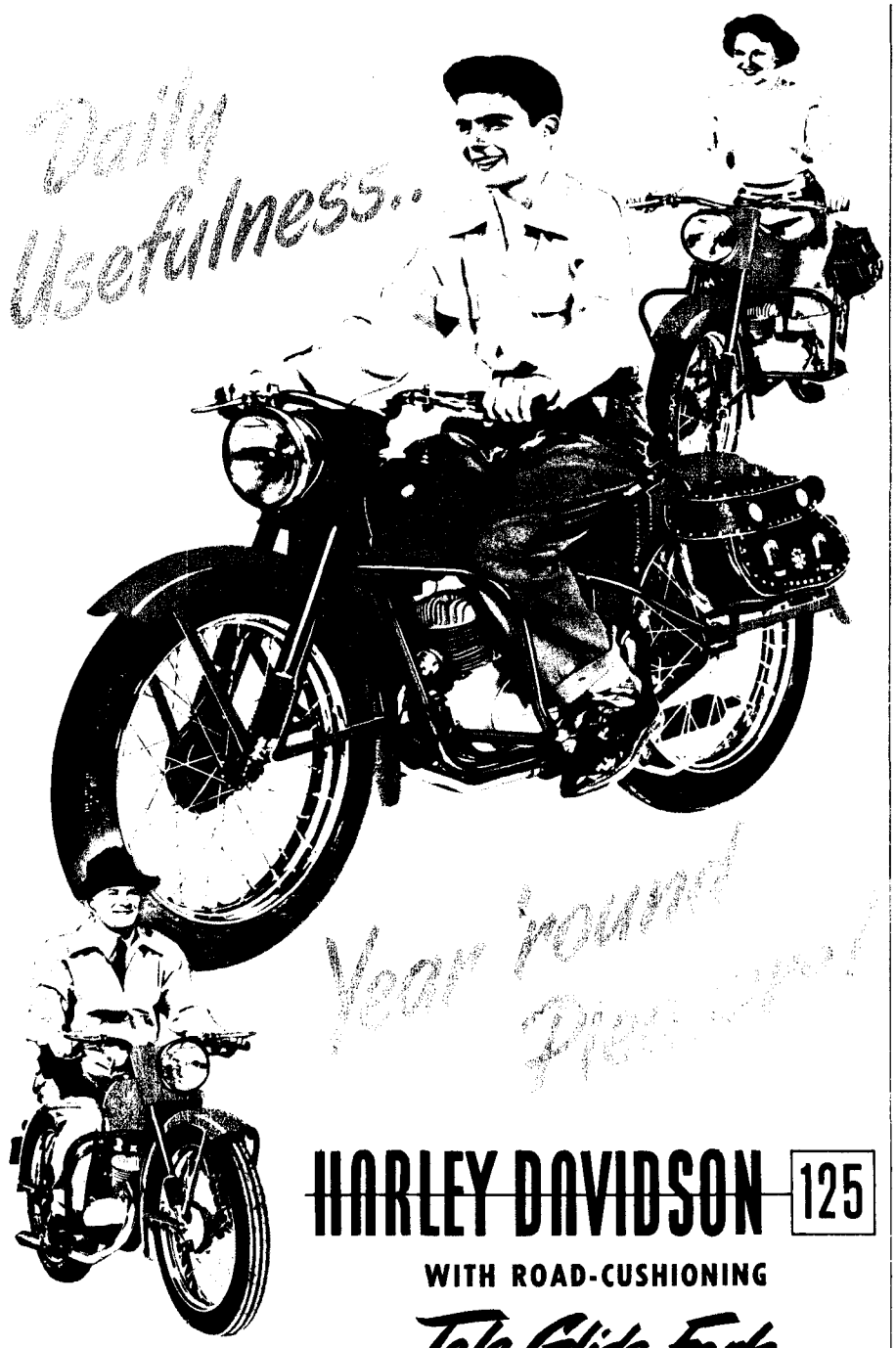
The wide, flat tread of Atlas tires puts more rubber on the road where it counts for long mileage and anti-skid safety.

Buy a pair or set of Atlas Grip-Safe* or low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires today!

38,000 ATLAS DEALERS SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1951, ATLAS SUPPLY COMPANY, NEWARK 2, N. J.

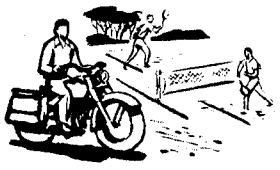
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



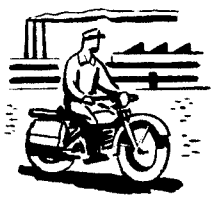
HARLEY DAVIDSON 125

WITH ROAD-CUSHIONING

Tele-Glide Fork



FOR SPORTS



FOR WORK

FOR CIVIL DEFENSE

BEAT the high cost of transportation! Get around quickly and conveniently . . . for pennies of cost. Enjoy the outdoors more . . . at parks, picnics, resorts, country outings. Save time and money going to work, school, social and sporting events, doing errands. It's thrillingly easy, and *so economical* with this peppy, smart-looking 2-wheeler. Anyone can ride . . . boys, girls, men, women. You learn in one lesson. Anyone can afford it . . . 90 miles and more per gallon. It's safe and handy to operate, with 3-speed transmission, 2-wheel brakes, brilliant auto-type lighting. Comfortable, with Tele-Glide fork, "easy-chair" saddle, big tires. Pleasingly modern with racy lines, rich colors. No parking problems. Low priced. Convenient terms. See or phone your dealer for a FREE RIDE today.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. C, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

Send colorful folder and full information about the low-cost, economical-to-operate Harley-Davidson 125.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

DEALERS WANTED: A few franchises still available for full line of Big Twins and 125 models.

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The patriotic but ever apprehensive citizens of Arkansas are agreed that the most encouraging political pronouncement they've heard thus far this year was made recently by Representative Morrell Gathright of Jefferson County. Said Mr. Gathright with becoming dignity: "I am happy to report that after numerous long committee hearings, much hard work and many hours of sincere debate, your legislature has done absolutely nothing."

★ ★ ★

On the bright side this week there is Mr. Louis Weiler, of Quincy, Washington. Mr Weiler is an artist, a painter of landscapes—and an excellent one. As a painter of the beautiful Northwest, he entranced himself with what he saw and set down in oils and water color—so much, in fact, that he went into the real-

JACK BETTS

estate business. Our man in the Columbia Basin tells us that when Mr. Weiler is through telling a prospect why he should buy yonder hill and dale, the latter often breaks into song as he hands over the money. And Mr. Weiler, regretfully parting with the parcel, rushes back to his studio and paints furiously.

★ ★ ★

As you readers realize, we strive to keep this department of Collier's on a pretty high plane. Therefore, we wish it understood we had nothing to do with the decision of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Tervi, of Ogema, Wisconsin, to name their first daughter Topsy.

★ ★ ★

We much prefer to pass on sound advice from statesmen and other public servants, hoping that their well-considered words may be a lamp unto the feet of the rising generation. For example, there is the Honorable Duncan McCarter, until lately City Works director for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mr. McCarter, being questioned by the Civil Service Commission about alleged irregularities in his department, denied misfeasance but admitted one lapse: "I made the one big mistake—going into politics."

★ ★ ★

It was inevitable, of course. Lizzie Mae Freeman has boiled over. It would be just as well, perhaps, if Senators Tom Connally and Lyndon Johnson of Texas stayed away from the town of Mexia, Mrs. Freeman's home spot, unless they long for a painful scalding. Mrs. Freeman, known, respected and feared throughout Limestone, Freestone, Navarro and Ellis Counties, has been seething for some time about the Truman administration's prodigality with the hard-earned cash of the American people. Tall, stately, handsome and determined, Mrs. Freeman—Lizzie Mae to all east Texas—ceased any efforts to contain herself "when I read about this big trip to Texas by Alben Barkley, our Vice-President, in a government plane paid for by the citizens, to speak for a big fee when he's already getting paid to tell us anything he knows that we ought to know. I just boiled over." Thus Lizzie Mae took to the highways, petition in hand, stopping at crossroads, in villages and towns recruiting signers. She sent the result to Senators Connally and Johnson and awaits their replies, her good right foot tapping the floor. Something tells us that this beautiful land of ours could do with a few more Lizzie Maes—several million anyway. And then—All Out for the Big Boil.

★ ★ ★

Highway traffic note: Miss Helen Buckley, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, notifies us that in Yugoslavia motorists signal their immediate intentions with their horns. One long blast means the driver plans to go straight ahead. Two enduring wails signify he is about to make a right turn. Three indicate a left turn. This system works about as well as any other, but the sound effects are pretty robust. You can barely hear the highly amplified voice of Tito defying Stalin as it roars from the corner loudspeaker. And you can't hear what the cop's saying at all.

★ ★ ★

Discussion of war, hot and cold, of food prices, of civilian defense and taxes, and such subjects was halted for quite a while throughout our cattle-raising West a couple of weeks ago. A manufacturer of talcum powder and other toilet accessories for men was touring Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Texas and other wide-open spaces on business bent. Said he: "We're going to educate even cowboys to use deodorants. We've got the fellows educated to want to smell good—yes, even cowboys." Our hopalong who keeps us informed about the cow country reports it's still too early to tell the result of the campaign.

★ ★ ★

The city of Marietta, Georgia, is considering imposing a $250 license fee upon all establishments, including barbershops, that traffic in bay rum. Marietta is in Wet Georgia, by which we mean that part of Georgia where you

may legally buy a drink. But the price of drinking liquor is rising so fast that the boys are turning to quaffing bay rum which, says our informant, in addition to cheering you up for about five seconds sweetens the breath "as long as you got any left."

(Continued on page 52)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smoothest way to "rough it"

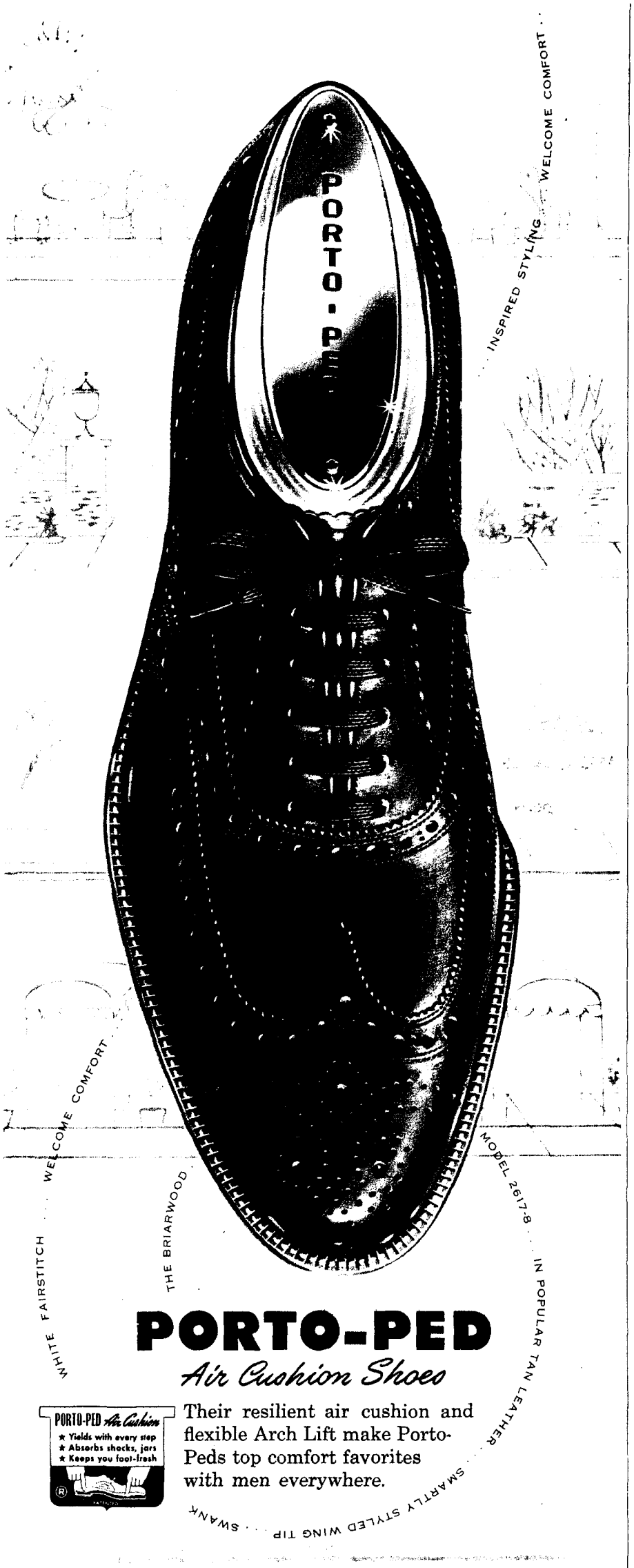
KELLY
Springfield
TIRES

If you're going where the going's rough, be sure you get there—on Kelly Tires!
Kellys are built to float over bumps . . . flatten out "washboard" roads . . . give you a safer, smoother, more relaxing ride under all sorts of driving conditions.
Today's Kellys—backed by 57 years of quality tire-building "know-how"—are tougher, longer-lasting. Their tough Armorubber tread gives you extra thousands of worry-free miles!
Drive around to your Kelly Dealer today—get set for a carefree summer with new Kellys all around!

Proved and improved for 57 years

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND 3, MARYLAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


INSPIRED STYLING . . . WELCOME COMFORT . .
PORTO-PED
WELCOME COMFORT . . . THE BRIARWOOD . . . MODEL 2617-B . . . IN POPULAR TAN LEATHER . . . SMARTLY STYLED WING TIP . . . SWANK . . . WHITE FAIRSTITCH

PORTO-PED
Air Cushion Shoes

PORTO-PED Air Cushion
★ Yields with every step
★ Absorbs shocks, jars
★ Keeps you foot-fresh

Their resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift make Porto-Peds top comfort favorites with men everywhere.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., *Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee 1, Wis.*

See your Porto-Ped dealer or write us for his name.

"N 31 OVER"

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

IT WON'T take long to explain this. When we had the kitchen modernized my wife insisted upon a built-in writing desk ("For planning menus") surmounted by a 24-inch by 45-inch blackboard ("For shopping lists and other important reminders")—AHHH-Hahahahahaha!

At first our notes were confined to such mundane items as Flour, Sugar, Cigarettes and Discussion Group 10:30 Tues. Then one day there appeared, in my wife's handwriting, "N 31 Over." This baffled me until she explained she never had the right change to pay Nara, who comes in twice a week to help out, so the amount of overpayment was usually chalked up on the slate. My wife got to thinking Nara might be sensitive about having this advertised, so she began using code. "N 31 Over" meant

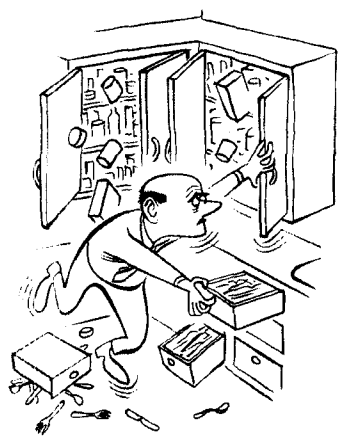
Sam worried about it for weeks

simply that Nara was overpaid 31 cents and would make it up next time.

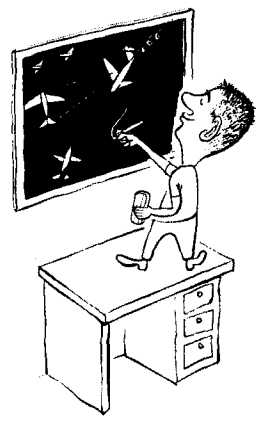
I think our experience with Cartoonist Sam Berman, a neighbor, also helped to bring about this change to cryptography after we finally realized what printing somebody's name on the blackboard, especially without his knowledge, might do to him. Sam had promised to draw a portrait of our son if we'd call him someday and we chalked his name on the board so we wouldn't forget.

Word of this got back to Sam and he worried about it for a long time without saying anything to us. We didn't find out until weeks later that Sam would run into friends who had been at our place and would inquire anxiously if his name still appeared on the board and did they know why? They didn't. "When it's erased let me know, will you?" he'd ask them, biting his nails.

All in all, this blackboard has caused more trouble in our house than wet ceilings. Let me tell you. The other night, when we got home from the movies, we were greeted by a scrawl: "Sorry you were out. We borrowed a bottle of rye. Isabel and Jack." If we hadn't seen



There wasn't a jug in the house

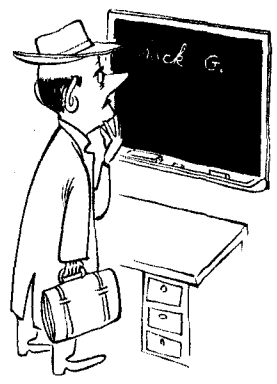


The small boy uses it for art

the message it wouldn't have bothered us, but I started rummaging around and found we didn't have another jug in the house, so I had to put on hat, coat and galoshes again, get the car out of the garage and drive down to the local emporium in search of reinforcements. The place was closed.

Also, the small boy takes full advantage of the eraser and chalk, often rubbing out my wife's messages to me (Call Dr. Colmore right away) (I'm at the Wests'—come on over) (The left rear tire on my car is flat) and substituting aerodynamically impossible airplanes, barely recognizable cows and the revelation that Jane is a meathead and Daddy yells at me too much.

So long as I've gone this far, I might as well tell you that these artistic performances have at various times caused me to miss a P.T.A. program at which



VIRGIL PARTCH

My wife's notes are mysterious

I was scheduled to introduce the speaker, permitted me to let a $10,000 life insurance policy lapse and made me 168 hours (one week) early for a town meeting.

Several of our friends liked the blackboard idea and installed their own, but they seem to manage better. The Hartells, for instance, never have any chalk on hand and the slate is therefore always clean as a whistle; while on theirs the Flynns have painted in white enamel a lone and permanent message that says Club Soda—the only grocery item they can never remember to buy. No code. No problems.

Right now I'm wondering what "Sock G" means. It was on the board when I left this morning and I don't know whether to go home or not. It may serve to remind my wife to clout me for something. On the other hand, I complained last night about a hole in one of my socks. I'll have to hope for the best.

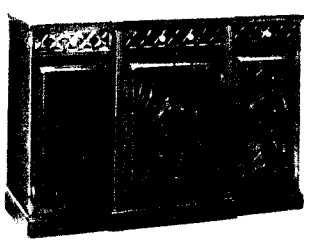
About that yelling at my son too much. I don't either. He and I are going to have another man-to-boy talk as soon as I get up the nerve. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

20th year as pioneer

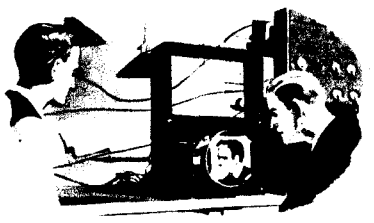
DuMONT

First with the Finest in Electronics



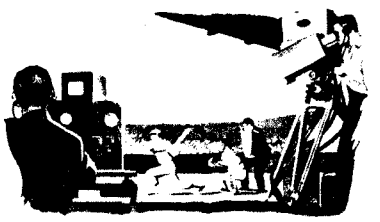
FIRST WITH THE FINEST IN TELEVISION

Ultimate in combinations . . . the DU MONT WESTMINSTER Series II. TELEVISION with the brilliance and steadiness, the realism, so especially characteristic of Du Mont. Superb RADIO . . . both AM and static-free FM. Matchless RECORD PLAYING. all three sizes, all three speeds. And . . . a high fidelity *tape* recorder! All controllable by a built-in AUTOMATIC CLOCK.



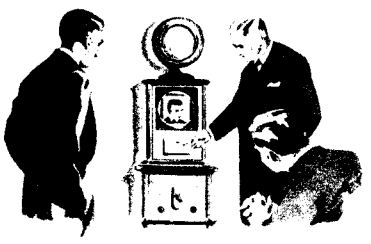
FIRST IN DEVELOPMENT

When Dr. Du Mont started his research in 1931, the Cathode Ray tube was a laboratory curiosity so expensive that only a few had ever been made. It was his development of this tube that made electronic television commercially practical.



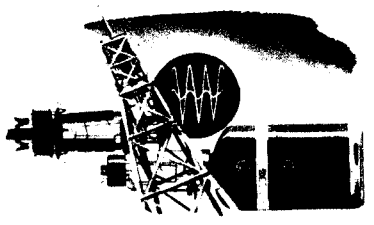
FIRST IN TELECASTING

Du Mont operates the first television network. Its key station, WABD, New York, was the first fully equipped station on the air. Du Mont precision telecasting equipment is used by many leading television stations.



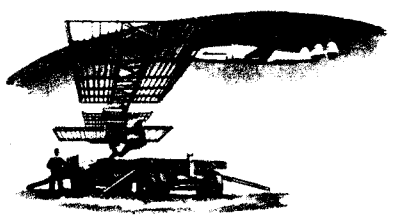
FIRST WITH HOME RECEIVERS

Du Mont built the first commercial home receivers in 1939. After the war in 1946 Du Mont was first on the market with a line of fine receivers; first with the 19-inch tube; first with the 30-inch picture tube, the world's largest.



FIRST IN PRECISION ELECTRONICS

Du Mont is the world's foremost maker of scientific precision instruments utilizing the electronic cathode ray tube.



FIRST IN RADAR

In 1933 Dr. Du Mont filed a patent application which the army asked him to withdraw for security reasons. The idea, developed in secrecy, became Radar.

THE MOST THRILLING era known to man . . . the age of television . . . really began twenty years ago. That's when Dr. Allen B. Du Mont began to experiment with a curious device called the cathode ray tube. Under his development, it became the picture tube of television, the seeing eye of radar, the heart-beat of countless other electronic instruments vital to industry, medicine, science and national security.

The next twenty years will bring still greater electronic developments to make our lives happier, our living more worthwhile, our nation and the whole world more secure. As before, many of the new electronic miracles will come from the laboratories of Du Mont. For in this broad new field, Du Mont is consistently first with the finest.

Get more out of life with Television
Get more out of Television with Du Mont

DU MONT

Copyright, 1951, Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., Television Receiver Division, East Paterson, New Jersey, and the Du Mont Television Network • 515 Madison Avenue • New York 22, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST SOUND OF SPRING!

...time for a TEXACO CHECK-UP

NOW'S the time and your Texaco Dealer's the man. He will give your car a thorough check-up . . . inspect your battery, tires, spark plugs . . . drain and flush the radiator.

Your crankcase will be drained and filled with Custom-Made HAVOLINE, the best motor oil your money can buy. Custom-Made HAVOLINE gives you *longer engine life, more powerful performance,* and better gasoline mileage.

The chassis will be protected with MARFAK — Texaco's tough, long-lasting lubricant — to give you that "cushiony" feeling, quieter driving, easier handling. Gears will be protected with the proper, Spring-grade lubricants.

And for zing in your car this Spring . . . drive out with a tankful of Texaco SKY CHIEF, the gasoline with a *Punch* — made possible by Volatane Control . . . or the famous Texaco FIRE-CHIEF, for power-a-plenty at *regular* gasoline price.

For this important Spring check-up . . . drive in to your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

TEXACO REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America

TUNE IN: On television — the TEXACO STAR THEATRE starring MILTON BERLE — every Tuesday night. See newspaper for time and station.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What TRUMAN Would Do to CONGRESS

One of the most controversial suggestions: Senate and House terms to 12 years

By JONATHAN DANIELS

The American constitutional system of checks and balances assumes the inevitability of occasional disagreements, and clashes, between the President and Congress. It is Harry S. Truman's belief that this friction has now reached the point where the President is badly hampered in the performance of his duties.

On these pages—speaking through his close friend and adviser, Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh (North Carolina) News & Observer—Mr. Truman offers two controversial suggestions which he feels would smooth the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government. The first of these would provide for the election of members of the House of Representatives at the same time Presidents are chosen, for four-year instead of the present two-year terms. His second proposal would impose on the lawmakers a limit of 12 years' service in each chamber.

Mr. Truman feels these changes would serve several purposes: strengthen the voice of all the people, as represented by the President, over groups which are represented in Congress according to regional interests; make a President's party colleagues in Congress more interested in supporting the platform on which they were elected; do away with the seniority tradition in the selection of Congressional committee chairmen—in short, delicately adjust the present system of checks and balances for what the President feels would be the good of the country.

Mr. Truman's suggestions are certain to arouse heated controversy; there are some obvious arguments in opposition.

For one thing, it is questionable whether the nation would be served by a move which would enhance the power of the President while limiting that of the Congress. Many people will object to the implication here that a President's program for the country is of more importance than that which grows out of Congressional debate.

Further, there is a strong feeling among many Americans that the system which gives a strong voice to regional groups is all to the good, that it prevents injustices from being done to sectional minorities by the majority of the people. On the subject of party promises, it might be held that a political platform should be elastic, subject to change with the changing times—and that party members should be free to follow their own beliefs, and those of their own constituents. In this respect, the election of the entire House and one third of the Senate every two years affords the people an opportunity to reassess the program of a President and his party—as well as of the Congress itself—in the light of their performance over the preceding 24 months.

Finally, there may be resentment—among many of the voters, and certainly among the legislators—at the article's implication that Congress is pretty much a millstone around a President's neck. Under certain circumstances, the national legislature is intended to be an impediment in the path of a chief executive bent on action which the Congress thinks contrary to the nation's best interests.

Any man automatically becomes a center of controversy when he steps into the Presidency. We believe it is a sign of the political vigor of our democracy that this is so. We predict that Mr. Truman's views, as set forth here, will start a lively and healthy debate. We hope that they do; it is for this reason that we present them to the American public.

—THE EDITORS

HARRY TRUMAN believes that the institution of the American Presidency, now burdened with some of the heaviest responsibilities in its history, could be made a more effective instrument for the security of the American people and the American system—and without any increased danger of Presidential dictation.

He has shaped his ideas for that greater effectiveness in relation to the situation in which he feels greatest improvement is needed: a President's relations with the members of his own party in Congress. He would like changes in the Congressional term and tenure which would, he believes, place a stronger joint responsibility both on a party's President and on its members of Congress to fulfill their promises to the nation. It is in this area, he believes, that our present political system needs repair.

Truman likes to look back in history to those Presidents who found possible the effectiveness required by their times. Recently he grinned across a century at James K. Polk, the man mainly responsible for the great territorial expansion of the United States in the mid-1800s: "He had a program, and when he enacted it, he quit."

The grin came like a light on Truman's very serious face, which, as he talked, had worn as much weariness as his face ever shows.

Polk, who served one term, 1845-'49, had accomplished the continental character of the United States. Truman's job had grown on that continent and across the world. With the changing times a new effectiveness was required.

"This office," said Truman, "only began to be the job it is toward the middle of Franklin Roosevelt's second term."

When he spoke, he had been in the Presidential office for nearly six years. He was at the mid-point in the number of years his predecessor had found it possible to serve. He could look back and look forward. And looking both ways, he was acutely aware of his expanded responsibility for the maintenance of freedom at home and throughout the world.

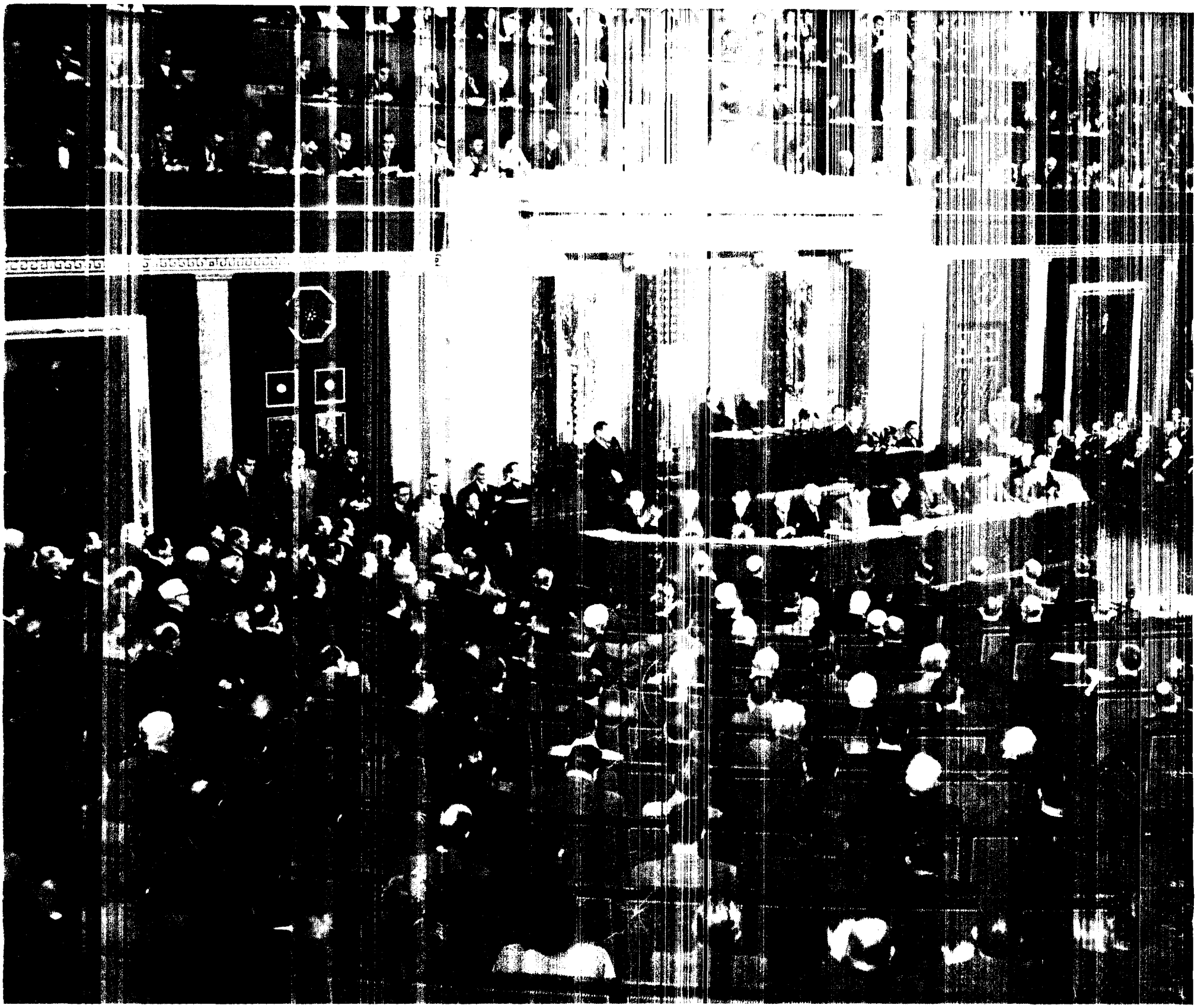
"Of course," he said, "the change began with Woodrow Wilson when, as President, he became at one time the leader of the party, the country and the world. But with the repeal of the arms embargo, Roosevelt went on from where Wilson bogged down."

Truman knows that the vastly enlarged concerns of the Republic—most of them his concerns—make it more important than ever to see that Presidential leadership does not bog down now. That means keeping the safeguards of the constitutional system set up in 1787, and also keeping the machinery working smoothly to provide proper safeguards for the people in 1951. It means maintaining an effective two-party system against the confusion of opinions and of multiple parties which sometimes besets democracy. It means the working together of men of all opinions for the security of freedom and democracy in the world.

Those are the broad outlines of the Presidential job. They encompass great problems, problems that have grown with the office. But they also mask a mountain of details—even many seeming trivialities—that have cropped up in ever-increasing numbers to plague the White House. Both the mass of these details and the machinery needed to deal with them have been matters of concern not only to Presidents, but to political scientists as well.

Some of the extreme cumbersomeness of Congress was eliminated a few years ago by a reorganization pushed by former Senator Robert La Follette, Republican of Wisconsin, and former Representative (now Senator) Mike Monroney, Democrat of Oklahoma. This was a step toward reducing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The executive and legislative branches of the United States government come face to face: President Truman delivering his 1951 State of the Union

Congressional confusions which enters into executive-legislative relations.

On the executive side, the huge Hoover Commission Report offered suggestions as to better administrative organization. But not many of its suggestions, even the most meritorious, have survived the numerous obstacles confronting it: the conflict of political parties, the confusion within parties in the Congress, the old rigidness in the separation of executive and legislative powers, and the sheer difficulty of getting anything done when so much needs to be done.

It may be evidence of both courage and optimism that overloaded Harry Truman believes he knows how the situation could be definitely and fairly simply improved. He is sure that real and lasting improvement cannot be based simply on any reorganization of the executive agencies, however effective, or on any mere reduction in the number of committees in the Congress.

To his mind, real improvement in the confused executive-legislative relations must begin with a determination to create a smoother working system of *party government* in the United States.

This country prides itself on a two-party system, in contrast to the multiplicity of parties in some European governments. However, when Presidents have tried to fulfill programs promised to the people by the parties they are presumed to lead, they have found a fierce and fuzzy fragmentation in place of the sharply defined two-party conflict that is supposed to exist.

No chief executive has been more aware of this than Truman. Today, after being plagued for six years by the confusions implicit in that situation, he would favor two remedial steps:

1. The election of the members of the House of Representatives for four-year terms (instead of the present two), in the same elections in which Presidents are chosen.

2. A limit on the service of all members of Congress to a total of 12 years in each chamber.

He has come to these ideas as a means of solving not only Presidential difficulties, but governmental difficulties in a wider sense, too. He has come to them not merely after six years under the increasing stresses and strains of the Presidency, but also as a serious student of constitutional government. All his days—including his 10 years in the Senate—he has studied American constitutional government, not as an academic technician but as both a traditional patriot and a very active politician.

"There never was a President who was worth a damn who didn't have trouble with Congress," he told me. "The results for the country of those who didn't have trouble were exactly zero."

He listed those personally fortunate Presidents who were not particularly fortunate for the country: John Adams, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Benjamin Harrison and Calvin Coolidge.

The perennial legislative-executive clash, Truman said, is almost inevitable "as long as the human element exists." He grinned.

"It's a personality problem. I've been up there. All those fellows reason that they are there because they know how to run the country—and they naturally think they could run it better than the President does. If they don't, their wives do."

With so many other great problems upon him—with enough fights on his hands as it is—it's doubtful that Truman will soon embody his ideas in official proposals to the Congress and the country. Nevertheless, his ideas represent some fundamental thinking about our political system by the man at the head of it; as such, they deserve

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

message to a joint session of the Senate

consideration. There is nothing radical about the man's suggestions for reform, based as they are on the recognition that the two-party system has grown prodigiously alongside the original constitutional plan. Neither suggestion would disturb the constitutional system.

His first suggestion, the election of members of the House for four years in Presidential elections, could mean something in the nature of real party government in the United States, where today party labels among members of Congress have only such meaning as the individual members choose to give them.

The coincident election of a President and members of Congress would not necessarily change this completely, of course. But our present system affords indications that it would make considerable difference.

The President and all candidates for the House run together now every fourth year, along with candidates for a third of the Senate seats (plus an occasional extra when a Senate vacancy is being filled). Usually these are good and effective years for the party that wins the Presidency.

Then two years later come the "off-year" Congressional elections, which not only are often setbacks for the President but which also emphasize the absence of any real party unity or purpose.

This pattern suggests that Truman is right in his belief that conformity to party policies would be promoted if members of the House were chosen only in Presidential election years.

Truman's thinking in this field has erudite support in the proposals for a more responsible two-party system published by the American Political Science Association last year.

An Argument for Longer House Terms

"It appears desirable to lengthen the term of Representatives to four years," the political scientists stated. "The present term is so short that a freshman member is involved in a campaign for renomination before he knows his job or has had much opportunity to prove his worth to his constituents or his party. A more important consideration is the possible effect upon party unity of synchronizing the terms of Representative and President."

The report noted, in college-professor words, the same significance that Truman, as a party man who believes in effective party government, attaches to the proposal: "If the elections for these offices always coincide, recurrent emphasis upon national issues would promote legislative-executive solidarity."

Truman's second suggestion—a limit on the service of members of Congress in either House or Senate to 12 years (though a man who had served in the Senate might later serve in the House, or vice versa)—might upset some statesmen who hope to stay as long as they can breathe. It would be, Truman believes, the most effective method of dealing with the ancient and not diminishing problems of "seniority and senility" in the Congress. Where the terms of all were limited, the selection of committee chairmen would have to be based upon something more than the accumulation of years of service. That might mean younger, abler, more contemporary-minded men in control of contemporary legislation.

There would be some serious casualties. If the Truman 12-year-tenure suggestion were in effect now, the following Senators would not be present when the roll is called up yonder on the Hill: Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, Walter F. George of Georgia, Carl Hayden of Arizona, Tom Connally of Texas, Richard B. Russell of Georgia, Harry Byrd of Virginia, Pat McCarran of Nevada, Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming, James E. Murray of Montana, Dennis Chavez of New Mexico, Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana, Theodore Green of Rhode Island, Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, Lister Hill of Alabama—all but one of them (Bridges) Democrats.

In the House the places of at least 114 members would be filled by Representatives other than those there now. Included in the list of House elders and notables who have served more than the Truman dozen years are Speaker Rayburn, the Democratic Leader John McCormack, the Republican Leader Joe Martin and such committee chairmen as Adolph Sabath of Rules, Robert L. Doughton of Ways and Means, Carl Vinson of Armed Services, Clarence Cannon of Appropriations, Brent Spence of Banking and Currency, John E. Rankin of Veterans' Affairs.

Not all of them in either House may be ready to be sent home by constitutional amendment. Indeed, the chances of Congress itself submitting such an amendment to the states could be described as remote. Also one weakness in the President's position doubtless will be pointed: although he advocates a limitation on Congressional service, he has never been in favor of the recently approved constitutional amendment—limiting all future Presidents to two terms. (Truman himself is exempt from the limitations in the amendment.)

"Time will take care of most Presidential tenures," he once said.

Facts both support and disagree with Truman on this. Despite the continuing presence of former President Herbert Hoover at seventy-six, an age not reached by any other President or ex-President since James Buchanan, Presidential mortality rates are regarded as high. The first seven Presidents reached an average age of seventy-nine; the last seven to die passed on at an average age of sixty-two. However, the first seven Presidents were fifty-eight when they entered the White House; the last seven averaged fifty-four. Truman himself will be sixty-eight in 1952.

Truman never has believed in any theory of an "indispensable man" in the White House. He does believe in the doctrine of the "most useful man" at any time, and he believes the Constitution should not deny the people the right to have such a man of their own choosing.

On the other hand, he feels that his two proposals could create more effective parties, party government and Congressional government in the United States. His conviction is based on service both in Congress and in the White House.

Truman believes that the Congressional tenure changes would make greater sense in the Capitol, in the smoother co-operation of Congress and the President, and particularly in integrating the work of a President and his party on the policies to which both are pledged. It would make it possible for a President more often to hope to meet the standard set by Polk: "He had a program, and when he enacted it, he quit."

Such changes might reduce the frustrations suffered by Presidents in the midst of their vast labors in the greatest and toughest office in the world.

The chances of their adoption by the Congress, however, would seem to be small. Some young congressmen might rejoice in the extension of their terms to four years. But few old congressmen, even among those who voted to submit the amendment to limit Presidential tenure, would welcome any limitations on their own.

Also, not all lawmakers feel bound by the platforms of their parties. Party conventions are still extragovernmental mechanisms and their decisions as to policies and promises are not binding on congressmen who run under the party labels. A Representative or a Senator may vote as he pleases and generally does. Both, however, listen carefully to the noises from home—and these very often are not the voice of the people of the nation as a whole.

Personality Problem Would Remain

Even if Truman's suggestions did help strengthen the two-party system, in a country which depends upon that system as much as upon any constitutional devices, the personality problem would remain. The Congress would still be intent upon the preservation of its prestige and powers in its dealings with the Presidency. Its members—even in the President's own party—might, as he said, keep a sneaking suspicion that they knew how to run the government better than he did, that he was in the White House only because of better luck. Certainly their wives would be sure of it. Our rigid system is human. And human Presidents will have to take its human strains.

To follow Truman's suggestions for smoothing relations between the White House and Capitol Hill, it would be necessary to amend the Constitution again. But Americans sometimes alter their system without recourse to this method—often when they think they are doing something else. In breaking the two-term tradition for Roosevelt in 1940, they seemed to have solved, in favor of the President, a problem in executive-legislative relationships that had been a sore spot with Presidents almost since Washington's time: temporarily, they automatically increased the party powers of the President in the last two years of the second term—where Truman is now. But this venture by the people has now been disapproved by the Twenty-second Amendment.

In the pre-F.D.R. days, when the clear expectation was that every President would retire after two terms, Presidents were politically weakened in their final years in office. No politician could hang his future on the powers of an expiring President. Few rewards and no punishments were left to the man in the White House in trying to hold the party in line behind him.

Roosevelt changed that. Not everybody liked the change, as now is evident. Under it, however, no President in his right mind could, so long as he meant to be effective, relinquish until the very last the possibility that he might be President again—with more favors to dispense and more powers to share. The politicians and the country, even the world, would pay more *(Continued on page 54)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Day of the ROSE

By ANN CHIDESTER

It seemed to Faith that in the fully opened rose she saw the face of someone as yet unknown to her, someone who would bring her the world to which Maxine belonged

IT WAS already more than a year since her brother, Cole, had been killed in Germany. He had been a lieutenant in the Army of Occupation, only twenty-three, and the oldest one in their family. Now, again, it was summer and very beautiful.

There seemed to be a kind of golden light in the big white house, and there was pleasure in just moving through it or in going out on the old street and seeing other houses like it, in hearing the familiar sounds and voices and in knowing that she, Faith Cashon, had a secure home place. Whenever she thought of her brother, the image came to her of him riding up the sidewalk on his bicycle, in the summer twilight, a big boy in a plaid sport shirt and blue jeans, whistling as he rode. It did not hurt her to think of him, but for some reason the others, older than she, could not speak of him.

There had been no real change in the heart of the house during this past year. Now, as usual, her mother listened to the radio in the far room near the arbor, resting on a pink couch that had once been in the living room. More and more, her mother desired to be alone there, but every evening she sat at the table, dressed in one or the other of her nice black dresses with the fresh white collars. She was as gentle as always. She still made jokes and ran the house with a sure hand, but she did not go out to play cards or sing in the choir or play golf. They were careful with her, too, so that she was never left in the house alone. She was not sick, exactly, but she could not get over Cole's death.

What way does she remember him? Faith wondered. Perhaps her mother was not able to think of him riding his bicycle or of how he used to hang from the upstairs porch railing and let himself drop to the ground with a soft thud like a cat. Maybe her mother had some other picture in her mind that made her sorrowful.

Now, though it was before dawn, she could hear her mother's radio going in the far part of the house.

"What on earth does Mother listen to at this hour?" Faith asked. She raised herself on one elbow. Maxine, her older sister, pretended not to hear. In a moment their father would go padding down the back stairs to put on the coffee. Then, with his garden tools in his hand, he would go out to work at the prize roses for a while before the sun came up. Their mother had once loved the roses. "Your mother's a flower woman," he had explained to them when they wondered at his care, at his determination to keep the roses as she liked them. "Other ladies are dog ladies or cat ladies, but your mother goes for flowers."

But he wondered, as they did, how long their mother would brood over Cole's death. It was as though she thought the world had ended that day the telegram came. She was not strange like old Mrs. Ruttgers who lived across the street and sat in her window all day to the sweet terror of the little children who came to stare at her. She was not wild in the head like poor old Tony who peeked in windows, but she knew that mysterious world to which both Mrs. Ruttgers and Tony belonged. It was a shadowy world invisible to others, and they did not want to lose her to it.

"There goes Dad now," Faith murmured. She sat up in bed and looked out of the window at the pale-yellow summer dawn. She was sure Maxine was not sleeping. Maxine was somewhere else. She was nineteen, four years older than Faith, and she had business elsewhere these days. All of them were going away, almost as if they were following Cole; they were no longer a family in the house together the way they always had been. It was a frightening thought. Maxine went out regularly and mysteriously. Formerly, she had had beaux who came and stood on the porch in their white flannels and sparkling white shirts and little blue bow ties, with their hair still wet from the shower, and Mother and Father had joked a little and made the beaux feel easy and friendly.

Sometimes they cluttered up the porch and lawn and kitchen. But now Maxine went out alone, and when she returned, she was like a stranger. She had a look of soft, quivering delight and a little, intoxicating way of swaying on her new high red heels. She wore soft, clinging dresses and she danced when she walked, and hummed sweet and hot songs that had no words.

Nothing was too much for Maxine these days, either. She did more than her share of the work about the house. She put flowers everywhere. She made little cakes and tall, cool drinks, and sat with their mother on the porch in the mornings when the shade was there. She wanted everyone around her happy, and when their mother seemed dazed by Maxine, as though she gave off a perfume too rich and exotic to be safe, Maxine smiled and squeezed their mother's hand and laughed softly.

ONLY yesterday Faith had caught Maxine leaning against the gas stove in the kitchen with her cheek pressed down on the top of the oven just as once she used to put her cheek against the old sheep dog they had had when they were children. Faith had not disturbed her, seeing in her face a look of such happiness that it dazzled her. It was as though she had never seen Maxine until then, the real part of Maxine that was down where her heart beat. For some reason, Faith stood for a long time on the other side of the kitchen door puzzling over her sister and feeling both sad and happy.

"Max." Faith said, shivering in the dawn with the bedclothes pulled up about her. She was lonely. Was no one going to stay here with her? Daddy went to the office every day. He, like Mother, seemed more and more remote these days. "Max-*ine*," she hissed insistently.

"Ummmm," Maxine moaned at last.

"Talk to me."

"Ummmm."

"Dad just went out to work on the garden. Listen to Mother's radio. Talk to me, Max."

"All right, all right," Maxine *(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most Exciting

A fiery Peruvian, Yma Sumac

By JAMES POLING

AFTER his first rehearsal with Yma Sumac, a bass fiddle player shook his head. "Well, I've played for her and I still don't believe it," he said. "She's either got a whistle in her throat or three nightingales up her sleeve."

Yma, a twenty-three-year-old Quechua Indian girl from the Andes of Peru, has an easy range of four octaves. She can sing contralto, mezzo-soprano, soprano and coloratura. Her liquid transition from the growling low-register notes of her song Tumpá (The Earthquake) to the flutelike trills of *Taita Inty*, a hymn to the sun, has been known to freeze astonished listeners in their tracks.

Yma's album, Voice of the Xtabay, appeared unheralded with a dramatic picture of her on the front and a highly romanticized biography on the cover. Selling almost entirely by excited word of mouth, it was listed No. 1 on Variety's best-seller list at the end of 1950, leading albums by Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman. Bobby-soxers and longhairs seemed to be equally interested and it was well received in Harlem, on Park Avenue and in Sandusky, Ohio.

Public response has sounded through almost as unlikely a range as the voice itself; it has registered amazement, concern, irritation and something akin to hysteria.

Jarmila Novotna, the Metropolitan Opera's great soprano, called Yma's voice "about the most exciting I've ever heard." Ezio Pinza insisted that she would ruin her vocal equipment if she continued to abuse it so, and a New York City teen-ager, Elaine Schneider, said, "When I listen to her I feel like I'm dreaming, like I'm in another world."

The facts of Yma Sumac's life are as improbable, unworldly and elusive as her singing. Starting from a penthouse on upper Broadway, where she lives now, Yma's story can be traced with certainty back to Peru, but then the trail becomes obscured. Somewhere between Lima and the lost world of her native village, 12,000 feet up in the northern sierra, the facts blend imperceptibly into a myth that goes back many hundreds of years.

It has been said of Yma Sumac that she is an Inca princess, and that she is a Chosen Maiden, or Golden Virgin, of the Sun God whom she worships. There are reports that, in her youth, she was subjected to the ministrations of her village *bruja*, or sorcerer, who tried to exorcise from her throat the evil spirits of the jaguar and Chiwako, the nightingale, reputedly lodged therein. It has even been whispered that she is, in reality, one Amy Camus, of Brooklyn, who launched herself on a career by the simple device of reversing her name.

There seems to be little doubt that she is indeed a descendant of Inca royalty. It is also an established fact that only a year before Yma achieved her most recent success, she was singing in Prudencio Camacho's La Parisienne delicatessen in New York's Greenwich Village, in a back room richly blanketed with the aroma of pickled herring, salami and liverwurst. At that time, about the only audience she could reliably count on were those friends who gathered in Prudencio's for an evening of music, cake and coffee.

There is considerable contrast between success in a delicatessen musicale and nation-wide recogni-

A descendant of Inca royalty, Yma went from delicatessen musicales to nation-wide acclaim in 12 months. Her first record album, almost unpublicized, became an overnight sensation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Voice in the World

stops audiences cold with a fabulous four-octave range

The 23-year-old [illegible] in Indian costume [illegible] Peruvian Andes

tion, but contrasts are no novelty in Yma's life. Her shuttlings back and forth between obscurity and prominence have always been precipitous.

On June 24, 1941, when she was only thirteen, Yma was the principal singer at a festival in honor of San Juan, patron saint of the Indians, held in the Pampa de Amancaes, the beautiful natural amphitheater on the outskirts of Lima, Peru. On December 20, 1949, at twenty-two, she was the principal singer at an office party given by a dress manufacturer for his employees in a loft building in New York's garment district.

When she was fifteen, it is said, a manager in Buenos Aires provided her with an expensive U.S. car and a chauffeur; at sixteen, an entrepreneur in Rio de Janeiro delivered her to his casino in a private plane with her name emblazoned on its sides; and President Camacho of Mexico invited Yma to perform at Mexico City's Palacio de Bellas Artes when she was seventeen. But the wheel of fortune turned, and in 1946, at eighteen, she learned in New York what it means to get by on one meal a day. (For a girl with her prodigious appetite it is calamitous.)

Yma is herself a study in contradiction. Professionally, she conducts herself with such hauteur that Charles Baker, of the William Morris Agency which now handles her, says, "She acts the way a duchess should but never does. I've seen Broadwayites who haven't called a woman anything but 'Baby,' 'Honey' or 'Darling' in 20 years suddenly pull out their moth-eaten party manners and start calling her 'Madam Sumac.'" But Yma still says a humble "thank you" to anyone who asks for her autograph. And in private life she can be so childlike that she will hide under a dining table at a house party until the guests are assembled, so she can tickle their ankles.

She has a fierce pride in her Indian blood—and the strength, the temper and the fingernails to make it dangerous for anyone to ridicule her people. But when M-G-M asked to test her for a role in a Clark Gable picture and then rejected her because she didn't "look like an Indian," she laughingly asked them if she could have the part if she wrapped herself in a blanket, braided her hair, and hopped about grunting "How" and "Ugh."

A Gamut of Emotional Contrasts

In repose Yma has the masklike beauty and composure of an odalisque; when aroused she behaves like a sharp-clawed kitten. Her reactions are never predictable. She can give the butcher and the baker a bad time if she feels that she is being imposed upon, but she didn't see anything unreasonable in paying $65 for a taxicab ride from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to New York.

You can question her about her early successes in South America and get only bored monosyllables in reply. And then, suddenly, she is on her feet exclaiming, "When I was a girl in school . . . what you call in English? . . . You know, plenty soft earth, then I run very fast like this and . . . boom! I land." You discover she was some sort of a broad-jump champion, and proud of it, too.

Her managers have tried to impress on her, without marked success, that, at least in this country, you meet with important producers and executives at their convenience. She is amused by the great respect customarily accorded by North Americans to Very Important People. "VIPs!" she says. "I know what you mean. All VIPs have more money, or else they can do very important things for you. But no one asks are they good or bad."

Yma recently sang at a party given by New York socialite Mrs. Charles Blackwell for a houseful of VIPs, ranging from Ethel Merman to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Her description of the evening went, "Very nice people. The duchess say she like my music. I say, thank you." Pressed for further details, she confessed she couldn't understand why anyone regarded food with "a big perfume" as a delicacy. She had had her first encounter, at the buffet that night, with Liederkranz cheese.

Cesar Bustamante, an elderly relative of Yma who now lives in New York, says, with commendable restraint, "Always very strange girl."

There is certainly a quality of strangeness in her voice. When a woman entered a record shop on Manhattan's Madison Avenue and asked for an album by "The girl with the alphabet voice; you know, it goes from A to Z," the clerk knew exactly whom she meant.

Other Four-Octave Voices Recalled

A voice that can range smoothly from subterranean levels to Andean heights, higher than Lily Pons's top register, is most unusual, but there have been other four-octave voices. Erna Sack, the well-known German singer, and Edith Helena, who played vaudeville in the early 1900s in this country, had an equal range. However, unbiased critics who have heard all three say neither of the old-timers had Yma's true ear or faultless pitch. Max Rudolf, musical secretary of the Metropolitan Opera Company, says there have been four-octave voices in opera on rare occasions. But, he adds, such singers have limited themselves to the single range in which they were most at home. Yma seems to be equally at home in any of her four voices.

Dr. Hollace E. Arment, head of the music department of Auburn University, has ventured the theory that Yma's voice may be a throwback to a more primitive era. Before our present written musical scale came into being, around the twelfth century, voices of much greater range than is common today were taken for granted. Dr. Arment also thinks he has detected similarities between Yma's music and early Yemenite, Babylonian and Balinese music. This has so intrigued him that he has suggested that Yma's voice may be "a peephole into the past."

Professionals, generally, think she should continue using her full range. Manuel de Falla, the great Spanish composer, advised her to sing with her natural voice and to avoid voice teachers. Arthur Fiedler, conductor of Boston's famed Pops Orchestra, was so impressed when he heard her that he sent Yma to his sister, voice coach Elsa Fiedler, so she could learn to read music and talk in the idiom of the professional musician. He did not, however, want her voice tampered with.

The opinions of critics and other artists on her singing have been mixed. There have been a few low notes, like, "So she's got four octaves. Then what?" In the middle register of criticism are those who think she now performs mere verbal pyrotechnics and should be rushed to a singing teacher. The great majority of criticism, however, hits a high note.

Glenn Dillard Gunn, music critic of the Washington, D.C., Times-Herald, wrote, "There is no voice like it in the world of music today"; Albert Goldberg of the Los Angeles Times, one of the leading music critics of the West Coast, has said, "To hear her is at last to experience something new in music." Grace Moore, who heard Yma sing in 1941 when she stopped off in Lima on a concert tour of South America, was so impressed that she offered to sponsor the young Indian girl in the United States. The intervention of the war and Miss Moore's tragic death deprived Yma of this opportunity.

Yma can't understand *(Continued on page 60)*

Yma and her family: husband Moisés Vivanco, cousin Cholita Rivero, son Charlie (Papuchka)

Here Yma sings one of her most popular songs —called Taita Inty (Virgin of the Sun God)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY EHRLICH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Concluding: Exploring Queen of Sheba Land

World under the Sand

By WENDELL PHILLIPS

In romantic and dangerous south Arabia, archaeologists find, under 15 feet of desert, remains of a civilization 2,100 years old—whose people worshiped the moon and offered up sacrifices

Buried beneath the shifting sands of southern Arabia lie the secrets of civilizations which perished more than 2,000 years ago. Big gaps in the history of that strange land are being closed by expeditions under The American Foundation for the Study of Man. Last spring, the first of these began digging for the ruins of the ancient city of Timna. It was headed by Wendell Phillips, the author of this series. Another expedition under him is in Arabia now, and this article tells about their exciting discoveries

II

South Arabia

NO NATIVE south Arabian in his right mind would have been caught flat-footed without his rifle, as I was at the fort of Bir Asakir when our expedition was surprised by a yelling, shooting band of riflemen that came riding at us over the sands of the dangerous Wadi Hadhramaut. In south Arabia, even today, you don't live to any appreciable age if you habitually leave your gun so much as a single pace distant. Mine, at this hair-raising moment, was more than a hundred feet away in my parked truck.

We had just stopped at the lonely stronghold and were preparing to spend the night when the Arab band, riding as hard as it could on lumbering camels, came over a distant rise and made straight for us, filling the evening air with the rattle of gunfire. I won't say I was terrified—I've been in many a tight spot in Arabia and Africa—but I'd long ago learned the value of caution. I raced for my truck.

I had almost reached it when one of our guards, his rifle held securely in one hand, stopped me with the other.

"Wait, sahib," he said.

"Let me go," I said. "I'm going to need that rifle."

I've yet to see any Bedu eat, sleep or sit down out of arm's reach of *his* rifle, but this one ignored my point. He only shook his head slowly.

"Do not worry, sahib," he smiled. "This will not be a fight. Look." He pointed toward the advancing turmoil of sand. "They are firing, but into the air only. This is merely a welcoming committee of the local Al Amr tribe. They come to see us in peace."

That was my introduction to one of the strangest ways of greeting a man I've seen in my many travels. The south Arabian, who lives by his rifle and might soon die without it, uses it too for his warmest greetings. If he likes you he'll shake and perhaps kiss your hand and he'll probably shoot at you. The nearer the miss the greater his show of affection. I'll never forget meeting a visiting sheik later in the Wadi Beihan. As he clasped my hand in his right he fired with his left, and I could feel the wind of the rifle bullet on my ear.

The wadi, or valley, of Beihan, in the northwestern section of what is now the western Aden Protectorate in south Arabia, was once the center of the ancient Kingdom of Qataban, and on this archaeological expedition of ours last spring the story of what happened to Qataban and its dead capital, Timna, was our objective.

Timna was one of the principal stations on the famous spice route of Biblical times. Its importance and wealth were suddenly extinguished in a war just before the opening of the Christian Era 2,000 years ago. With it Qataban itself disappeared as a national entity from the Arabian stage, swallowed up by ascending rival powers.

The spice route, traveled by huge caravans of camels laden with frankincense and myrrh for the incense-loving Mediterranean civilizations, began in the Hadhramaut Valley and moved north along a course adjacent to the Red Sea.

We followed part of the route after we'd come up from the port of Mukalla over the high, chilly plateaus of the Jol.

This expedition last spring, another following it this year, and a third sent to Mount Sinai to photograph nearly a million manuscripts at ancient St. Catherine's monastery, are projects of The American Foundation for the Study of Man, organized last year to research the origin and development of man on a world-wide scale. I head it as president. Our first vice-president is Dr. W. F. Albright, chairman of The Johns Hopkins University's Oriental Seminary and chief archaeologist in the field.

We picked south Arabia for research because it is one of the least-known very important areas in the world. When we started out for Beihan our knowledge of Qataban and the buried ruins of Timna was almost entirely limited to a scattering of unrelated bits of information picked up and brought in to museums by Arab treasure hunters.

Before we left Mukalla, where we unloaded our ship, we'd been given a guard of 15 Arab soldiers to protect us against desert marauders, and it was one of these who'd stopped me in my rush to get my rifle at Bir Asakir.

DR. JAMES R. McNINCH

Kenneth Brown, at the House Yafash, home of Timna's kings, holds portion of alabaster table found there

We got another gunfire salute at Aseilan, a small modern town of mud two miles from Timna's ruins in the Wadi Beihan. It sounded like a landing of the Marines, but we were gradually getting used to it.

I was never happier to see anyone than I was Sherif Hussein bin Ahmed, the ruler of Beihan. He was waiting in the palace of his brother, Sherif Awadh bin Ahmed—the palace we were to rent and live in. It sits like a lonely sentinel on the sand over the edge of Timna. Hussein's own palace was 17 miles up the wadi in the present capital, Beihan el Qasab, and he was waiting to take us to dinner there.

Sherif Hussein is a remarkable man in a remarkable position. He isn't the legal ruler of Beihan. His son, Saleh, is the emir and nominal chief of the territory. When Hussein's father, the preceding ruler, died in 1934 he left three sons. Hussein was easily the most capable, but he was the youngest. Rather than begin a feud, the family decided that the four-year-old Saleh should be made ruler, with Hussein sitting in as regent. Hussein had done such a good job of keeping peace that he still holds power.

The sherifs are a group of nobles who claim direct descent from the Prophet Mohammed, and here they rule with the blessing of the protecting British.

The black-bearded Hussein, forty-two years old and six feet tall, is every inch a king. He has an eye for bright colors, a nose for French perfume and a penchant for jeeps although, as monarch of Beihan, he owns one of the very few horses in the region.

Bandit Arabs and caravan guards do not and never have galloped picturesquely around on fine horses in the flying sand, as we sometimes see them in the movies. Almost everyone rides the utilitarian camel whose pace seldom exceeds 10 miles an hour and whose humpy swing is anything but graceful.

But in his bright dress, Hussein is characteristic of the popular sartorial impression of Arabian splendor. He wears turbans of cerise, pink or bright green, sport shirts of brilliant red, and many-colored *futas* (skirts) over his white duck trousers. Sometimes he dons a white coat, too.

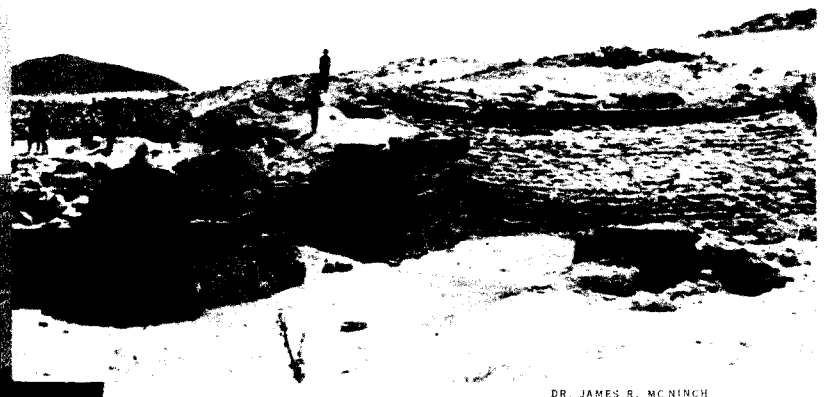
Galloping around in a jeep given him by the British government, he is something to see among his drab people. The average man seldom wears anything but a nondescript turban and a dirty white *futa*, with or without a tunic covering his glistening brown torso. The women dress worse. Black and formless dresses cover their bodies like anchorless tents. They attempt to break the monotony with orange necklaces or headbands, or thin silver belts if they can afford them.

We got a taste of Hussein's perfume the night we arrived. At dinner he reached behind him and, picking up a huge bottle of it, anointed all the guests who were within the wide sweep of his arm. I ducked and so did Charles McCollum, our chief of motor transport, but *(Continued on page 72)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOM O'HALLORAN

DR. JAMES R. McNINCH



DR. JAMES R. McNINCH

Figure of Eros (top photo) astride a lion symbolizes triumph of love over strength. View directly above is Timna's South Gate

Mrs. Gladys Terry, expedition [illegible] manager, with an alabaster head lifted from the dirt and sand where it h[illegible]buried 2,000 years. The original probably was a wealthy girl in the days when [illegible] was a mighty state. They nicknamed her Miriam

DR. JAMES R. McNINCH

Sherif Hussein bin Ahmed, ruler of Beihan, fires the author's pistol. Hussein goes for bright colors, French perfume—and women. Into the portals of his harem pass the most beautiful girls in the land. They wear silk jersey and big silver belts

GLADYS TERRY

Curious Arab youngsters gathered wherever the Phillips party went, fascinated by the strange foreigners and their "magic" radios and cameras. Beihani children mature early, the girls marrying as young as 10. Sherif Hussein took a bride of 14

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. O'Brien Enters High Society

Mrs. O'Brien wouldn't give the right time to Mrs. Donnell, who ran a rival boardinghouse. So why was she giving away her star boarder?

By JOE McCARTHY

WHEN it came to exclusiveness, Mrs. O'Brien's lodginghouse in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for selected Harvard Law School students made the Cub Room of the Stork Club seem like Nedick's.

Mrs. O'Brien never rented a room to anybody unless she thoroughly approved of his family and social standing, his prep school and the clubs he had made at Yale and Harvard. Law students from Princeton and Dartmouth were, in her opinion, a little common. Applicants from any of the other colleges in the country were not considered. Once Mrs. O'Brien made the mistake of accepting a sizable deposit from a well-mannered young man without inquiring into his background. When she discovered that he was from the University of Minnesota, she got a loan from the Morris Plan to pay him off and get rid of him.

Even if you met all her other requirements, Mrs. O'Brien might turn you down if she did not care for your tailor.

"I can't be bothered with Johnny-come-latelys," she said. "I'd rather have the house empty."

In August and September, when new graduate students prowled the streets of Cambridge in search of rooms, Mrs. O'Brien received them on her front porch with the critical appraisal of Mike Todd viewing candidates for a forthcoming musical show. One glance was usually enough. She would cut off the confused suppliant in the middle of his first sentence and send him around the corner to Mrs. Flynn, Mrs. Comiskey, Mrs. Wright, or one of the other less demanding landladies in the neighborhood.

But in all the years she had been turning away rejected tenants, Mrs. O'Brien had never recommended the University Arms, a large establishment directly across the street from her house which provided not only rooms for students but also meals, a service that Mrs. O'Brien did not supply. The University Arms was owned and operated by Mrs. Estelle Donnell, a woman Mrs. O'Brien could not endure. Mrs. O'Brien would not give Mrs. Donnell the right time, much less a roomer. The Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. O'Brien called her, among other names.

One Saturday afternoon during my third year in Mrs. O'Brien's house, I came from the library and found her occupying her usual observation post on her front porch. Her husband sat near by behind a newspaper. Mrs. O'Brien was a large and vigorous woman with white hair and she was wearing her customary daytime uniform—a linen house dress and low white sneakers. She was shelling Lima beans and gazing across the street at Mrs. Donnell and her two daughters. They were standing on their steps, talking to a friend.

"Sit down, Mr. Robbins, and rest your weary bones," Mrs. O'Brien said to me. "I'm watching the Duchess hold court." Without taking her eyes off Mrs. Donnell, she tossed a Lima bean into her mouth and chewed on it. "Look at the sparkle in those imitation diamond earrings," she said. "Even at nine o'clock in the morning, she has them on. Those daughters of hers aren't getting any younger. Have you seen her husband? He has a British accent. She's always talking about his ancestral estate in England. I have it on good authority that he really came here over the ice from a cabbage patch in Nova Scotia."

Mr. O'Brien looked over his newspaper. "At least she takes good care of him," he said. "I don't see him breaking his back putting out ash barrels and shoveling snow like I do."

Mrs. O'Brien made a face at her husband. "That's enough out of you, squash head," she said. "You poor, abused little boy. Remember, Mrs. Donnell doesn't make beds like I do, either. They're both above that. Very high-toned people. They have fruit in the house when nobody's sick. She tells everybody she rents rooms and serves meals only as a hobby."

I remarked that Art Johnston, one of the men in my law club, had taken a room at the University Arms and found it satisfactory.

"What college did he go to?" Mrs. O'Brien asked.

I was forced to admit that Johnston was a Northwestern man.

"I thought so," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Nobody from one of the Ivy League colleges would be caught dead in that place. Tell him to watch out for those two Donnell girls. The Duchess has been trying for years to marry them into the Social Register. Now they're getting old and she can't afford to be choosy. She's liable to throw the hooks into anybody, even a Northwestern man."

I ventured the opinion that both Donnell girls were very attractive, as, indeed, they were. Mrs. O'Brien looked at me as though I was out of my mind.

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Robbins," she said, "don't *you* go getting any ideas. Neither of those girls will see thirty again. A few years back I had a man from Princeton living here, against my better judgment. Princeton men always cause me trouble. This one started eating his breakfasts at the University Arms. Next thing I *(Continued on page 82)*

"He seems like such a nice man," Mrs. Donnell said. "Not that it especially matters, but do you happen to know if he's married?"

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WULFF COACHMAN

GRAY HACKLE

GREEN DRAKE

WESTERN YELLOWSTONE

IRRESISTIBLE

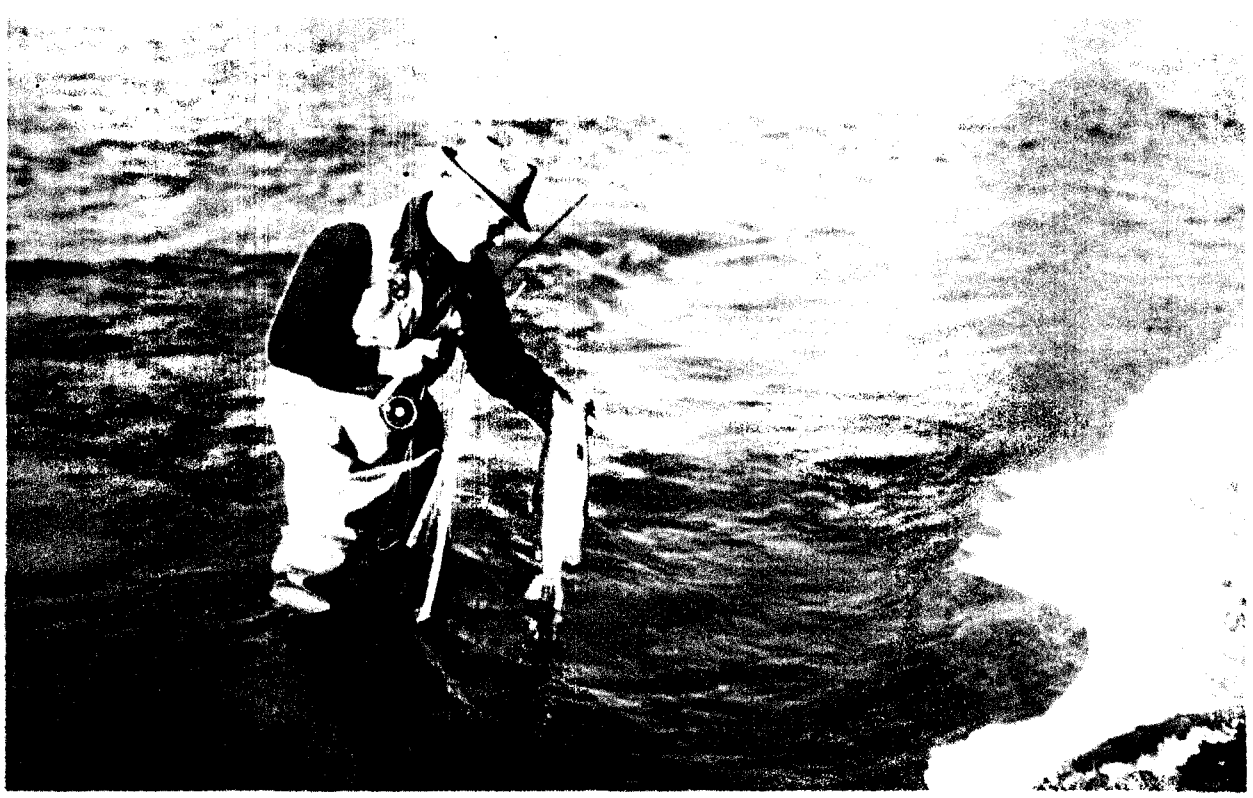
SILVER DOCTOR

BEE

PROFESSOR

ROYAL COACHMAN

MONTREAL



Early season rainbow fishing is often a chilly sport. Here the author unhooks a large one. Unlike other trout, the rainbow loses none of its spirit as it increases in size

GIL

HAIR COACHMAN

BRAD'S BRAT

GREEN SEDGE

KILLER

ORANGE SHRIMP

HAROLD DEL PONTE

Opening day on the Klamath River in California brings out a variety of anglers with a variety of tackle. Their quarry is the steelhead—a seagoing rainbow of the Northwest

OPTIC BUCKTAIL

MICKEY FINN

EDSON TIGER

FLIES REPRODUCED IN ACTUAL SIZE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPRUCE FLY

BROWN SEDGE

WIND RIVER OPTIC

SKYKOMISH SUNRISE

KALAMA SPECIAL

BLACK O'LINDSAY

CAREY SPECIAL

If You Want to Catch Rainbows

FISH *the* FAST WATERS

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

To the enthusiast, there's one variety of trout that's tougher, wilier, speedier and tastier than any other. The great big one that got away? Probably a rainbow

ANY rainbow trout angler will admit that his favorite is not much different from any other kind of trout. Except, he will add, that it is more difficult to hook, demands greater skill in playing, does more jumping, fights harder and longer, and is a lot better to eat.

Aside from these insignificant features, he will concede, the rainbow is just like any "common" trout.

A few individuals, usually marked by the faint green cast in their eyes, have been known to refer to the rainbow as "the poor-man's salmon." The angler fortunate enough to live near good rainbow waters can afford to ignore such slurs with amused tolerance; he will probably point out that where there is *Salmo gairdneri* there is always rich sport. And if he happens to hail from the Northwest, first home of the rainbow, he may stop fishing long enough to tell a story that proves this point.

It seems the minister of a small parish, washed by the fabulous waters of the Rogue River, was providing refreshment and entertainment for a visiting banker from Seattle, whose car had succumbed to the local roads. When his automobile was repaired and he was about to depart, the visitor admitted he had been impressed by the intelligence and bearing of this small-town preacher. He expressed some surprise that the man should be buried in a tiny parish, when his abilities so obviously fitted him for the pulpit of a city cathedral.

The minister acknowledged that he had, on occasion, weighed the advantages of a city congregation, but had been unable to find one willing or able to meet the $25,000 salary he received from his present flock.

The banker was speechless for a moment. Then he apologized, explaining that he would not have believed such a small community could provide so rich a reward.

"I'm afraid you don't understand," the minister explained. "You see, I receive only $1,000 in cash, but the balance is paid in marvelous rainbow fishing."

There are millions who don't understand, and some of them are anglers. They fail to realize that our wealth in natural resources is not confined to the items involved in trade and commerce; that, for example, we are richer in our varieties of trout than any nation in the world. Of these varieties, and there are more than a score, the rainbow seems to possess a marked abundance of those qualities so prized by the sportsman—strength, endurance and fighting spirit.

One swallow, according to the philosopher, does not make a summer, but one lone, large rainbow trout has made a season for many an angler. Most fish—and that does not exclude other species of trout—tend to decrease, comparatively, in spirit as they increase in size. Few anglers who have caught big ones will admit that this axiom can be applied to the rainbow. It may explain why more rainbows are lost, after being hooked, than any other trout.

A one-pounder, hooked in the fast water he prefers, will put up a spectacular battle, and although no one has evolved a comparison meter, a 10-pounder seems to be just about 10 times as tough to handle. One enthusiast has an explanation for this.

"If someone arranged a knock-down-drag-out fight between a member of the chess team and a fullback from the football squad," he asks, "where would you put your money?" Like the fullback, the rainbow gets plenty of exercise, for he lives in fast water where he must be active every minute or get swept downstream. The other trout prefer slouching around in pools and slack water.

The rainbow specialists also are quick to point out that their pet is 100 per cent American, for its original range extended only from California to the Alaska Peninsula. No greater tribute could be paid the sporting qualities of this fish than the fact that it has now been stocked in rivers and lakes of almost every state, as well as a score of foreign countries. The writer was surprised and happy when, during World War II, he spotted a five-pounder inhabiting a small stream that tumbled through the private hunting park of the king of Italy. This fish was protected by the firm order of a nostalgic general from the Pacific Northwest, who threatened dire punishment to any member of his command who annoyed the expatriate.

Although the majority of the transplanted rainbows have been stocked in rivers and streams, some have been introduced in lakes, and all have adapted themselves readily to the change in habitat. Even in the quiet waters of a lake, this fish seems to lead an unusually active life, for normally it puts up much more of a fight against hook and line than other species of trout in the same water.

Changes After Living in Salt Water

Probably nothing that swims, with the possible exception of the Loch Ness monster, has been the subject of so much heated controversy as the rainbow. The arguments stem directly from the tendency of some Northwestern rainbow trout to spend part of their lives in salt water. Upon their return to their natal rivers, these fish show evidence of the sea change.

After spending from one to four years in salt water they scale from 4 to 20 pounds. (Unhappily for the angler, the 20-pounders are relatively rare.) There are changes in coloration, too. The rainbow's back becomes tempered to a steely blue, the scattered dark spots change to a lighter shade, and the broad red band ranging down each side from head to tail fades to a pale pink. After several months in fresh water, however, the fish usually assumes its original rainbow coloring.

For many years, anglers, and even a few biologists, insisted that this migratory rainbow was not a rainbow at all, but a separate species. They contended that this fish, on the basis of its marked difference in size, coloration and habit, was really a form of "salmon trout" and not a rainbow. They gave it the name "steelhead."

At one time the river-bound rainbow was generally classified as *Salmo irideus*, and the migratory steelhead as *Salmo gairdneri*. But, after biologists had completed long and detailed studies of these fish, the contention of so many years was settled. The two fish became officially recognized as one species. Today, both have the scientific tag of *Salmo gairdneri*, but the migratory fish has retained its common name of "steelhead."

The changes in size and coloration do not seem to reduce the rainbow's fighting spirit—if anything, it is stronger and more active after leaving salt water. Any angler who has hooked a fresh-run fish on the Rogue, Klamath, Eel, Chehalis or any one of the other famous steelhead rivers will testify to this.

The all-around trout fisherman must possess a wide variety of skills if he is to reach that state of proficiency desired by all anglers—consistent success. In fishing for brook trout (which is not a true trout, but a char), he must be able to impart a certain action to his lures. For browns he must attain the delicate sense of *(Continued on page 64)*

Collier's has prepared a free pamphlet by the author of this article, listing the best baits and lures, the proper equipment, and the techniques most effective in catching rainbow and steelhead trout, as well as the opening dates for trout fishing in each state. For your copy, send a post card with your name and address to: Fishing Department, Collier's, Springfield, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stairway

So Biddy had not been such an

The Story: MONICA MARSHALL was afraid. At first she had dismissed the fears and warnings of her young niece, WINIFRED, as the natural results of the child's bereavement and bewilderment: Winifred's mother, BIDDY, had been murdered, and Winifred's father, JERRY HUFFMAN, was in prison, awaiting execution for the crime.

Monica had traveled to Los Angeles to assume custody of Winifred, who had been in the care of an unpleasant woman named MRS. LANNON. Monica arranged to take Winifred away to a mountain resort, in order that the child should be spared any more unpleasant notoriety. When they got there, they met a young man called STEVENS. Monica didn't like Stevens; he seemed to know too much about her. He tried to warn her of danger, and she resented his solicitude.

Winifred kept insisting that her father had not killed her mother, and spoke of Mrs. Lannon as a continuing menace. She claimed to recognize two of the other guests at the resort—a fraudulent "psychiatrist" named VEACH whom she said she had seen at Mrs. Lannon's and Veach's woman, a plump blonde named WANDA. Veach, she said, looked "younger and smaller," as though he were disguised.

Then somebody tampered with the brakes of Monica's car, and she was seriously injured in an accident. Winifred almost drowned, in full sight of Veach, and would have if Stevens hadn't rescued her.

Monica wanted to take Winifred back to New York with her, but Stevens insisted the child wouldn't be safe anywhere. He took Monica and Winifred to a MRS. ADAMS' private sanitarium near Los Angeles, where they lived as private guests. He wanted Monica to meet a rich man named DEMARIST, who, he implied, had some connection with the Huffman case. When Monica met Demarist, she learned that Demarist's ward, MARGARET, a mentally retarded girl in her early twenties, had been victimized by Veach and had disappeared. Supposedly, Veach had her confined somewhere. Demarist, with the help of his handsome nephew, a lawyer named RICHARD ALDEEN, had worked out a scheme to trap Veach into revealing Margaret's whereabouts.

III

I HAVE seen Veach only a couple of times," said Richard Aldeen, "but he impresses me as being shrewd enough to smell a rat in that scheme."

Demarist shook his head. "You have no idea of the man's avarice. I want you to write the letter and get it into the mail at once."

"As you wish, of course, Uncle Dem."

Demarist reached for his coffee and sipped it. The thought of what he was going to do to Veach had brought a faint color into his face. "There is a woman named Lannon—" He paused, as if to choose his words.

"I've met Mrs. Lannon," Monica told him. "She was keeping Winifred when I came for her. She claimed to have been a close friend of Biddy's."

A glance passed between Stevens and Demarist. Demarist's look was questioning, Stevens' blank and negative. It was as if the old man had asked Stevens if Monica should be told something, and Stevens had said no.

Monica went on, "Winifred keeps saying that Mrs. Lannon *knows things.*"

Demarist was looking into his cup. "There is a close relationship between the Lannon woman and

Monica went to the closet and took out one of the dresses. She frowned, knowing she should have asked Demarist about Margaret's clothes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to an ...

innocent young wife, after all. For money, she had got herself involved in Veach's racket

By DOLORES HITCHENS

Veach. I do not know whether it is simply a business tie, or some other. When he was treating me at his home, I saw her more than once. She had an air of ease and familiarity in the place. Have you seen Veach's house?"

"No," Monica said.

"Let her see it," Demarist said to Stevens. "Let her see the house that madness built. Let her see the gardens manured with broken brains."

"Please, Uncle Dem—you're being rather grim for our guests."

"Yes. And what Veach does is grim."

"Do you think he had your ward there?" Stevens asked.

"No." Demarist made an abrupt motion of dissent. "He wouldn't have Margaret at his house. He keeps patients about, if they're wealthy enough and not too far gone to make trouble. He wouldn't take the chance of keeping a girl around whom he'd robbed—perhaps wronged in other ways." Demarist brushed at his white hair. "I'm beginning to feel a bit tired. I'll be brief with my ideas. Miss Marshall, since you know the Lannon woman and took the little girl from her house, couldn't you return there on some pretext or other?"

MONICA remembered the dusty, silent street, the cavernous porch, the house that had seemed like a prison. "For what reason?"

"As a spy," Demarist said frankly. "I think that, since the child is gone, Veach may be keeping Margaret there. I can't endure to think of her—of him—" His voice broke; he put a hand over his mouth to hide its shaking.

Aldeen looked at Stevens, a look that suggested he and Monica leave.

Monica said, "I could go there, I suppose, but I wouldn't get any farther than her front room. Why don't you put private detectives on these people?"

The old man shook his head. Aldeen said, "Uncle Dem is afraid that such tactics would bring reprisals upon Margaret."

"Reprisals?" Monica said. "You handle that snake as if he were made of glass."

"If Veach had Winifred, you'd handle him very gently," Stevens said in a monotone. He rose from his chair. "Mr. Demarist, Miss Marshall and I will discuss how and when she is to go to Mrs. Lannon's house. We'll let you know as soon as the plans are made."

"Talk about gall—" Monica said.

Stevens took her arm and guided her to the door. "Don't look back," he said. She heard a thudding noise, as if the old man were beating the arms of the wheel chair, and a high, animal-like, whimpering wail.

Some instinct must have summoned the man in white; Henry passed them at the door in a hurry. "We'll let ourselves out," Stevens said to him. Henry nodded without looking at them. He had eyes only for the room beyond, where Demarist shuddered in his agony.

"Demarist has angina. The attacks are pretty bad," Stevens said in the hall. "He hasn't long to live. His mind is tied up in knots with his desire to find his ward and make sure that Veach hasn't—hurt her. It isn't the money, in spite of the emphasis he put on it in the plan to trap Veach. Demarist doesn't give a damn for money."

There was a breeze, once they had passed through the door to the broad porch under its pillars. "He didn't say who Margaret really is, or how he happened to adopt her," Monica said.

Stevens nodded. "He hasn't told me, either. There's a story back of it somewhere."

She stopped to face him in the sunny drive. "Look. Why are you so willing to offer me as a sacrifice to Veach on Demarist's business? Do you think I'm going to that house, stick my neck out, invite violence?"

He took out a handkerchief and mopped his temples; in that moment, she thought, he looked almost as weary as old Mr. Demarist himself. "Huffman didn't kill your sister. He was framed, but good. Aren't you willing to go a little way to keep the kid's father alive for her? Doesn't the kid mean a damned thing to you?"

"How do *you* know Jerry didn't kill Biddy?" She was yelling; the sound seemed magnified in the overrefined quiet of the neighborhood.

"Skip it," he said. "Get into the car. I'm going to do what Demarist suggested—take you to look at Veach's hacienda. It's quite a joint. You didn't think much of him as a fisherman. Wait till you see how he's doing as a psychologist."

For no reason that she could think of, except being scared stiff and being so mad, Monica found that she was crying. Stevens offered her his handkerchief. He drove the car down the drive and out into the tree-shaded street. "Don't you ever for one moment think of anyone except yourself?" he said. "Weren't you touched by the misery of that old man, helpless in a wheel chair, almost crazy with worry about his ward?"

"He's got *millions!*" Monica shouted, as if Stevens were in the next county, or stone-deaf. "He can hire squads of gangsters, hoodlums, men who would make Veach look like a baby."

"And Veach could get revenge by working on Margaret Demarist. How would you like to be kind of fuzzy in the head, and at the mercy of Veach?"

The tears flowed without stop. "Let me go to a phone and call that sanitarium. I've got to be sure Winifred's all right."

"She's all right." Stevens' tone was unexpectedly gentle. He pulled the car to the curb and stopped it. There were no houses here, only the high walls of the big estates. He turned to face Monica. "Let's have a truce. Then we'll start over."

"I'm drawing it up right now. One of the terms is that I'm going to know about you—who you are, and why you're interested in the Huffman case. That's back of your interest in Winifred, I've discov—"

HE REACHED for her quickly. His hands gripped her shoulders, jerking her roughly in his direction. She went off balance on the seat. Her hair swept forward, obscuring her face. Then she found herself pushed and rolled to the floor, and Stevens crouching over her.

She opened her mouth to scream. At that instant a car roared past, tires peppering with bits of gravel the steel door behind which she lay. There was a squeal of brakes at the corner, then gradual silence.

"I'm sorry," Stevens said. He pulled her up and tried to brush the dust off her coat.

She was suddenly dry-eyed. Her head ached with a pounding pulse. She fumbled with her disordered clothes. "Who was it?"

"I don't know. I didn't have time to see. I caught the car in the rearview mirror. It seemed to be coming right at us."

"You thought it was—after us?"

"Yes. False alarm." His blank eyes hid his thoughts. Had he been really afraid of danger—or had he not wanted to answer her questions about him?

She reached for the silk scarf on the floor. "One thing I'll never understand: When Winifred and I first appeared at Raboldi's, why didn't you warn us against Veach and the blonde?"

"I wasn't sure what Veach's game was. It could have been simple surveillance. Then too, I thought the kid would tell you she knew them, and that you'd realize something was up. I couldn't understand why you stayed. I kept testing you. For a while I even wondered if maybe you were acting with Veach—an impostor, perhaps—and were going to help him get rid of the kid."

"That's why you made those puzzling remarks and gave me those blank stares, as if I were an idiot." She rubbed her temples; she felt sick, and then faint, as if a wave of feathers were floating through her head. I'm damned if I'll fall into Stevens' arms, she thought. She rammed herself back into the cushions so that if she passed out she wouldn't topple forward.

He started the motor and glanced sharply at her. "Feeling rocky?"

"I'm quite all right, thank you."

IT SEEMED no more than a moment later that she roused to find herself flat on the seat, her head downward a little in the direction of the curb. Stevens was standing outside the car, looking thoughtful. She pushed herself up and wedged herself back into the corner.

"I'd better take you back to Mrs. Adams'," Stevens said.

"No, I want to see Veach's domain," she answered. Her voice was okay; the feathers were out of her head and the sickness was gone. "It must be a delayed reaction to that long drag we made getting out of the mountains."

"Or perhaps you're just human, after all," Stevens said, getting in and starting the motor.

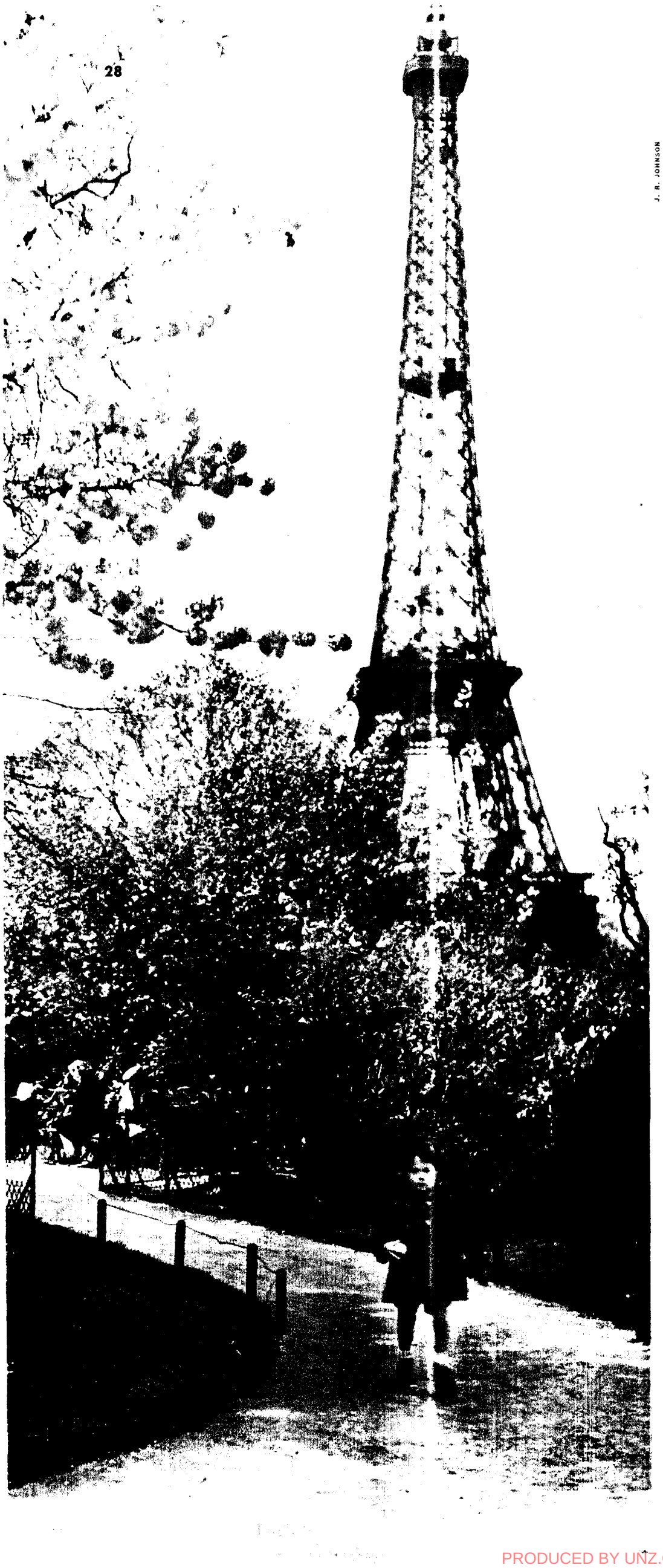
He drove down the canyon boulevard to Sunset, and turned right toward the coast. The wind that blew in at the windows began to take on the salt-and-kelp smell of the sea. The road dipped, rose, wound among hills. Stevens turned off into a wide street that seemed to lead nowhere. There were no houses here, though paving and curbs were in and trees were set out.

Then Monica saw stakes driven here and there in the brown earth. It was a new subdivision in Los Angeles' everlastingly growing landscape, just getting ready to build. "This isn't the direct way to Veach's castle, but we'll have a good view," Stevens said. He drove through a little grove of eucalyptus trees, and they emerged on a sort of headland. Below was a canyon tangled with wild growth and leading down to the Pacific. The water was very blue, the light dazzling. Cars that seemed the size of toys whizzed by on the highway that bordered the beach. Then Stevens touched her arm and pointed.

To the right, across the narrow canyon, was another headland, closer to the sea and slightly lower than the one on which the car stood. At its tip, at the end of a winding drive, was a big two-story tan stucco building. Monica observed the wide red-tiled roof, the Monterey balconies, the ornate trimming of scrolls and moldings, a wide sun porch facing the sea. "It isn't what I had expected," she said. "I thought it would be something like Mrs. Adams' place—low and modern, and shut in with a steel fence to keep his patients from running wild."

"He doesn't have to worry about the patients—it's pretty certain he keeps them all mildly doped. The house belonged to a big movie star, a hero of the silent pictures in the twenties. It was quite the castle of its day, and the *(Continued on page 36)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



J. R. JOHNSON

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

2,000 Years of PARIS

THE most enchanting city in the world is throwing the biggest birthday party of modern times this year. Paris is 2,000 years old, and fixing to tell the world about it with a bang louder than a million champagne-bottle corks going pop.

Starting this month there won't be a dry glass, an unkissed cheek or an unsung song in all of glamorous gay Paris till the leaves turn brown on the Champs Elysées.

The Parisians, of course, are delighted with their anniversary. So is everybody else this side of Stalin. In the U.S., especially, thousands of starry-eyed tourists are getting ready to ship off to the city of the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, Notre Dame, wine, wonder and springtime.

Paris is ready for them. The official program of the bimillenary calls for a 2,000-candle birthday cake, parades, song festivals, flower contests, fairs, art shows, midnight bicycle races, costume balls, horse races, boat shows and concerts from April through September. The unofficial program promises to be a surprise package à la mode.

Parisians have every good reason to celebrate. Gay as it is, Paris has suffered virtually every upheaval in the history books. It was a going concern on the little island in the Seine, where the Cathedral of Notre Dame now stands, more than 50 years before the Christian Era, when Julius Caesar made it his headquarters.

It was called Lutetia then, but some three hundred years later, after it had been destroyed by barbarians and rebuilt, it took its permanent name from the Gallic tribe of Parisii which founded it.

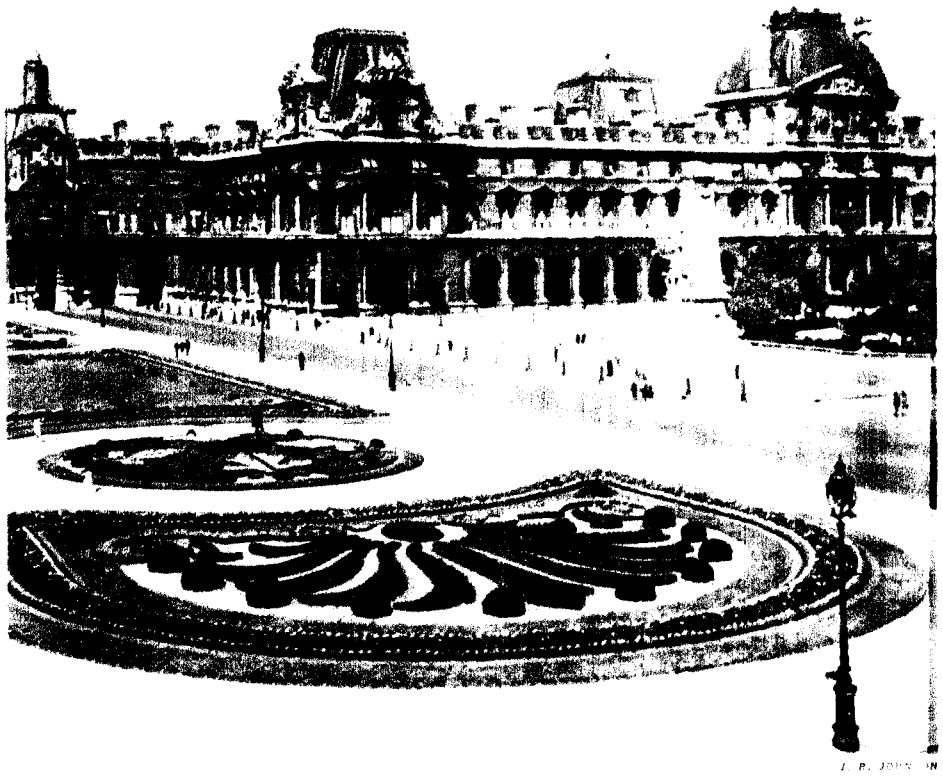
After Caesar and the barbarians, the kings of France lived in Paris, attracting to the city much of its culture and elegance. But, as capital of France, Paris had to bear most of the burdens of the postroyal deluge—revolution, terrorism, Napoleon the Consul, Napoleon the Emperor, three tries at republican democracy and strangulation by the Nazis. Paris—and all France—survived.

In this bimillenial year the Fourth Republic flourishes. Paris will be gay, gracious and alluring as never before. And thousands of Americans will find out why 50,000,000 Frenchmen sigh when they say Par-ee. THE END

Youngest and oldest Paris symbols—Eiffel Tower (left), built in 1889; and Cathedral of Notre Dame (below), started in 1163

BILL HAMILTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



J. R. JOHNSON

Paris museums hold everything from art and porcelain to old shoes. Louvre is best, has 3,000 paintings, a planetarium, fine gardens, covers 48 acres

D. REBIKOFF

Paris night clubs run from big, brassy, gaudy to dim, tiny, naughty. This one is in Place Pigalle—"Pig Al ey" to GIs

J. R. JOHNSON

Bookish and artistic Parisians favor the Seine River's left bank, which is lined with bookstalls. Close by is the Sorbonne, one of city's oldest schools

J. R. JOHNSON

Chatty and friendly Parisians spend many hours at sidewalk cafés. Most elegant are on beautiful, wide Champs Élysées

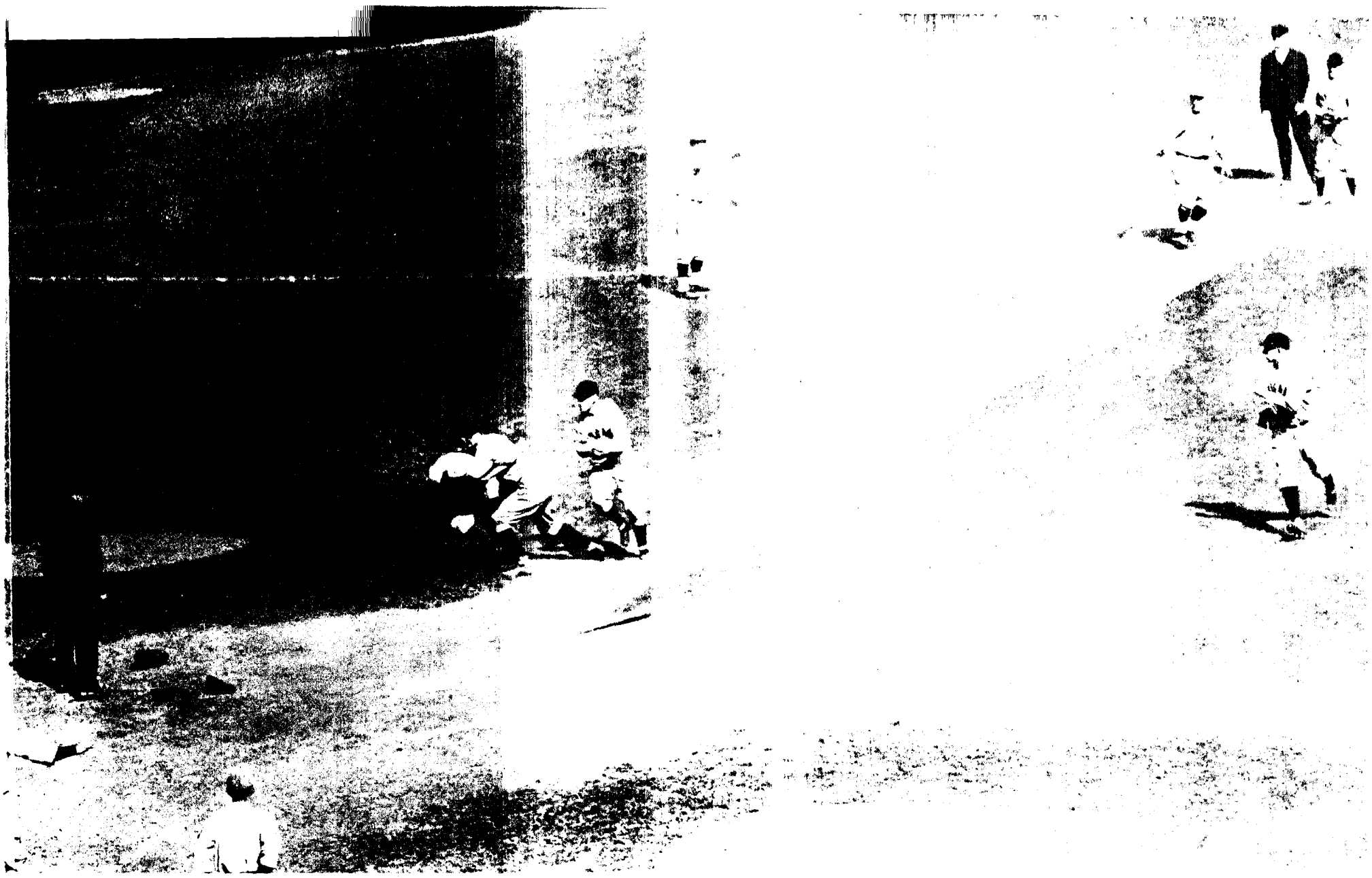
Largest in world, Arch of Triumph commemorates victories of Revolutionary and Napoleonic troops. At its base lies the Unknown Soldier of France

BILL HAMILTON

Old as Paris itself is the magic city's romantic tradition. This is how it's done—in the park in Par-ee in the spring

EARL LEAF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



N.Y. DAILY NEWS

Protest by John McGraw of Klem's decision on this play led the Old Arbitrator (at plate) to retire temporarily after the 1928 season. Giants' Andy Reese was trapped in run-down by Chicago's Gabby Hartnett and Clyde Beck. McGraw claimed Reese was blocked

Continuing Umpire Bill Klem's Own Story

DIAMOND DICTATOR

By WILLIAM J. KLEM with WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

An umpire's lot is not a happy one, even the strong-willed Old Arbitrator admits. And personal feuds don't help any. Here are classic conflicts culled from his long career

III

IT WOULD be unfair to two generations of rugged individualists to suggest that John McGraw was my only protagonist in baseball. I found my path filled with gentlemen offering vigorous negative opinions—gentlemen of power, influence and widely varying degrees of decency and sportsmanship.

They included the first commissioner of baseball, Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, the three-man commission before him, all presidents of both major leagues, most of the club owners in my own league, and, of course, ballplayers and managers without number. I usually won, but I cannot say I retired undefeated.

Tinker to Evers to Chance has become part of our language—a tribute to a magnificent trio of baseball players whose names today are a synonym for selfless and perfect teamwork. But the facts are, Tinker wouldn't speak to Evers, and vice versa, and Chance was restrained in my presence from choking Evers senseless.

Johnny Evers was the toughest and meanest man I ever saw on a ball field. Umpires were his particular hate. His tongue knew neither fear nor control when he was crossed, and he thought everybody within eye or ear range was crossing him. Evers' owners promised him a suit of clothes if he would play for one month without being thrown out of a ball game by an umpire. He won a suit. But he was thrown out of a game two days later.

He was called "the Crab" and he gloried in it. Although I threw him out of games many times, I liked him and I know he liked me. I threw him out for the umpteenth time one afternoon and, when he had departed, I discovered he had stolen my whisk broom. Ten days later he led a delegation to the plate and presented me with a silver-topped whisk broom. He said: "Mr. Klem, allow me to present you with this beautiful whisk broom, a gift from the Crab of the National League. Would you be so kind as to make a speech, Mr. Klem?"

I answered: "When I appear on the field, I'm here to play ball. Let's go!" As I brushed off the plate, I added, "I will say this—you're no piker when you buy a whisk broom."

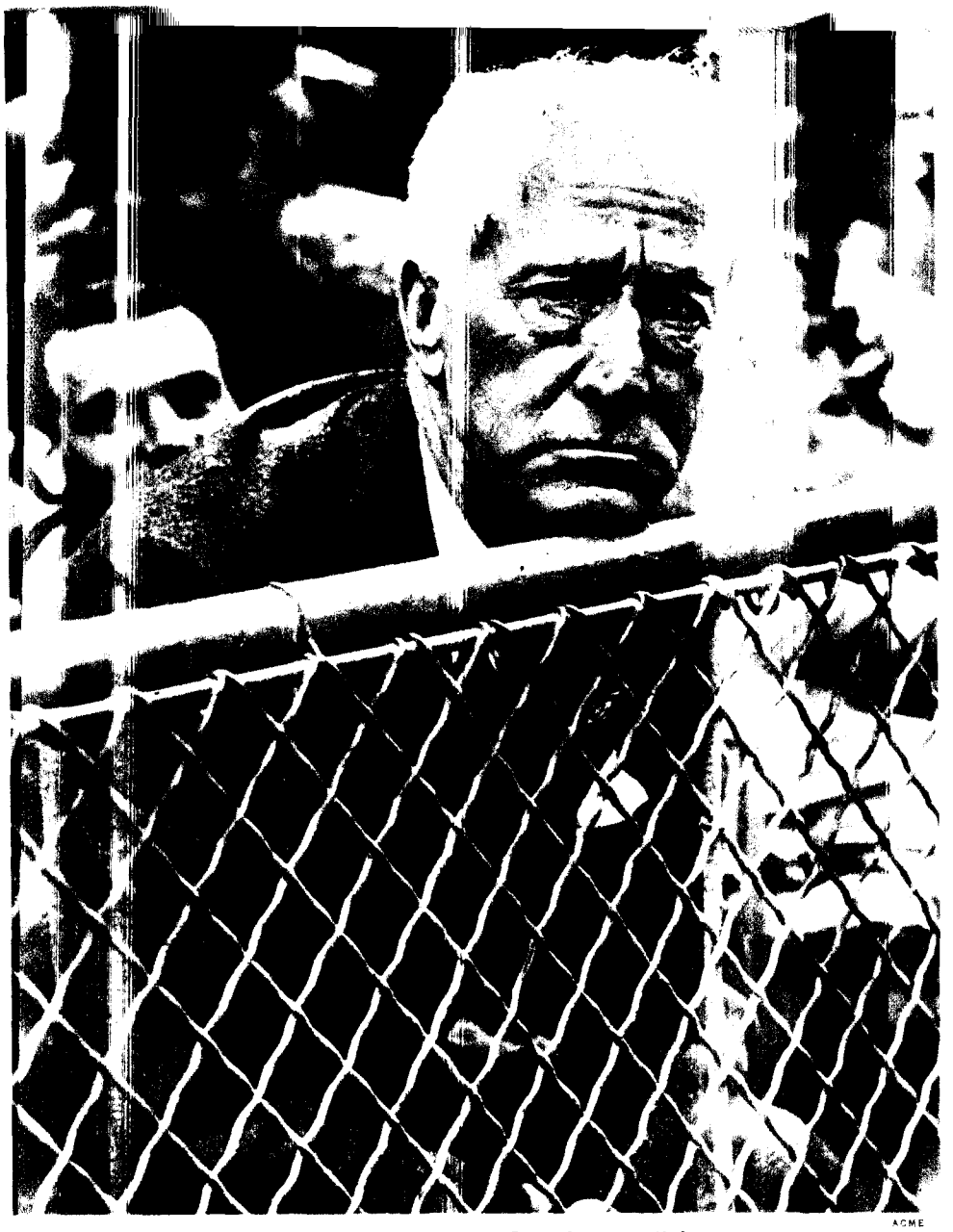
I usually had trouble with old McGraw men. One such was Roger Bresnahan who, as manager of St. Louis, got me fined on a charge of striking him. I did not strike Roger, but I did push him away when I was convinced I was going to be struck myself. The league president later offered to refund my fine, but I refused to accept the money unless the return was made public.

Fred Tenney, who piloted Boston, was another and I sure *did* hit him. It was customary for the manager to collect from the umpire any balls remaining at the end of the game. Tenney, hoping

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERNATIONAL

and Klem tiffed often through the years. Feud started in 1924 World Series when Klem called Goslin out on close play at first



ACME

Commissioner Landis was mere "window dressing" for baseball, Klem says; he was "quite a hambone and I liked him for it"

to get my goat, felt my pockets for balls after a game. "Don't you ever do that again, boy," I told him. The next day he did it again and never finished the job because I belted him.

When next you go out to the ball park, you will see many things that are commonplace today but which came about only after 20-year feuds or—at least—bitter arguments among reasonable men. Many of these innovations are mine. And all of them helped baseball grow from a county fair attraction to the great, beloved spectacle it is today.

Take the baseball itself. When I broke into the big leagues it was a rare game that used up three baseballs. The home team furnished the umpire with three new baseballs when the game started. If these three were lost or cut beyond all possible use, the local nine would roll out another ball on demand. And they could roll out anything they chose. So strange things happened once the local club got one run in front. Out would come old discolored baseballs.

I remember the day in 1914, in Boston, they tried to bring in some old punk balls. Next afternoon, every time a foul ball was thrown back from the stands, I demanded a new one—by orders of the league president. In all I used 28 balls.

I came to New York next morning and when I reported to National League headquarters I was not a bit surprised to learn that the Boston owner, James Gaffney, was already on hand. Secretary John Heydler tipped me off: "Gaffney's inside with 28 balls George Stallings (the manager) sent down from Boston. He's raising Cain with the boss. Says you'll bankrupt him."

I walked in on Gaffney and there he was with the 28 baseballs on a table. Gaffney pointed to them and said, "Klem, can you see any balls on that table not fit for play?"

"No, Mr. Gaffney. I can't. But I have a couple I'd like to add to that collection." I tossed two black spheres onto the table among the reasonably white ones. My two hit with a clunk.

"Now, Mr. Gaffney," I said, "could you pick two balls off that table that are *not* fit to play with?"

"Who couldn't do that?"

"How would you like to go to Chicago, Mr. Gaffney," I asked him, "and have your club get a run behind and be asked to finish the game with those two balls?"

"I wouldn't like it, Klem."

"Well, Mr. Gaffney, that's what they're trying to do in Boston."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"I don't lie, Mr. Gaffney." Gaffney looked at me for a moment, then roared to Heydler. "John, get on that telephone and get me Stallings in Boston." I started to back from the room. "Klem, you stay right here. I want you to hear this." I remained and heard Stallings get a most thorough dressing down. Shortly thereafter the rules were changed and the local team was required to deliver to the umpires several hours before game time sufficient baseballs, all sealed in their cartons. And the umpire has full discretion about tossing out a scuffed ball.

Signals Ease Strain on Ump's Voice

Today, when an umpire calls a "strike," his right hand shoots above his head so that everybody in the ball park knows it. If his hand remains at his side it is a "ball." I originated that system in 1906 when my voice went bad and I could no longer follow the custom of bellowing each decision. I invented the standard "safe" and "out" signals used today by umpires in sand lots and in World Series games. The jerk of the thumb over the shoulder for "out" and the palms-down gesture for "safe." These were innovations of convenience to me, but they were a boon to fans out of range of the umpire's voice. I have already explained how I invented the "fair" and "foul" semaphores.

The rank and file of my profession fought these innovations. But the sports writers finally approved to a man and eventually shoved the new tactics down the throats of the reluctant umps.

I was directly responsible for the use of four umpires in World Series games. This first happened in 1908. I have always insisted, any game that attracts the huge crowds that fill baseball's stadiums and coffers deserves four umpires to assure the fans just that little extra. Three umpires can handle a game very nicely, of course. Two can be used with safety in an emergency. But I insist that no one man can umpire a baseball game.

My first official job when I became chief of staff of National League umpires was to make it illegal for any manager or player to protest a called ball or strike. That rule has been needed since the birth of baseball. The beef over a call was a time-wasting alibi.

I led the fight to get dressing rooms for umpires. When I came into the big leagues, I dressed in groundskeepers' tool sheds or ticket offices. Other umpires dressed at hotels. Tim Hurst would walk on the ball field as play began, remove his street cap, stick it in one pocket and take an umpire's cap from another pocket. When the game was over he would switch caps and go home.

I am frequently called the inventor of the umpire's chest protector. I am not. I merely resurrected it and basically followed the design originated by the first King of Umpires, John Gaffney. There is much debate even today about how the chest protector should be worn. National League umpires wear smaller protectors inside their uniform coats. The American League boys hide behind bulky outside mattresses which, in my mind, slow them up.

Another innovation—this one *is* mine—scorned by the American League is the system we use to work behind the catcher. National League umpires stand to the catcher's left for right-handed hitters and to his right for left-handers. They bob and weave with the ball, going down for low pitches and up for the high ones. *(Continued on page 68)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOTAL RECALL

By JAMES HELVICK

Their second honeymoon had suddenly become a horrible nightmare. A madman, at large out on the lonely moor, was planning to murder them—and they had no weapon against his cunning

ON THE kitchen floor of the moorland cottage, pushed in through the wide crack under the door, they found two letters. One was a threat of death. The other was an offer of help. Both letters must have been slid under the locked door during the five hours the Mansells had been out on the moor. The offer lay nearer to the door than the threat, as though it had been pushed there later.

Edward Mansell read the offer first, and his look of vague boredom became one of bewilderment. Then he read the threat. Joan Mansell, looking on irritably, saw him reach out and close the door without taking his eyes from the letter. When he started to read the first letter again, she snapped impatiently, "Oh, what is it? What is it then?"

This holiday on the moor was to have been a kind of second honeymoon after a year of marriage. And today they had spent five hours walking, picnicking, and wrangling about everything or nothing. They'd got on each other's nerves all day; their relations seemed to be at the breaking point, and Edward chose this moment to stand there reading these letters as though she were not there.

He touched her shoulder gently. "What?" she said.

He said, "Well, this. You'd better have a look." He gave her the letters, and she stood reading them in the same order that he had. The first said:

Dear Mr. Mansell: I hope you won't consider this an impertinence from a total stranger, but in view of the news about the man Howard being at large somewhere in these parts, I thought, as your place is so very isolated, you might be glad of a little reinforcement. I don't suppose he'll come anywhere near you, but still, he is supposed to be a very dangerous maniac, and I took the liberty of suggesting to the police at Buckforth that they ought to post a man with you tonight. But they are so busy with their "man hunts" and "cordons" that it seems they just haven't anybody to spare. So it occurred to me that, as I shall in any case be cycling to the "outer edge" of the parish late this afternoon, I might look in on you on the way back and, if you think it would be a good idea, I could help you do sentry go during the night. Probably quite unnecessary, as the police think Howard is over on the other side of the moor by now. But in any case, I should be very glad to make your acquaintance, and hope you will not, under the circumstances, think me intrusive.

It was signed: *George Beale,* with *(Curate at Buckforth, in case you didn't know!)* after the signature.

The other letter was written on expensive paper, in an elegant hand, covering four rather large pages. It opened with a detailed and obscenely worded threat to torture and murder the inhabitants of that cottage during the night. The rest of the letter was a series of reiterations and elaborations of the threat. It was signed: "Barrington Howard."

It took a long moment for the meaning of the letter to drive the irritated expression from Joan Mansell's face, leaving it momentarily blank. Then she swung round to Edward, touching the tweed of his sleeve with her fingertips.

"But, Eddie—all this—it's crazy, isn't it?"

He frowned, taking the letters from her. "Well," he said, "I suppose—" His eyes turned toward the low window of the kitchen, beyond which lay the moor. She noticed his glance and jerked round abruptly, staring toward the window, her hand to her mouth.

"You mean," she gasped, "there's really something—someone, I mean—out there?"

"Probably nowhere near here. Some maniac." He took the letters from her, keeping his eyes on the window. "The parson seems to know all about him. Probably if we'd been getting the newspapers out here we'd know all about it too. Trouble is, we're so isolated."

"Isolated," she repeated, and took a small step toward the window. "There's no one else for miles."

"Of course there's this police cordon, and the parson chap." He, too, had lowered his voice.

"And why *us?*" she asked in a strained whisper, looking quickly at the letter in his hand.

"He's a maniac," Edward repeated. "He may be threatening lots of people." He gripped her suddenly by the shoulders. "Look, Joan darling. It's no use our standing here whispering and peering out of that damn' window. Let's for God's sake get a grip on ourselves. Best thing we can do is get out of here."

"Out?" She was still peering at the emptiness of the moor in the late afternoon sunshine.

"It's less than six miles into Buckforth."

She said, as though she were talking to herself, "Over the moor."

"Only the first part. Chances are we'll run into one of the cops or the parson man on the way out. and this—what's-his-name?—Howard, he'll lie low till after dark, anyway."

"You think so?" She was still staring out of the window.

"Of course." His voice was loud and matter-of-fact. "His letter says tonight. I believe it's true that maniacs never shift from their plan. Kind of *idée fixe.* And anyway—in broad daylight Now's when the going's good."

"All right." Her expression, as she turned quickly from the window, was a mixture of fear and unbelief in what was happening. "But if we're going, let's be quick. Let's go *now!*"

"Just a minute." He was looking about, with an air almost of embarrassment—as though he, too, hardly believed in the reality of danger—for some kind of weapon. He found a couple of sharp, sturdy kitchen knives and held one out to her awkwardly. "Only for just in case," he said. Her hand shook a little as she took *(Continued on page 79)*

Both of them heard the noise of something coming down the path. Edward had time to pick up the hatchet and tiptoe to the door

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The baby raised her head and blinked drunkenly in the glare of the lamplight

The Goo-Goo Tree

By ELLIOTT CHAZE

HE TRIED to get his mind back to the Bible, but it was no use. It struck him that when a man decided to read the Bible the Lord should make it a little easier—in view of the fact that it was the only book the Lord ever wrote.

The baby howled wetly against the front of his shirt and he rocked harder, hoping to get her to sleep before she *really* wet him. He dropped the Bible and held her with both hands, crooning:

"One little goo-goo sittin' in a tree,
Pretty little goo-goo-goo.
Two little goo-goos sittin' in a tree,
Pretty little goo-goo-goos.
Three little goo-goos sittin' in—"

Except that the number of goo-goos increased steadily, and almost tunelessly, there was nothing remarkable about the lullaby. He favored it because he'd made it up himself, and because it required little or no concentration. He'd never been certain what the goo-goos were, but during the several months since their conception he had decided they were rather like chickens, only with much larger eyes and feet, and possibly with jay-birdlike tufts on their heads.

Of course it didn't really matter what the goo-goos looked like. Nothing mattered. Life was a howling wetness, a screaming, sorry mess. Life was a damp chest, an increasingly pottish belly, a bald spot and a closed door. This dimly amused him. He announced sonorously: "Life is wet and loud and *horrible*."

For some reason the words, distinct and heavy, depressed him far more than the simple thought had. He was immediately sorry he'd said them.

The baby began screaming in earnest.

And from the front bedroom eight-year-old Jecca called, "There's some kinda string in my throat. When I breathe it goes: Yeow-w-ww, yeow-w-ww. Like when you dial a number and there isn't any such number."

"Cough it up," he said.

"I can't."

"You're not trying."

"What's the use when I know I can't?"

He shrugged, and the baby didn't like it. She screamed much louder. He cocked his head and stared at the green-painted front door, at the navy-blue night beyond the six glass panes. He thought of how Anne had looked when she closed the door behind her. She was only going shopping but she'd looked free and as happy as a new bride's smile.

The baby wet. She did it sincerely, completely, burningly, yellingly.

He started up from the chair at the first suspicion of warmth against his stomach, then sighed and sank back. What difference? A moist, stained, stinking old man tied to a rocking chair and his children. The best of him spent and the balance sold on credit to a woman who'd left him when he needed her most. He blinked at the door.

In the front bedroom, Jecca coughed her asthma cough very loudly, with a tapering off like the crumpling of a fistful of cellophane. It broke his heart that he couldn't help her, but he couldn't. She'd had her pills before her mother left.

"It's still going yeow-ww-w," Jecca called, a weary huskiness in her voice.

"I heard it," he said.

And then, slim and blond and slightly knock-kneed, Jecca came into the living room, wearing the seersucker pajamas with the printed pink ducks on them. She was one of those hair-all-over-the-place children. Her face wasn't pretty, but you couldn't take it casually.

"Honey," he said, "would you pick up this book?" He toed the Bible at his feet, shifted the wet, whimpering baby, then shifted her back.

Jecca stooped with the bonelessness of her eight years. "It's a Bible, Daddy."

"Yes."

"It says United States Army."

"It's my old Army Bible, honey. It was given to me when I was a soldier."

"But it looks almost new," Jecca said, her pink face inquiring, intense, and so unbelievably small.

"Matter of fact I never read it much."

He couldn't tell her that tonight, after Anne had gone, the Bible had somehow seemed a symbol of the days of independence, of maleness, of a time when he'd been the one who went away. But Jecca wheezed understandingly. The baby raised her head and nodded and blinked drunkenly in the glare of the lamplight, and then began screaming again.

"When can I go to school again, Daddy?"

"Honey, I don't know. I just honestly don't know." He raised his voice above the baby's howling: "Now go on back to bed!"

Jecca, stricken, thinking he was angry with her, fled. The pink printed ducks waggled and wrinkled as they left the room.

"One little goo-goo sittin' in a tree,
Pretty little goo-goo-goo.
Two little goo-goos sittin'—"

On and on. Hopelessly. The Army Bible on his knees where Jecca had left it, the baby quieting again, with delicate hiccuping sounds, tiny strangling glup-glicks. The tree filling darkly with reluctant goo-goos, *pretty* little goo-goos. It occurred to him finally that he should change the baby's diaper, but he feared a fresh outburst of screaming. And it was good, in a dank, hideous fashion, simply to sit there and blacken the tree branches with big-eyed chickens, his thoughts his own.

After a while he lost count of the goo-goos, yet he knew, somewhere in the back of his head, that he was around the seventies. So he started them over. "Seventy little goo-goos sittin' in a tree."

And as he sang he thought of the years to come and of the probable wastedness and foolishness of them. What did *you* do in the war, Daddy? You mean the second one; the second world one? No, the *last* one, the cold one. Oh, that one. Well, in that one, honey, I was a goo-goo counter; and some nights I read a brown Bible and I was a kind of guard. I sat guard over a green-painted door.

"Eighty-one little goo-goos sittin' in a tree,
Pretty little goo-goo-goos."

Vaguely he had considered turning up the furnace a notch or two. The living room was chill with deepening night. Now he refused to coddle himself. When finally he did leave the chair it was to strip the sodden, folded rag from the baby, talcum her creased bottom and wrap it thickly in fresh, dry, double diapers. She clucked happily as he did this, smiling beautifully. He swaddled her firmly in two soft blankets and left her grinning on the white shag rug near the foot of his rocker.

He stood looking at her for a moment, then turned and crossed the dining room and hall into Jecca's room. She slept soundly, her cheeks as pink as the ducks on her pajamas, her face cushioned in the soft cream swirl of her mop of hair.

He bent down and placed an ear against the narrow chest, listening. Praise God, there was no wheeze, no crumpling cellophane.

He returned to the living room, picked up the little Bible and sat again in the rocker, humming. The baby slept on the rug. It seemed that his humming, unlike his singing, was lilting and tuneful.

Contented, he twisted in his chair and carefully placed the brown Bible, face up, on top of the bookshelf.

THE front door swung open and Anne came stumbling and bumping into the room, her arms filled with packages, her face almost as small and pink and delicately shaped as Jecca's. She dumped most of the things on the living-room couch, took one large package to the kitchen and came back to him. "Tonight we eat steak," she smiled. "We eat like kings tonight. Better than kings. Not even the French kings ate French-fried onions."

He just sat there grinning and humming, basking in the wonderful feeling that came over him when the baby stopped bawling and Jecca's chest stopped squeaking.

Anne came over and went down on her hands and knees, as quick and gawky as a kid, beside the sleeping baby. She kissed the small forehead, then nuzzled it, smelling the soft cheeks. She sighed. "I feel like I've been gone a lifetime."

He hummed louder, grinned wider.

"And you look so smug," she said, laughing, "so nice and rested and—what on earth are you humming?"

"You've been gone two hours and fourteen minutes," he said. "And I'm humming a bit of a thing that I believe I hum really well. It's called: The Goo-Goo Tree." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's smart as a convertible!
It's snug as a sedan!

Carries six big people
in super comfort!

"Luxury Lounge" interiors
are "Color-Keyed" to the
finish of the car!

Style like that will always
stay "right"!

It's got Automatic Ride
Control that literally
"irons out" the road!

You get the choice of 3
great drives—Conventional,
Overdrive or Fordomatic!

It's the Belle of the Boulevard! It's the new Ford Victoria!

It's built for
the years ahead!

Count on the compliments coming your way with a new Ford Victoria parked at your door! For this newest of all Ford body types has an appeal no one with an eye for beauty can deny. It's long looking. It's low looking. It's good looking. Good looking in every outside line—good looking in every inside detail. And it will stay good looking not just this year and next, but for the years ahead—because the quality is there! . . . Why not see this newest Ford Beauty at your Ford Dealer's today! You'll love it!

Overdrive, Fordomatic Drive and white sidewall tires, optional at extra cost.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"NO GOO IS GOOD NEWS!"

says

BERT PARKS

—Star of TV hit, "Break the Bank"

"Television cameras eye your hair even more critically than your best gal!" says Bert. "So take it from an old TV-er. Use amazing new VITALIS Hair CREAM. It makes your hair sightly, not slick!"

True! For here's the first liquid cream tonic made from pure vegetable oil. Lighter-bodied—not greasy, and no gigolo shine. Yet it grooms your hair perfectly all day. Cleaner to use, too! Rinses off hands and comb with plain water. Try it today!

NEW!

VITALIS Hair CREAM

—by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

NO STICKY HANDS, HAIR OR COMB!
VITALIS
HAIR CREAM
HOMOGENIZED IN SHAKER BOTTLE FOR EASIER USE
SAVE MONEY! 49¢ size equals leading 59¢ size cream oil! (Also in 27¢ size)

Stairway to an Empty Room

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

reputation clings a little, I suppose. Now it's dated, but Veach probably feels real lordly out there above the sea."

The ground about the tan stucco house had been extensively landscaped. Monica could see an overalled gardener guiding a lawn mower. "Do you agree with Mr. Demarist," she asked, "that Veach wouldn't have his ward here? The place looks big enough to conceal a battalion."

"Demarist knows Veach better than I do. I've just spied on the guy. Demarist was his patient."

"You think that—that Veach killed my sister?"

Stevens' fingers tightened on the wheel. "Yes, I think so."

"Why? What earthly connection could a decent girl like Biddy have with a man like him?"

"She knew him pretty well."

Monica tried to read the expression on Stevens' face. There was a mixture of anger and stubbornness, she thought, plus a kind of reserve, as if he disliked what he was thinking. "I don't believe that."

"I'm not saying she *liked* Veach," Stevens said. "She might have got entangled with him without realizing just what she was getting into."

"You mean he had some sort of control over her?"

"If your sister got involved with Veach, she did it for money. Don't tell me she didn't care for money." He waited; Monica's face must have betrayed the sudden memory of the letters Biddy had written, the letters in which she had complained of nothing but the lack of ready cash. "Veach needs steerers for his racket. He can't stroll down the street and buttonhole somebody and say, 'Look, old man, it seems to me you're on the skids a bit and need psychiatric treatment.'"

"Biddy wouldn't—"

Stevens continued as if he hadn't heard her: "Veach's principal digging is done among alcoholics. No reputable doctor sends him anyone to work on, of course; he recruits his suckers at the source. At good, high-class gin mills. All he needs is a name and an address. A quick check can tell him if the alcoholic has family or money enough to make stripping him profitable."

MONICA shook her head determinedly. "I know that the state of California controls sanitariums for the cure of alcoholics. Such places have to be licensed and inspected. He can't set himself up as a doctor without—"

"No, no, no," Stevens said impatiently. "He's a 'psychological adviser.' He supposedly gives no physical therapy—just consoling talks and a comforting analysis of your difficulties. You can't forbid a man to talk and get paid for it. In addition, Veach has other protection. He has a pseudoreligious organization to back him up. The officers of the outfit are all people he has cured. Oh, yes, it surprises you to learn that he *does* cure." Stevens laughed bitterly.

She thought about it. "No, it doesn't surprise me. Even witch doctors have their cures. But where is your proof that Biddy was mixed up in this?"

"We'll have to go back to the case against Jerry Huffman," Stevens said. "We'd have to eventually, anyway; you don't know nearly enough about it." He took out cigarettes, offered Monica one, and lighted them both. "Huffman and your sister and the kid had an apartment in Hollywood. It's significant, I think, that they'd moved out of Mrs. Lannon's house about six months before and into a much more expensive place, even though Jerry hadn't had any raises. He was working in a garage at sixty dollars a week. The rent on the apartment was a hundred and twenty-five a month. Your sister had some pretty sizzling clothes."

Monica was startled. "You knew her before she—she was killed. Who are you?"

"I'm not really anyone you'd care to know," Stevens answered, in the annoying way he had of saying things that meant nothing. "Jerry Huffman believed that the money was coming from some trust fund your parents had left his wife."

"That was gone years ago," Monica said. She wondered suddenly if Biddy could have spent that final settlement on herself instead of in a garage venture, as she had hinted. Her sister's image was beginning to change, to seem strange to her; the memory was not of the little girl with the soft, feathery hair, but of a woman she had never known.

"Jerry and the little girl lived in the apartment, of course, but they seemed to get no other benefits from the sudden riches," Stevens said. "Jerry wore coveralls at his job. His taste in clothes always was simple. The kid's things always looked a little short and tight, as if she were starting to outgrow them."

Monica rubbed her eyes to relieve them of the dazzle from the sea. "If you knew them as you seem to have, why didn't Winifred recognize you the way she recognized Veach and the blonde?"

"She did remember me, after we talked that morning in the boat. I hadn't seen her for quite a while, remember. Her dad had been arrested, tried and sentenced during that time, and she'd been with Mrs. Lannon. Anyway, I only came to the apartment when your sister wasn't at home. Barbara didn't like me." His level glance met Monica's startled one.

"If Biddy didn't like you," Monica said slowly, "there must have been a reason."

He didn't offer any defenses, any argument. He just went on smoking, as if Biddy's opinion of him didn't matter. Monica felt a kind of panic, a desire to get out of the car and run before she heard anything more about her sister.

"The principal witnesses against Jerry at his trial were the manageress of the apartment court where he lived and the janitor there." Stevens turned toward Monica. He looked cool and disinterested, as if he were talking over the score of a baseball game. "Barbara was killed at around four o'clock in the afternoon. Ordinarily, Jerry would have been at work then. But a telephone call came for him, asking him to come home in a hurry. It was a woman's voice. The girl who answered the phone in the garage office said that she knew Barbara's voice, and this was it. Anyway, Jerry seems to have cleaned up a little and gone home."

Monica's mind painted a picture: the tall blond boy who'd married Biddy, grimy in overalls and fresh from the greasy underside of a car, entering a court where some of the apartments rented for two hundred dollars a month. She tried to imagine the place. It was as if Stevens read her mind.

He said, "It's a new building, very nice, two stories high, built in the shape of three sides of a square, with a wall to shut out the sight of the street, and a big patio in the middle. The apartments on the second floor are entered from a balcony that's open to the court. There are palm trees in the patio, and a pool, and a paved space with beach umbrellas and little tables beside the water. All very Californian and exclusive. Naturally, Jerry didn't use the patio entrance in his work clothes. His place was upstairs, and it would have involved climbing the steps in full view of the loungers at the pool and parading along the balcony in front of these people of leisure."

"But *you're* not prejudiced," Monica said dryly.

STEVENS said, "I'm a realist. I can understand why Jerry didn't use the balcony entrance to his apartment when he came from work, without getting hot under the collar over it."

She ignored it. "There was another entrance?"

"Yes. Down each side of the building there's a service walk leading to the alley, and each unit of four apartments has a door, and an inside landing for milk and paper deliveries and so on. Same thing for the apartments on the alley. Inside stairs lead to the upper apartments, and each pair has an upper landing. When Jerry got home, he went down the left-hand walk to the second door and opened it. He claimed that that is when he found Barbara, dead, lying face down on the staircase."

"No one believed him."

"No. No one believed that he'd found her like that because of the testimony of the janitor and the manageress. Shortly before four, the janitor was sweeping the service walk below the back windows of the Huffmans' bedroom. He heard Barbara's voice. She was arguing, and crying. He heard her say Jerry's name. Then he heard a crash. The janitor, whose name was Spriggs, went for the landlady. The things he had overheard didn't sound 'very proper'—that's the phrase he used in court. He thought the manageress might need to take a hand to keep the situation under control."

In spite of the conviction Monica had that Jerry Huffman must be guilty, she

"Hired a new secretary today . . . Think I've finally found one who will stay with me a while"

COLLIER'S — LARRY HARRIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A key you can be proud to carry

AS YOU CAN TELL from the letters GM stamped upon it, this is the key to a General Motors car.

If you look closer you will also see that it carries the inscription "Your Key to Greater Value." That is something you can prove for yourself.

For on the road today you will see many evidences of enduring value in current models of Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac and GMC Truck—*the cars and trucks built by General Motors.*

These fine vehicles incorporate many exclusive improvements in design and performance that stem from years of development work by GM Research, by GM Engineering and by GM Production men to produce better transportation.

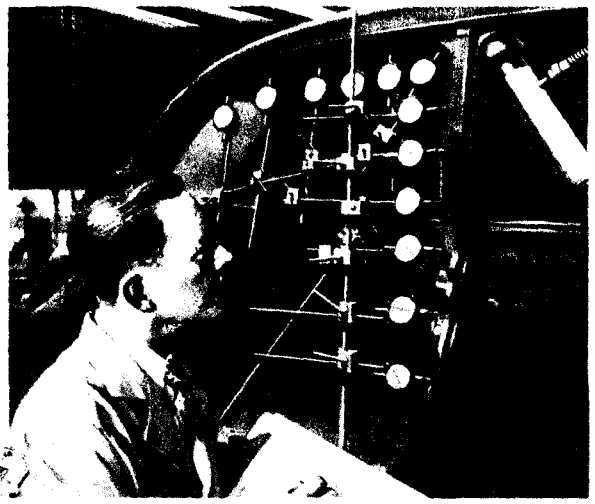
We ask only that you compare these staunch cars and trucks with others.

You'll find good reason to be proud you bought a GM car, both today and in time to come.

Hear HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air every Monday evening over the ABC Network, coast to coast.

Key to "on time" production

CONSTRUCTION FOR WAR OR PEACE depends upon knowing how to get things done. Out of long experience General Motors has developed a system of pre-scheduling manufacture of parts that brings them to the assembly line on time. This typical GM scheduling board shows monthly requirements and daily output in a plant making some 800 different parts—ranging from man-sized pieces to clips so tiny it takes 75 to make a handful. Advance planning enables GM to produce parts in adequate supply for defense as well as America's finest cars.



Key to better engineering

SUPERIORITY IN DESIGN comes from infinite tests to check the staunchness of new body styles. Here, an engineer carefully measures strength around the door opening. The jack applies extreme pressure—and any minute deflections are instantly recorded by the closely spaced gauges. Test after test like this insure the rugged sturdiness and greater value of Body by Fisher—exclusively on GM cars.

Key to better research

HIGHER STANDARDS OF PERFORMANCE are a product of painstaking research—well illustrated by this "gold standard" method of checking the smoothness of metal surfaces in moving parts. Some must be machined finer than others, and GM Research employs 27 degrees of smoothness—or roughness as engineers call it—as standard manufacturing practice. These are measured by gold-plated master blocks, diamond-ruled to millionths of an inch. These golden master gauges give you a smoother-running car—a better value for your money.

GENERAL MOTORS

"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

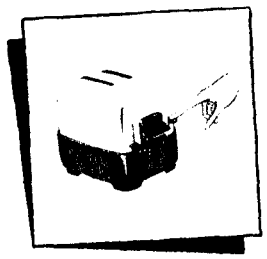
CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC
BODY BY FISHER · GMC TRUCK & COACH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The toaster that never talks back!

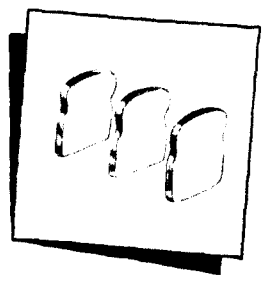
See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's. **$22.95***

General Electric Automatic Toaster keeps your toast down till you want it, or pops it up!



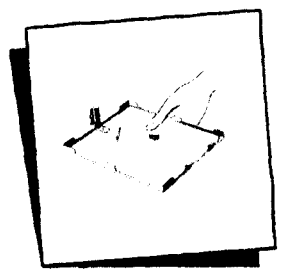
When you want it!

This new General Electric Automatic Toaster will pop toast up when you're ready for it. But then, if you prefer to wait, just set the control knob and a special built-in device will keep that wonderful, golden-brown toast down until you want it.



How you want it!

G.E. leaves all this up to you. Whether you like it light, medium or dark . . . you can have it *your* way! Just set the control knob and let this G-E beauty toast every piece . . . *uniformly* . . . from the first slice to the last, whether it's two or twenty. Every slice so crisp and munchy, too!



So quick to clean!

It's so easy! All you do is snap out the Crumb Tray . . . clean it in 10 speedy seconds . . . snap it back in again! No more turning upside down to *empty* crumbs! General Electric Company. Bridgeport 2, Conn.

**Price and specifications subject to change without notice.*

"Toast To Your Taste—Every Time"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

found her interest quickening. "Then what?"

"The manageress went into the inner court and used the balcony to reach the Huffmans' apartment—front-door talk being more authoritative, I guess. She rang the bell for a long time. Finally, Barbara opened the door a crack and peeked out at her. The manageress told her the policy of the house was 'quiet at all times.' Barbara said that she'd try to remember it, that her husband was abusing her but that she thought she had him calmed down. This testimony was bitterly attacked by Jerry's lawyer in court as being hearsay, and I think it was thrown out—but not before it had made its impression on the jury. The manageress, who was a lot smarter than she looked, asked Barbara if she thought she was in any danger. Barbara hesitated."

Monica shifted uneasily in the seat. "That's the sort of thing people always remember—afterward."

"I suppose. Barbara hesitated and then said that if things got any worse she'd take steps. She didn't say what she'd do. I suppose she meant she'd call the police. The door closed, and that was the last time anyone but Barbara's murderer saw her alive."

MONICA thought about it. "There should have been some sort of proof in the time angle—what time Jerry Huffman checked out of the garage, how long he might have taken walking home, and so on."

"He was out of luck there. Since he was leaving early, with the special permission of the garage foreman, he didn't check out with the time clock. The idea was that a friend would do it for him at five thirty—a favor that would keep him from getting docked. So nobody could check the exact time he left. He testified that he didn't rush, as the call from Barbara had requested. They'd had an argument at the breakfast table, and he was, in his own expression, 'fed up.' He figured he'd have to pick up the argument where they'd left off."

"Admitting that couldn't have helped him in court."

"No, it didn't help him a damn' bit."

Monica frowned; her eyes were on the stretch of sand at the far end of the deep, tangled canyon, on the sea-glitter and the rushing swarms of toy-sized cars; her mind was in a courtroom where a slender and bitter blond young man sat on trial for his life. "There must have been some other evidence that Jerry had been home before he found Barbara's body."

"Sure," Stevens said. "Very important evidence. There were two fresh spots of grease under his wife's body. That grease got the works in the police laboratory, and it turned out to be the kind used in the garage where he worked. His overalls were covered with it. You see, he claimed not to have touched the body. If he'd had sense enough to say that he'd turned her over, the grease wouldn't have meant much."

"It seems like such a little thing."

"Things smaller than that have trapped murderers before."

"Were there—other things?"

"A couple. A smudge of grease across the back of her neck and a touch of it in her hair. It was hard to find traces like that. The weapon was a hammer, you know. And whoever used the hammer used it awfully—"

"I know," Monica said hastily. Into her memory swam the image of a paper she'd picked up at a newsstand. She'd stood reading it in the windy street, her heart at once dead and yet bursting: *HUFFMAN HAMMER VERDICT*. Under the heavy print was a picture of Jerry, with a single word, *Guilty*. "Were there fingerprints?"

"No. Hidden in the lining of a suitcase was an insurance policy on Barbara's life, with Jerry as the beneficiary—ten thousand dollars in the event of accidental death. The night before, Jerry had complained to the manageress that there was a slick place on the back stairs where Barbara had almost fallen. He admitted it; he said Barbara had asked him to speak about it."

Monica shook her head. "He couldn't have thought such injuries would be taken for the result of a fall."

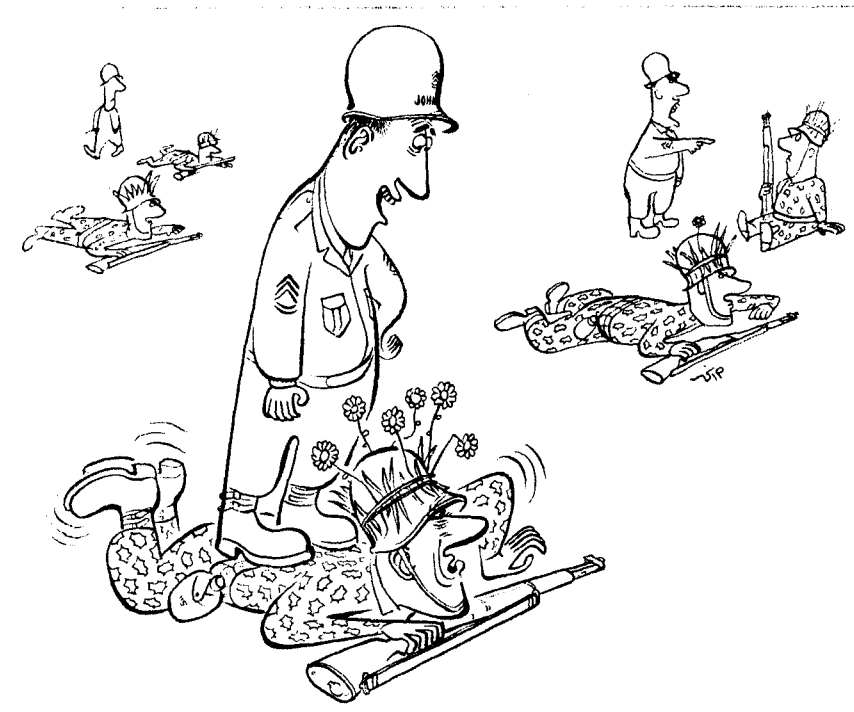
"They made it look as if he had," Stevens explained.

"What about the weapon?"

"It was a ball-peen hammer, very greasy, which showed evidence of having been used in a garage. It was at the bottom of the clothes hamper in the bathroom, along with a couple of towels which seemed to have been thrown over Barbara's head while the beating went on. No blood splashed, you see. The stairs, except for the area right under her head, didn't have any bloodstains. They didn't find any on Huffman—until they turned his pants inside out. They found a faint smear on the inner surface, near the knee. The prosecution's theory was that he rolled up his pants to keep them from being soiled."

"There's a conflict in the testimony. The business about the slick place in the stairs,

VIP'S WAR



"*That's* the idea of camouflage, Hodgson. Gee, I was right on top of you before I noticed you"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ever hear a house scream?

THE FISHER FAMILY stood petrified in the glare from their burning home. They heard the house's cry of anguish. Now, in this last, garish moment, they knew what their home was trying to tell them. That in its blazing ruins were imprisoned all the fruits of their past, all their hopes for the future.

The burning of a home is always tragic, but it need not be the final blow of ruin. Insurance, tailored to the *value* of home and possessions, can be the foundation on which to build anew. For that you need the competent advice of an insurance counselor, such as an Agent of one of the North America Companies.

Because of his special experience and training in insurance problems, he'll be able to suggest the right insurance in the right amount to protect you against all forms of loss—Fire and other perils, Damage Suits and Theft.

See him soon. You'll find him alert, interested, eager to serve you, for his business is one of public service. The full facilities of the North America Companies—one of America's strongest, oldest and most progressive insurance groups—are behind him in his job. So welcome the Agent of the North America Companies when he calls. What you do *today* may save your *tomorrow!*

Across the continent! Service Offices in the United States and Canada help Agents serve you quickly and efficiently. From the moment the policy is written to the prompt settlement of a claim, these nearby field offices assist the Agents in giving on-the-spot Head Office service.

They go to school to serve you better! North America conducts a school for Agents, where they are taught to tailor insurance to your individual needs, to make it do more for your money. Agents of the North America Companies are well trained in insurance fundamentals.

Insurance Company of North America, founded 1792 in Independence Hall, is the oldest American stock fire and marine insurance company. It heads the "North America" Companies which meet the public demand for practically all types of Fire, Marine, Automobile, Accident, Aviation and Liability insurance; Fidelity and Surety Bonds. Sold only through Agents or Brokers.

PROTECT WHAT YOU HAVE©

INSURANCE COMPANY OF

NORTH AMERICA

COMPANIES, 1600 ARCH STREET

Philadelphia 1, Pa.

Insurance Company of North America
Indemnity Insurance Company of North America
Philadelphia Fire and Marine Insurance Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and rolling up his trousers, point toward premeditation. But Biddy's phone call wasn't anything he could have arranged."

Stevens shrugged. "I thought of that. It didn't appear to worry anyone else. They went all out on the premeditation angle, with the insurance as a motive. Jerry said he hadn't even known about the insurance, that Barbara must have taken it out herself. A weak defense—it didn't make any difference."

"Where was Winifred the afternoon Biddy was—"

"Can't you guess? At Mrs. Lannon's house."

"That seems sort of queer."

"They made it fit into the case against Jerry. He'd taken the kid over in the morning, early. Barbara had worked off and on—they didn't say at what—and Mrs. Lannon had taken the kid during those times."

"And what was Veach's evidence?"

"As a friend of Barbara's, he testified that she had told him frequently of her fear of Jerry. He wasn't the only witness along this line. Several unsavory characters, who seem to have disappeared since the trial, gave the same evidence." Stevens straightened suddenly in the seat, his eyes narrowing. "Wait a minute. I think we've been spotted. Look at that top-floor window at the left. Do you see a spot of light now and then, like the reflection on the lenses of field glasses?"

Monica watched, and a flash came, a twin flash like peering eyes. She felt a sense of shock, as if something from the house had touched her, had fingered her flesh. "Yes, I caught it."

STEVENS started the car and backed it out, circling the way they had come. The dim greenery of the little grove swallowed them. He looked ahead, at the road that led down the hump of the small headland and on into Sunset Boulevard. The road was empty, empty and sunny and full of peace, and the neat pegs staked out by the builders and roped with twine were like mazes made by children.

On the boulevard, the traffic was fast. Stevens maneuvered the car into the outer lane in the direction of downtown Los Angeles before he spoke again. "I want to find that bar where Winifred waited for her mother. I have a funny hunch about that. Some days Mrs. Lannon may have had other business and Barbara might have been stuck with the kid. Then she'd have to take Winifred along, I think—and probably she parked her in the car while she went in. Did you know about the car?"

"No," said Monica.

"A Cadillac convertible. Quite a car. Jerry sold it to help pay for his defense."

Monica's lips tightened. "It was Biddy's car, though," she said.

"Oh, yes. Earned by steering suckers to Veach."

Monica shook her head. "Whatever the truth was, that wasn't part of it," she insisted. "Biddy had an old-fashioned sense of what was right."

"She'd been corrupted, then. How long since you'd seen her?"

"A long time." Monica counted the years. "She and Jerry were married at my apartment in New York during the war. They left right after that."

"Anything could have happened in those years."

"Not—not what you think happened." But there was panic under her words and she wondered how much of it showed in her voice. Hanging on to her will-to-disbelieve took a special effort. The memory of the years when she had been building a career for herself—when she should have been checking up on Biddy—was a bitter taste in her mouth.

Stevens drove for a while without talking. "I'm going to take the kid for a drive after we get back to Mrs. Adams' place. She just might recognize that bar where she waited outside. I'm not asking you to go along because I know you think I'm lying."

Monica wouldn't answer. She kept her eyes on the road. They came to the university, big and sprawling on its hills, its grounds lush under the heat of summer.

The paving was flecked with eucalyptus shadows. She thought suddenly of Beezer, of his impatient thirst. "Stop at a grocery store. I want to get my cat some milk."

Stevens began to watch the buildings as they passed them. "When do you want to go to Mrs. Lannon's place?"

"I don't."

He raised his eyebrows, as if he were surprised at her objection. "I'm sorry I can't go with you. That would be a give-away, of course. They know you're on guard because of the way you lit out and gave them the slip at Raboldi's, but I'm hoping they still don't know who I am."

"I don't need you to come with me," she said, clipped and businesslike. "I've remembered something I really want from Mrs. Lannon. Biddy must have left some personal things and Mrs. Lannon should know where they are. I want them."

He offered her a cigarette. She shook

of course I'll be on time...

I USE THE REMINGTON RAND ELECTRIC ADDING MACHINE

No late-for-a-date squabbles with *her* dreamboat! Since that slick Remington Rand Electric took over on all the office figuring work, she's frisky at five — glad to be alive!

Do-it-fast, get-it-right 10 Key Keyboard with Touch Method Operation . . . completely electrified feature keys . . . velvet-quiet operation — these plus-value features combine to put high figure production on a low cost basis — for *you.* The Remington Rand Electric gives you far speedier adding, listing, subtracting and multiplying — with automatic credit balance if desired — it's your answer to today's pressing demands on your business.

Ask for a no-obligation demonstration at your local Remington Rand Business Equipment Center, or write for details to Business Machines and Supplies Division, Room 2003, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York.

34 Models of electric and hand-operated adding machines—a choice for every purpose, every pocketbook — *dollar-stretchers every one of them!*

Remington Rand INC.

KENNESAW

"I wish you'd fix the roof, Kennesaw! I'm tired of sleepin' in my overshoes and raincoat!"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

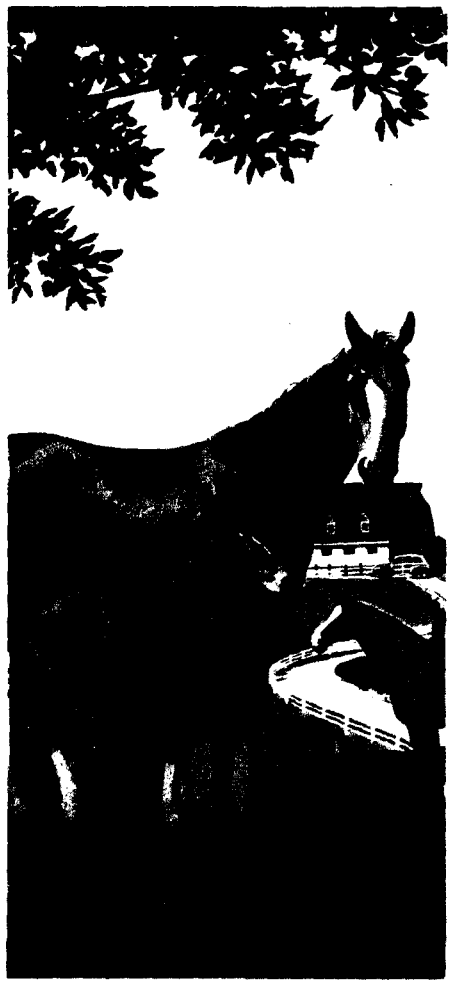
CELEBRITIES

Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's V.O.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On the highways of Kentucky as . . .

In every state
it's **Quaker State**
for quality!

FROM coast to coast . . . border to border, Quaker State Motor Oil is the quality choice of car owners. There's a good reason. There's no finer motor oil for your car produced anywhere in the world!

40¢ per U. S. Quart, including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

her head without looking at him. He lighted one for himself. "You won't give away the fact that you're on to Veach and his racket?"

"Why should I? I'm going for Biddy's things, not to inquire about Veach. I don't think Veach wants to harm Winifred because of the murder of her mother. I think it may be because of something the child overheard while she was at Mrs. Lannon's."

"Do you still think that Jerry Huffman killed your sister?"

"I'd have to have definite proof that he didn't."

He shook his head, as if at her stupidity. "Watch yourself while you're at Mrs. Lannon's. She's a hard, shrewd character."

"You wanted Winifred left with her," Monica reminded him, remembering what he had said in anger at the lake.

HE DIDN'T defend himself, didn't even bother to answer; his attitude seemed to imply that, if Monica wished to, she could figure out the answer for herself. He pulled up to the curb in front of a grocery store. "Do you want me to get it?"

"I'll get it." She opened the car door hastily, before he could offer to be polite and help her, and crossed the pavement to the open door. Inside it was bright and cool, with fans humming and a radio playing, and a short man in his shirt sleeves putting canned beer into a big glass-front refrigerator. He looked back at her. "Yes, Miss?"

"I want some milk. Two quarts, please."

She found herself looking at a telephone on the wall. A quick glance toward the street showed her that Stevens could not see her from the car. "Make it four quarts. Take your time. I'm going to phone." It had struck her, in that moment of entering the store, that in all of this fantastic business, there was one person who saw things approximately as she did—Aldeen, Mr. Demarist's nephew and lawyer. She knew instinctively that Stevens hadn't liked him. That should be a recommendation.

She looked in the thick book for the phone number, took a nickel from her purse, and dialed Demarist's house. Henry came on the wire; she recognized his professionally pleasant and soothing tone. "This is Miss Marshall. I would like to speak to Mr. Aldeen."

"Yes, Miss. Just a moment," Henry said.

Aldeen's voice was brisk, friendly, warming. "Hello. Miss Marshall? What can I do for you?"

Now she felt suddenly at a loss. "How—how is Mr. Demarist?"

"He's resting now. These attacks are nothing new to him, you understand. He became overexcited, talking about Margaret—"

"That's what I called about," Monica said, suddenly seeing her way clear to common ground. "He asked me to go to Mrs. Lannon's house. I've decided to go this afternoon."

"Uncle Dem had no right to make such a request, Miss Marshall."

"I'm going anyway, on an errand of my own. If possible, I'll try to find out whether your uncle's ward is there."

"I don't feel at ease, having you go there alone," Aldeen said slowly. "If these people are all that Uncle Dem says they are—Wait a minute. I have an idea. What would you say to my coming along?"

"It's very kind of you to offer."

"It occurred to me—if there are two of us, one of us may get a chance to look around. More likely to, at least, than if one goes alone."

"That's right," Monica agreed. Aldeen's thoughtfulness was a refreshing change from Stevens' reserve.

"I'll pick you up at Mrs. Adams' place," Aldeen said.

"Fine. In a couple of hours?" She wanted to give Stevens time to get away with Winifred. She had a hunch he wouldn't care for her bringing Aldeen in on her errand.

"This woman won't know me, of course," Aldeen warned. "You can introduce me as a friend. Veach would recognize me, but I think it's worth taking the chance that he won't be there."

"This is all very nice of you."

"No, no. It's little enough, considering all that Uncle Dem has done for me. Frankly, I don't think we'll find Margaret, but if you go I want to go with you."

"I'll be waiting for you."

"Good-by."

She turned from the telephone. The proprietor of the store had put the milk in a paper bag, and was ringing up the charge. She opened the change purse in her hand and was removing a dollar bill when her eye fell upon a newspaper in a rack beside the counter. A small item in the left-hand corner, a tiny black heading leaped out at her.

Huffman Appeal Denied, it said.

She reached for the paper mechanically.

San Quentin, July 21: The appeal of Jerry Huffman was denied by the governor today. Huffman is under sentence of death for the murder of his wife, Barbara, in Los Angeles, and is due to die in the gas chamber four days from now . . .

Four days.

"Are you feeling all right, Miss?"

"Quite all right," Monica said stiffly.

Stevens was standing by the open door of the car. He gave her a hard look. "Who'd you meet in there—Dracula?"

She got into the car. He closed the door and came around to slide under the wheel. "Four days isn't enough," she said.

"It's not much." He stared meditatively at the street, the traffic; his face was blank, uncommunicative. "We'll do the best we can, and when time runs out, we'll forget it."

She closed her eyes and rubbed them hard with her knuckles. The sun was too bright, the street garish in the strong light. Through her head ran a little refrain: Four days. Tomorrow, three. Next day after, two. Then one. Then none. "Let's go," she said to Stevens.

The refrain began again, senselessly. Four days. Tomorrow, three . . . Next day after, two.

WINIFRED met them at the gate, looking warm and worried. "Beezer caught a grasshopper and ate it. Mrs. Adams says they'll give him fits. Now he's asleep but he twitches."

"He's dreaming," Monica told her, handing her the paper bag. "Go ask the cook to open one of these. Put some in a dish and stick it under his nose. He'll quit twitching."

Winifred grabbed the bag and ran away eagerly.

Stevens was closing the door of the car. "You wouldn't care to go with Winifred and me to look for that bar?"

Monica shook her head. "I'm not even sure I should let you take Winifred." She'd meant it as a simple dig and was surprised when anger flared in his eyes.

"You don't have to worry about the kid when she's with me." There was sarcasm in the words. Monica was forced to recall the accident on the grade and the terrifying fiasco in the lake; she blushed.

"Touché," she said softly, and went in. The amazon at the inner door nodded a greeting. In her room, she threw her scarf and coat over a chair and flopped down on the bed. The new tape over her ribs was beginning to pull and rub as badly as the old had. She shut her eyes and a desire for sleep stung behind her eyelids. She took a deep, relaxing breath; the bed was soft, the room quiet and cool. Then the door flew open and Winifred bounced in with the cat and soup bowl of milk.

Four days. Tomorrow, three. Next day after, two. Then one. Then none.

"Now you set here, baby," Winifred said, in the oddly protective tone she used with the old cat. "Don't spill it." She put Beezer on the wide window seat and pushed the milk into place before him. Beezer opened both eyes and took a longing but cautious sniff. Apparently he had resigned himself to a life of thirst. He gave several investigative slurps before settling down to his usual gluttonous lapping.

Winifred watched with a doting, motherly air. "I love him," she said, rubbing the yellow-and-orange fur. "At first I didn't like him. Specially when he wouldn't eat my chicken salad." She looked around the room, full of thought.

Now is the time, Monica thought—her mind's on Jerry Huffman this moment. "Tell me about your father," she forced herself to say.

The old response came, unhesitating, quick as a whip stroke. "He didn't do it."

"How do you know he didn't?" The question I should have asked days ago, Monica told herself; she raised on an elbow to watch the child.

Winifred shook her head. "He didn't."

"But that day—you were at Mrs. Lannon's house."

Winifred turned to look at Monica's face;

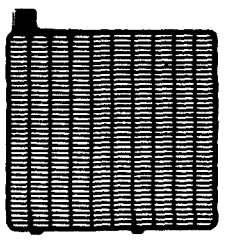
COLLIER'S **"Pick a bill. *Any* bill. Then explain it"** BARNEY TOBEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get 100% more protection against the No.1 battery killer

with Willard METALEX

greatest battery improvement in 25 years!



METALEX GRID

Today, OVERCHARGING is the No. 1 battery killer. More batteries are worn out from this one cause than from all other causes combined! Overcharging strikes directly at the grids—the lead-alloy framework which holds in place the current-producing active material. Overcharging *corrodes* the grids—*fractures* them—*destroys* their ability to retain active material—*destroys* their utility as current conductors.

But now METALEX—a new and vastly superior grid metal has been developed and perfected by Willard metallurgists specifically to combat damage by overcharging. And METALEX does so—stubbornly, effectively. METALEX provides a full 100% more protection against the No. 1 battery killer! METALEX l-e-n-g-t-h-e-n-s battery life. *Available exclusively in Willard Super Master Batteries!*

PRODUCTION EXPANDED

to Meet the Demand for Willard Super Masters

So great has been the demand for the Willard Super Master, that some dealers have been unable to keep it in stock. But now production facilities have been expanded—more Super Masters are being delivered to Willard Dealers every day!

Thousands of car owners have bought the Willard Super Master—thousands still need it. See your Willard Dealer today!

Why today's driving conditions require this Revolutionary New Battery!

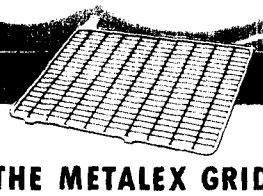
You're driving more than ever before—more mileage means more battery wear.

Your battery is being charged more—not only over more miles but, also, at higher rates.

Higher compression motors are here—they require more battery starting power.

Today, batteries are under the hood—and under-the-hood batteries must withstand under-the-hood temperatures.

NEW



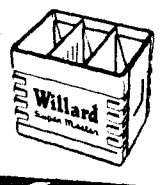
THE METALEX GRID

with three plus features

MAKES THE NEW WILLARD SUPER MASTER CUSTOM-BUILT FOR TODAY'S DRIVING CONDITIONS

NEW

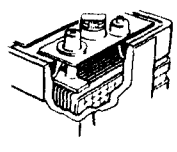
IMPROVED CONTAINER FOR LONGER LIFE



New design—heavily reinforced at points of stress. Withstands high under-the-hood temperatures.

NEW

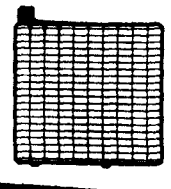
IMPROVED SEALING COMPOUND FOR LONGER LIFE



Will neither crack in winter nor melt in summer. Withstands high under-the-hood temperatures.

NEW

IMPROVED ACTIVE MATERIAL FOR QUICKER STARTS



So much more chemically active that snap starts are assured—even in cars powered by new higher compression motors!

New Willard Super Master with METALEX

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY • Cleveland • Los Angeles • Dallas • Memphis • Portland • Toronto • A Subsidiary of The Electric Storage Battery Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLDSMOBILE

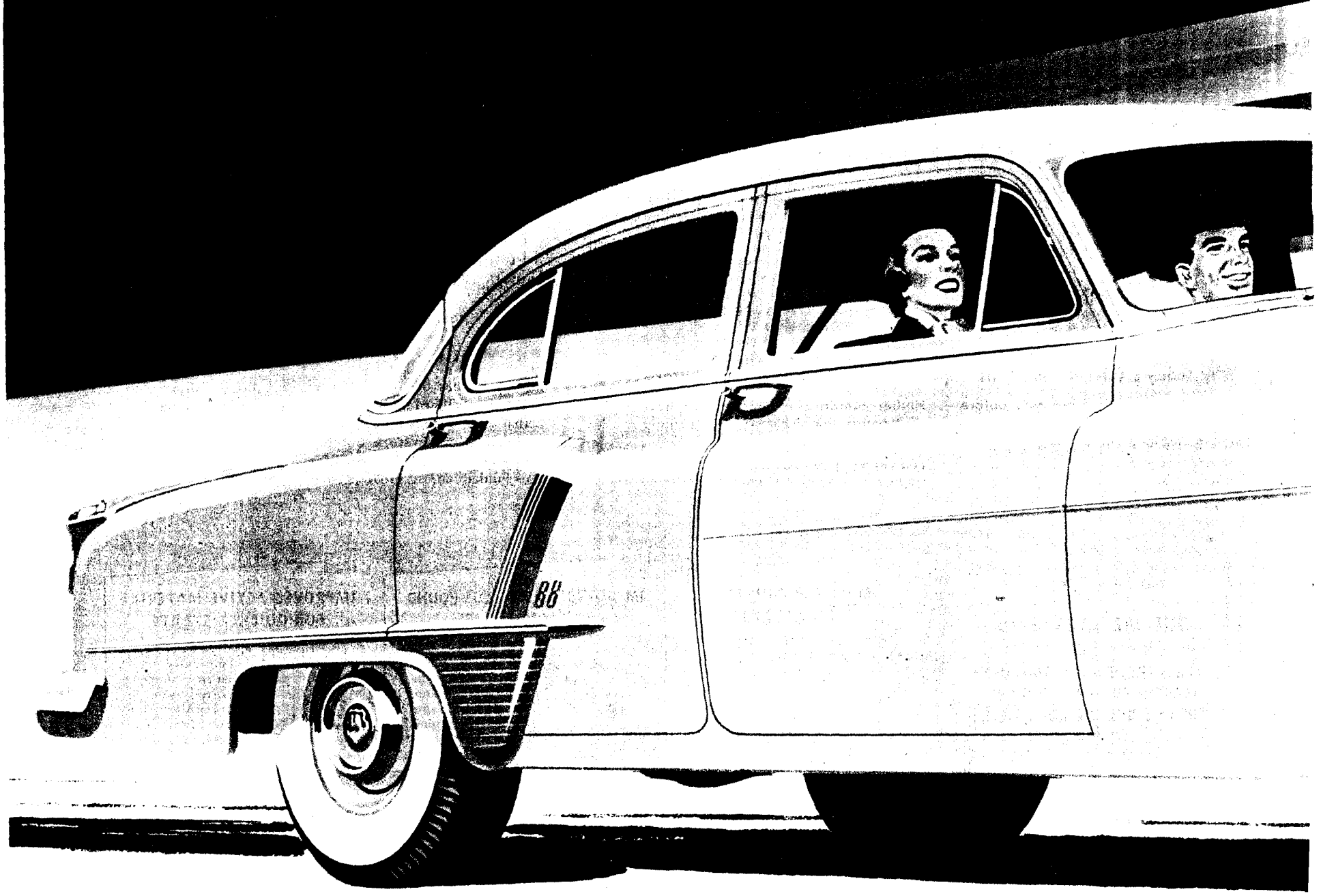
LAUNCHES AN ALL-TIME GREAT... ALL

Brand new gas-saving "Rocket" Engine! Leader in high compression! Brilliant new Body by Fisher . . .

Bigger—wider—smarter, too! Luxurious new styling inside and out! More beauty—comfort—room and view!

Completely new chassis—even smoother "Rocket" ride! A great new advancement in Hydra-Matic Drive*!

See the triumphant new "Rocket 88"—and the glamorous new "Rocket 98"—at your Oldsmobile dealer's!



*Above, Oldsmobile Super "88" De Luxe 4-Door Sedan. Oldsmobile also offers new Series "98" and "88" models for 1951. Equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice. *Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic Drive—optional at extra cost.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

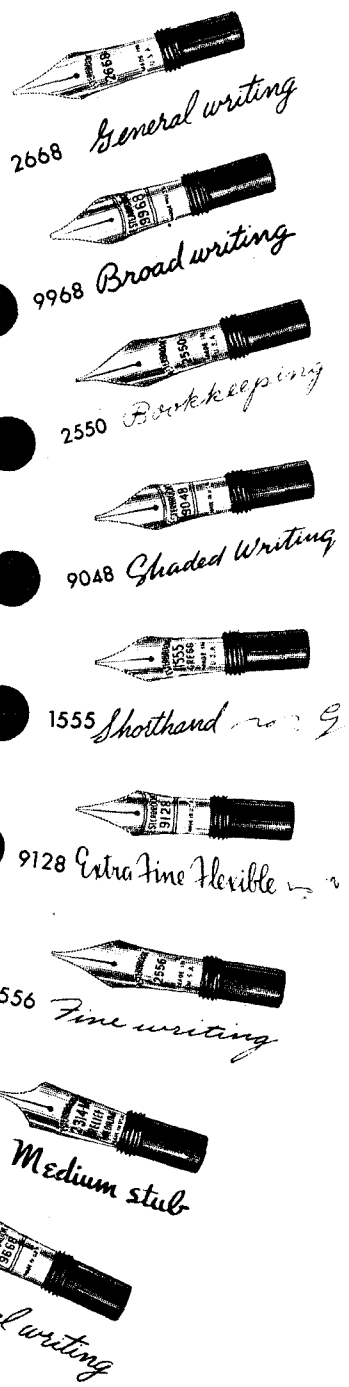
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose

The Right Point For The Way You Write

Esterbrook Fountain Pens offer you the world's largest selection of point styles and variations so that when you buy an Esterbrook you can choose a point that matches your writing exactly. You can then screw this personal point into your Esterbrook Fountain Pen yourself, right at the counter.



TO SELECT OR REPLACE...HERE'S ALL YOU DO

All Esterbrook Renew-Points are instantly interchangeable and renewable. Should you ever damage your point, simply unscrew the old point and screw in a new one. At any pen counter.

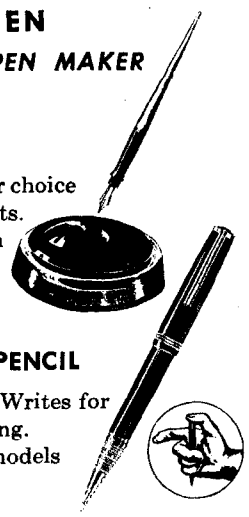
Esterbrook

FOUNTAIN PEN

BY AMERICA'S FIRST PEN MAKER

FOR YOUR DESK

Model 444 Desk Pen Set. With your choice of famous Esterbrook Renew-Points. Base holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pen desk sets. Fill it once, write for months.



ESTERBROOK PUSH-PENCIL

Holds two feet of lead. Writes for months without reloading. Standard or thin lead models in colors to match your Esterbrook Pen.

Copyright 1951, The Esterbrook Pen Company

an expression of distrust settled in her eyes. My reward, Monica thought, for never believing. "Come on. Tell me."

Winifred licked her lips. "He wasn't there. He wasn't in our rooms."

There was always this sensation of fighting fog or feathers; you thought you were coming to grips with something solid in Winifred's narrative and then it dwindled in your grasp. "Look. You weren't at home. You went to Mrs. Lannon's house early in the morning. You were there all day; in fact, you probably just never did go home, since your mother was dead and your father had been taken away. How could you know your father wasn't there when your mother died?"

"You called her Biddy before." There was a hint of injustice, of lost faith, of defection on Monica's part.

"When Biddy died, then," Monica corrected.

"She talked to me on the telephone."

IT WAS a moment before Monica realized what Winifred had just said to her. "What?"

"Mama called me on the phone. She said, 'How are you? What are you doing?' I told her, and she said, 'Be a good girl.' "

"When was this?" Monica demanded. "What time of day? Was it late?"

Monica's interest seemed to repel the child. She drew back into the window seat. "It was four o'clock," she said firmly.

Monica was sitting up in bed. "How do you know what time it was?"

"I was taking a nap, and Mrs. Lannon came in and said, 'Your mama's on the telephone. She wants to say something to you.' We went into the front room. It's not very light in there. There are a lot of curtains and things. Mrs. Lannon got up close to her old clock and then she yelled, 'My God, it's four o'clock!' Then she acted like she was going to grab the phone, but I was already talking to Mama."

"And—and then what?"

Winifred touched the tip of Beezer's tail. "You won't believe it."

"Tell me! Try me!"

"I heard Mr. Veach. He was there with Mama. He said, 'Hang up that damned phone and leave that brat alone.' I'm not a brat, am I?"

Something had tightened in Monica's throat, almost choking off her breath. "Did your mother hang up?"

"She said, 'Be good. Be a good girl.' Then she made a noise like crying. Then she hung up."

Monica leaped off the bed and raced for the door. In the hall she almost ran into the timid nurse, who was carrying her usual rack of thermometers. "Which is Mr. Stevens' room?"

"Really, Miss. Patients are supposed to rest just before lunch."

"I'm not a patient and neither is he."

The nurse's glance flickered toward a door at the rear of the broad hall. "Shall I check for you, and find out if he's awake?"

"He's awake." Monica ran to the door and flung it open. Stevens was by a window, looking out, smoking a cigarette. He turned as she shut the door hastily behind her. "I—I've learned something important."

"From Winifred? What is it?"

"About Veach. He was with Biddy at four o'clock the day she died. He ordered Biddy to get off the phone and quit talking to Winifred."

Stevens' face grew very quiet, all expression washed out of it. His hand, taking the cigarette from between his lips, was very steady. "I thought it might be something like that."

"We must take her to the police at once."

He took time to think about it. "We can do that, as a last resort. We'll be accused of coaching the kid, of course. There's not much meat in what she says—perhaps not enough to save Jerry. But we'll use it when we have to. Let me talk to her a little more." He followed Monica back into the hall. "Just me," he said at her door, his glance dismissing her.

"Why?"

"I think I might get more out of her alone."

"But there—there isn't time to beat around the bush. There's only four days!"

"I've always known just how much time I had," he said levelly. He went in and closed the door behind him.

She felt shut out, unwanted, unworthy of trust, outraged. She looked behind her: the timid nurse was standing there with a rubber-wheeled cart holding a rack of trays. "Would you like to eat in the sun porch, Miss?" The veiled eyes had a smirk in them; the nurse had heard Stevens' curt dismissal.

"Anywhere," Monica said, hating her. "Just anywhere at all, so long as I'm nc near Mr. Stevens."

The nurse smiled, very smug. "This way, then, Miss." A side corridor led to a brick terrace which had been roofed in and partially enclosed in glass. A lot of potted fuchsias and ferns lined the balustrade. A painted metal table held magazines and playing cards and a portable radio. Two other people were already there, two elderly women who conversed in low tones and gave Monica and the nurse not so much as a glance.

Monica sat down in a wicker chair. The nurse put the tray on a redwood stool beside her, and went back into the hospital building. Monica began to investigate the dishes. There were creamed sweetbreads on toast, mashed potatoes, buttered spinach, two hot buns . . .

Next day after, two. Then one . . .

She jerked her mind away from the senseless chant and looked at the two old ladies. One was talking earnestly, punctuating her speech with a pointing finger. In the middle of a sentence the other gripped the jabbing hand and examined the outstretched finger minutely, the way a monkey examines another monkey for fleas. "I'll be right there with you before long," Monica told them under her breath. She put the lids back on the dishes and carried the tray outside. Under a tree was a shed; propped against the shed was a none-too-steady bench. She sat there to eat her lunch.

The grounds were pretty and peaceful under the bright sunlight of noon. A faint breeze blew from the direction of the coast. Monica surveyed the wide driveway, the locked gate, the road outside. Pretty soon Mr. Aldeen would be driving up that road to take her to Mrs. Lannon's house. There wasn't any reason she shouldn't walk down to meet him.

SHE went back to the enclosed terrace. The nurse was there now, giving lunch to the two indifferent little old ladies. Monica spoke, her tone excessively pleasant and civil. "I want some fresh air. Would you mind bringing my coat and scarf from my room? I'm a bit cool out here."

"Surely. Just a moment." The nurse spread napkins on the little old ladies, pointed out the excellence of the sweetbreads and the goodness of the spinach. To Monica, in passing, she muttered: "They never eat anything but the mashed potatoes."

When she returned, Monica put on the coat and tied her hair into the scarf. Then she strolled idly to the edge of the grounds, to the fence. There was a back gate here, a small one giving on a footpath. A very businesslike-looking padlock hung through the chain. She looked about. Coming across the lawn was the gardener who had admitted them yesterday. "Hello," she stammered, wondering if he would give an alarm at seeing her try to escape.

He fished for a key on the end of a leather leash. "You want out for a bit, Miss?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Mrs. Adams told us you was to come and go as you pleased," the old man explained, loosening the lock and the chain. "You and Mr. Stevens, she said. The patients here—well, you understand we couldn't let them traipse out when they felt like it. They're sick folks. Some of them would never find their way back.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some would get into trouble. They're like little children."

"They get well, though," she said, thinking of Mr. Demarist.

"Oh, sure. Some do," he said. "Will you be coming in again soon?"

"I'm going for a walk. I'll be gone for a while. Don't wait here to let me in again."

He nodded. "Give a whistle when you come back."

"I'll do that." She walked away. The feeling of freedom was unexpectedly vivid; she had the sensation of having been shut up for a long time. It was the steel fence, she decided. She scuffed the dirt with her shoes, feeling reckless. To herself she admitted a childish desire to worry and annoy Stevens by her absence. If he kept shutting her out of things, she'd repay him in kind. She looked back at the long, low building with its air of safety and refuge. For a moment she was tempted to return. Creep back to him, she told herself scornfully; lick his boots.

SHE went on; the footpath led to a little rise that gave a view of the San Fernando Valley. The foothills were covered with dead grasses which were tall, headed with seeds, burned pale by the sun. Here and there were clumps of dwarf oak, desert laurel and manzanita. Below lay a few large houses, then the business district bordering Ventura Boulevard, then the thickly settled level portion extending for miles. The broad valley lay under a haze of smoke, the little houses and streets foggy and far away.

She walked on. She was out of sight of the sanitarium now. The street curved in close under the rise. She reached the pavement and stood to cool off in the shelter of a eucalyptus tree. Presently she heard the motor of a car approaching from the sanitarium. She stepped out of sight behind a bushy oleander. It was Stevens and Winifred in the rented car. Winifred was on her knees in the front seat, peering ahead as if she were expecting some gigantic surprise. Monica couldn't see Stevens' face.

For a moment she wanted to hail them, to demand to be taken along. When the car had vanished she felt very much alone, and a little frightened. Well, when you were nutty enough, even rudeness like Stevens' seemed preferable to emptiness and silence.

She walked steadily downhill. Though there were no houses here, the paving had been laid long ago. In places it was broken. She scuffed through dead eucalyptus leaves and drifted soil. Any of Mrs. Adams' patients who managed to get over that steel fence were in for a hike.

She thought about Mr. Demarist, about his sick old sagging face and the fear he had for his ward, who wasn't quite bright and who was at this moment at the mercy of Mr. Veach. She thought about Aldeen. He was nice, she decided; he had good sense. He knew what had probably happened to Margaret but he wasn't rushing off madly in all directions to her rescue. He knew that getting her away from Veach must be done delicately and would take time. Time.

Four days. Tomorrow, three. Next day after, two . . .

She pulled her thoughts out of the rut. Suppose we find Margaret, she speculated, and get some sort of information about Biddy's murder out of her. Would the evidence given by a subnormal person be admitted in court? Would Margaret stand up under cross-examination? Wouldn't the prosecution try to bring out what she'd suffered at Veach's hands and use it to cast doubt on her motive in testifying? What chance have we, anyway, to help Jerry Huffman (provided he's worth helping) when the only two witnesses in his behalf are a little kid and a semimoron?

She remembered Margaret's photograph: the shy, believing face, the blankly trusting eyes, the soft chin, the attitude of innocence. She thought then of Veach, of the way she had seen him clearly at last in the cabin; she recalled the evil in his gaze. And again she experienced the prickling sense of horror.

She shut her eyes and leaned against one of the tall eucalyptus trees that bordered the parkway. The dry air stung her throat. The tape that bound her and kept her bones from falling apart was a white-hot vise. She was trembling. "I'd hire a good squad," she found herself saying out loud. "I'd blast that damned yellow monstrosity of a house right into the sea."

A CAR drove past slowly, stopped, and began to back up toward her. She waited, watching with a feeling of dullness. It was a new convertible with the top down, a blue and shining car. Aldeen leaned from behind the wheel to smile at her. His teeth looked very white in his dark, handsome face.

She managed to smile back. Aldeen parked, got out and approached her. "Hello. I hope you haven't walked far in this heat."

It was hot, she realized suddenly. She began to pull off the coat and scarf. Aldeen took the coat, folded it neatly, and laid it on the back seat of the car. "I'm all right," she said.

"You're a brave and generous person to do this for Uncle Dem."

"I have an errand of my own at Mrs. Lannon's."

His hand under her elbow, assisting her into the car, was firm and somehow intimate. He smelled of shaving lotion, a crisp heathery odor, and his black hair was full of little curling lights under the sunny

"2735 strokes and I'm still not out of this sandtrap!"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES SHARMAN

No other way of shaving...no other shaving cream gives you closer, cleaner, longer-lasting shaves...

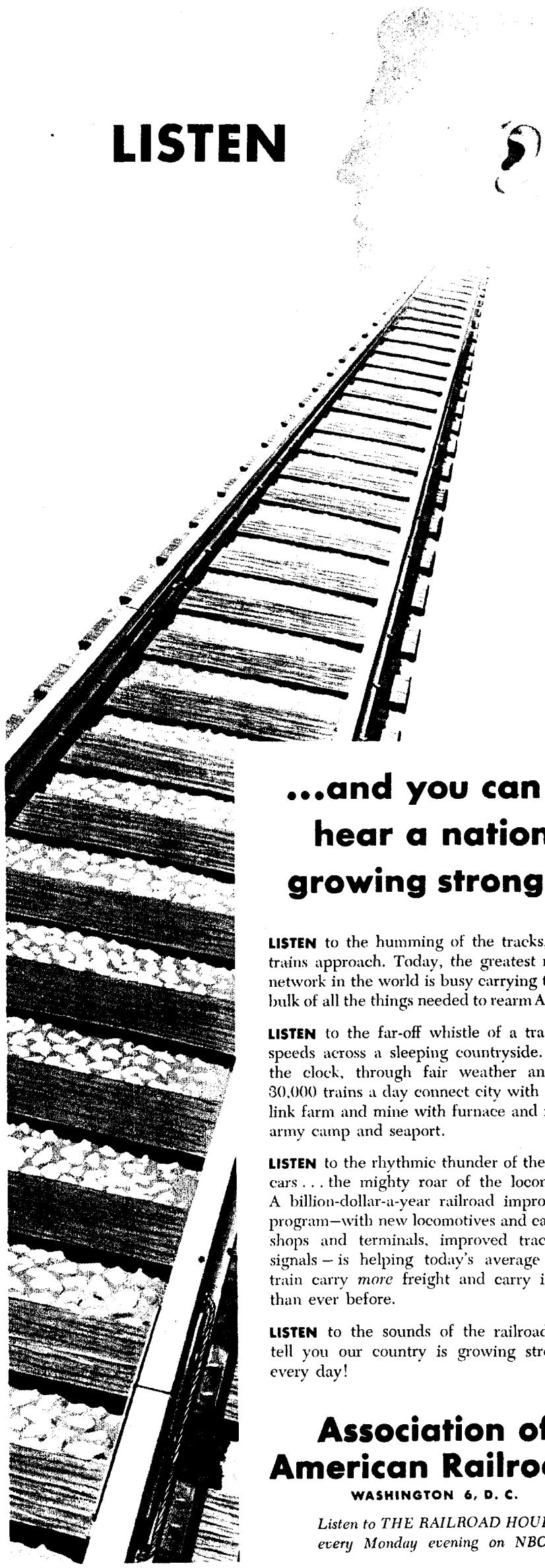
and is so good for your skin!

TRY IT!

No brush
No lather
No rub-in

Avoid Athletic Aroma use **BARZ** Lotion Deodorant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LISTEN

...and you can hear a nation growing stronger

LISTEN to the humming of the tracks, as the trains approach. Today, the greatest railroad network in the world is busy carrying the vast bulk of all the things needed to rearm America.

LISTEN to the far-off whistle of a train as it speeds across a sleeping countryside. Round the clock, through fair weather and foul, 30,000 trains a day connect city with city . . . link farm and mine with furnace and factory, army camp and seaport.

LISTEN to the rhythmic thunder of the freight cars . . . the mighty roar of the locomotives. A billion-dollar-a-year railroad improvement program—with new locomotives and cars, new shops and terminals, improved tracks and signals – is helping today's average freight train carry *more* freight and carry it *faster* than ever before.

LISTEN to the sounds of the railroad. They tell you our country is growing stronger – every day!

Association of American Railroads

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

glare. "Would you rather have the top up? Only takes a minute."

She rubbed her temples. "Yes. I believe I would."

He got behind the wheel and touched a button. The canvas top rose. He backed the car, turning it; they began to roll in the new direction, downhill. His glance was subtly observing. "You look kind of wilted. What do you say to a tall, cold drink before we go too far?"

She looked at him gratefully. "It sounds wonderful."

He stopped at a place on Ventura Boulevard; the inside was air-conditioned. "How about a Collins?" he said.

"It's fine," she said.

He beckoned a waiter, gave the order, and turned back to her. "That place you're staying, Mrs. Adams' place—" He laughed. "Don't the inmates sort of get you?"

"They're a little odd," she said, thinking of the two little old ladies and the monkeylike scrutiny of the finger.

"I used to visit Uncle Dem when he was there," Aldeen added. "It was quite a show."

She felt herself relaxing under the influence of Aldeen's casual small talk. The memory of Veach's motionless eyes, the hideous urgency of Jerry Huffman's vanishing days, the horror and mystery of Biddy's murder began to submerge themselves in her mind so that she could look at them measuringly, calmly. The nervous trembling went away. The Collins was set before her; it was cold and sharp.

In the bar with Aldeen, she felt better than she had for days.

THE street was still the same: there was still the sense of deadness, too much quiet, too much dust on the windless air. Aldeen looked around, surveying the neighborhood; he wrinkled his nose at Monica and she saw that he shared her opinion.

Monica looked at the house more closely than she had before. There was an attic room, she saw, with a single window in the peaked gable above the porch. A net curtain hung behind the glass. There was a basement, too. Tiny cobwebby panes were set into the foundation on either side of the steps. The place was bigger than it looked, bigger than she had thought it to be.

She touched the black button on the wall and stood back.

Mrs. Lannon opened the inner door and looked out through the screen. The jet eyes gleamed. "Oh. Miss Marshall. How d' you do?"

"This is a friend, Mr. Aldeen," Monica said.

Mrs. Lannon seemed to peer into the crannies of the porch. "You didn't bring Winifred?"

"No. I came about something else. May we step inside?"

"Oh. Sure." Mrs. Lannon unlatched the screen and stepped back. "Come in. It's warm today, isn't it?" Her glance on Aldeen was approving, even friendly; his glossy, immaculate appearance had taken her fancy. "Have a chair, won't you?"

They sat down. Monica was aware all over again of the closeness of the room, its unaired smell. There were too many draperies; there was too much heavy claw-footed furniture. The potted fern had been sprayed for its sickness. The runty fronds gleamed under a coating of oily liquid and there was an antiseptic stench. Mrs. Lannon smoothed the black silk of her bosom. "Is there anything I can do?"

Monica said, "It's about Biddy's—my sister's—things. Her personal things. There must have been some. I thought you might know where they were stored. Or—if I'm lucky—that you might even have them here."

There was no surprise in Mrs. Lannon's manner; she was nodding, almost smiling. "Yes, there are a couple of boxes and a suitcase. The maid at the apartment court packed Barbara's things and I just put them away without disturbing them. I've had them all this while, and wondered now and then how to get in touch with you. Funny I didn't remember, that day you came for Winifred—" She turned to Aldeen in a manner that implied an apology. "Putting you out—an extra trip like this!"

He grinned at her. Plainly he knew how to handle the Mrs. Lannons of this world; their steel turned to butter under his touch. "No trouble." He looked lazily at the scene through the open door. "I haven't been in this part of town for ages. I was beginning to wonder what it looked like down here."

"This part of town never changes." Mrs. Lannon looked over her furnishings and her room with an air of complacent satisfaction.

"It has atmosphere," Aldeen told her. "It has the flavor of the old city, the way it was when I was a kid. We lived close in on West Adams when West Adams was in its prime. I don't remember much of it except the feeling of old-fashioned comfort; and this reminds me of it."

She almost purred, Monica thought. Aldeen was an artist in handling people. He had soothed Demarist, cautioned him on his plan to draw Veach into the open, tried to act as a buffer between the old man and Stevens' determination to have action—something Stevens hadn't loved him for. Now he had Mrs. Lannon lapping out of his hand like a house cat.

She stood up after another moment and glanced at Monica. "The things that belonged to your sister are upstairs. Would you like to look them over, or shall I just bring them down?"

"I'll look at them," Monica said, seeing the chance to leave Aldeen alone on the lower floor. He should have time to take a

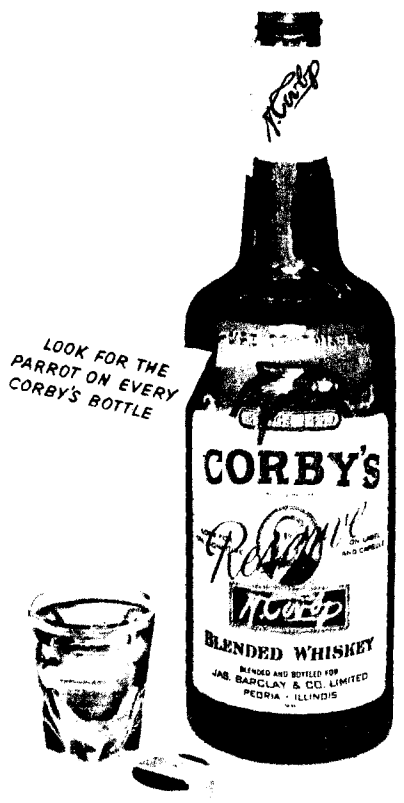
COLLIER'S

"I think if we play our cards right, these guys will annoy us"

HANK KETCHAM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Follow the lead of millions who know good taste. Find out for yourself why Corby's has become one of the country's leading whiskey brands. Look for Corby's Parrot, symbol of striking quality and flavor. Next time ask for this fine whiskey—Say Corby's.



Say **CORBY'S**

A grand old name since 1859

RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New, Patented Comfort Idea from Allen-A—

"LIVE-RUBBER S-T-R-E-T-C-H"

New comfort idea in T-shirts! Live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h in shoulder seams—can't bind. And in the knit-with-nylon collar—easy to pull on, *holds* its shape. Only Allen-A Atlastic* gives you this "action fit"!

New comfort idea in Briefs! Live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h not only at legs and waistband, but throughout the entire combed-yarn knit fly section! *Exclusive* feature of Allen-A Atlastic* Briefs—no others give you this *new* "action fit," mild support, *permanent* trimness. Get Allen-A—today!

Allen A®

NO OTHER UNDERWEAR LIKE IT!

*Atlastic** UNDERWEAR

for name of nearest dealer, write Allen-A, Piqua, Ohio

—fits like your own skin!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—Pat. No. 2,282,217

quick look through the rooms here, perhaps even a peep at the cellar. She winked at him meaningfully behind Mrs. Lannon's vanishing back.

The hall was dim. They passed several doors, one of which led to the room in which Monica had first seen the child, and at the end reached a small open space some five feet square. This was the bottom landing for a tiny staircase. Mrs. Lannon had paused to wait for Monica. "He's nice, isn't he?" she said, nodding in the direction of the front room.

"Very nice," Monica agreed, hoping they would move on before Aldeen came tiptoeing into the hall.

"He reminds me of my late husband—sort of," Mrs. Lannon said.

"Handsome," Monica said idly.

"No. The politeness." Mrs. Lannon started up the stairs, her skirts rustling. She was heavy inside the rigid corset; by the time they reached the attic landing she was puffing a bit. Two doors faced them across a space in almost complete darkness. Above, a grimy skylight let in a dim, gray glow. One door, Monica realized, led to the front room, the curtained window of which she had seen from the street. It was not this door, but the one opposite it, that Mrs. Lannon opened.

THE room inside was small and crowded. Its unshaded windows faced the rear yard and the fenced alley. Monica found herself looking at a dressmaking form, an ancient treadle sewing machine, a long table piled with boxes and cartons and a miscellaneous litter of paper, and a large mirror. "I used to sew in here," Mrs. Lannon explained. "Then I just sort of gave it up and started buying ready-made things. Is Winifred in town with you?"

The question, slipped in at the tag end of the casual remarks, put Monica on guard. "She's with friends."

"Bring her around sometime," Mrs. Lannon said. "I miss her a lot." Her tone and manner were almost indifferent; it was only in the depths of the black eyes that some emotion glittered—anger, avarice: perhaps a combination of the two, Monica thought.

"She's not the easiest kid on earth to manage," Monica observed.

Mrs. Lannon paused with her hands on one of the cartons. "Does she ever mention me?"

"Oh, yes," Monica said, without thinking. "What does she say?"

In spite of herself, Monica hesitated: a blunder, a betrayal. She found Mrs. Lannon's gaze searching her face. "Just—just little things you used to do for her. She hasn't forgotten, you know." Did it sound as false to Mrs. Lannon as it did to her? A weak, stammering lie . . .

Mrs. Lannon pulled two cartons forward to the edge of the table. "Here you are. Tied tight with twine. One had a damp spot on the side, and I was tempted to open it to see if anything was damaged, but then I sniffed and it was just cologne leaking, so I left it be. The suitcase is in a closet. I'll get it. It's locked. I never had the key." She went to a door under the eaves and snapped a catch and brought out a blue cowhide dressing case. She rubbed dust away with her hand. "Nice. This cost money."

It had cost money. Its weight was solid in Monica's grip as she took it from Mrs. Lannon. Monica examined the catches at either end of the lid. They were locked. She lifted the case and shook it. Apparently there was something heavy and solid inside, wrapped in clothing.

Monica put the case on the end of the table. "I'm curious about this. I think I'll see what's inside. Do you have any stray keys around? Something I could try on it?"

This was giving Aldeen a lovely lot of time. And the cartons were still to be investigated.

"I used to. Old keys, tied on a shoestring. In a drawer somewhere." She frowned, tapping her toe. "Wait a minute. I used to keep them in a drawer of the machine."

Monica felt a surge of triumph at the way things were working out for her. She waited while Mrs. Lannon went to the sewing machine and opened several drawers and finally lifted from one a dirty string on which an array of keys hung, all shapes and sizes. Mrs. Lannon started to hand her the keys, then paused. "I ought to tell you what I think. When Barbara first began to worry about her husband and the way he was acting, I loaned her a gun. It was never returned. I forgot about it. But when you shook the case, and that sound came, I thought of it: I remembered."

Monica smiled pleasantly. "If we get the case open, and if it is a gun, you shall have it back," she said.

She took her time with the keys. None was an exact fit but two of them gave promise. One of the two, with twisting and pressure, finally snapped the catch. Inside was a ruffled mass of silk underwear and nylon stockings. Monica lifted out a nightgown of black chiffon, one of blue crepe, with brassières, pale-tan stockings. These she pushed out of the way. Rolled into a cylindrical bundle was a flame-colored dressing gown of heavy silk; something solid was wrapped in it. She unrolled it, and caught the gun that slid out.

"Is this the one?" She held it toward Mrs. Lannon.

The woman didn't offer to take it; her face puckered as if in dismay. "I've wondered—I hope it wasn't the cause of that final trouble between them. She might have showed it to him, you know, trying to protect herself."

The grip fitted solidly into Monica's palm. She turned the gun this way and that, touching the cold steel; there was a deadly look about the thing, though it hadn't, after all, done Biddy any good. "I wish . . ." She thought of Biddy, her back to the wall in terror and madness, pumping bullets into Jerry Huffman. "No, I guess I don't. I just wish there hadn't been any difficulty between them at all."

"So do I."

"Where shall I put it?"

"Just lay it on the machine."

Monica put the gun down on the dusty lid of the sewing machine and turned her attention to the cowhide case. There was nothing else in it except the tumbled underwear. Monica fiddled with this, stretching out the time she could give Aldeen. Then she touched one of the bound cartons. The twine was thick and taut, resisting her efforts to loosen it. "Do you have any scissors?"

"If I were you, I'd take the boxes along as they are," Mrs. Lannon said. "You'll need time to sort all that stuff."

But Aldeen might be in the middle of something interesting, Monica thought. "I won't unpack here. I'll just glance in."

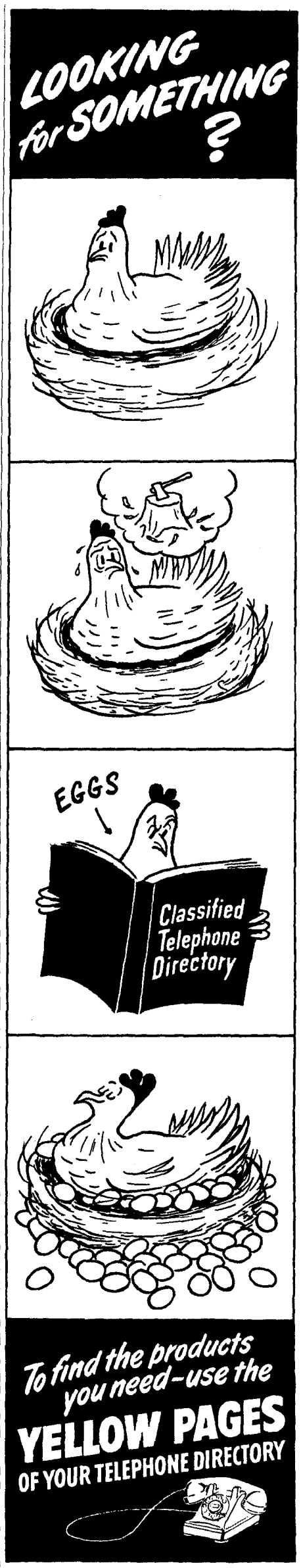
Mrs. Lannon stretched her lower lip between her thumb and forefinger. "My scissors are downstairs. I'll bring them up."

MONICA was afraid that Aldeen might be caught in the rear of the house, until she heard the noise that Mrs. Lannon made on the stairs. The heavy jarring tread should give him plenty of warning.

She stepped to the open door and waited, her ear tuned to catch any least sound from Mrs. Lannon, knowing that this would be her chance, her only chance, to explore the other room.

Mrs. Lannon had reached the bottom of the stairs and had paused there to draw her breath and exhale a gusty sigh. Monica darted out upon the upper landing. The other door seemed to gleam at her through the dim, gray light. Mrs. Lannon, out of sight beyond the turn in the stairway, grumbled something half under her breath, the muttered words echoing in the stairway's dark tunnel. Then she walked on down the hall, her feet thudding. A bedroom door opened and shut.

Monica put a hand on the knob of the door to the other room. It turned under her grip, turned easily and silently. The door opened inward without a sound, and she looked into the room.



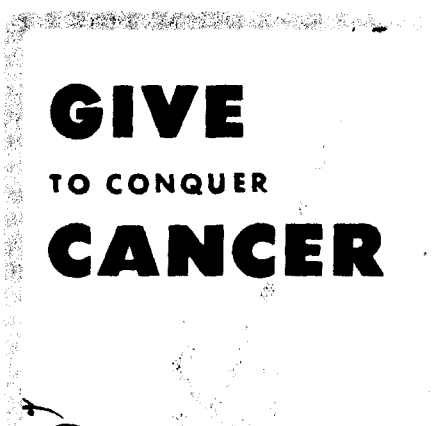
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The gable window let in the afternoon sun in a great bright patch on the rag rug and the shining floor.

There was a faint odor of lilac sachet. A bed under a fresh white cotton counterpane occupied one front corner, a painted dresser the other. On the dresser was a clean white scarf; on the scarf were silver toilet articles, bottles of perfume, a jewel box and a pair of dark sunglasses. Monica took a single step inside. To her right she saw an open closet in which hung an array of dresses, a sport coat and a dressing gown of pale-green chenille.

A SENSE of hot excitement seized her. Though there was no one in the room at the moment, it was undoubtedly lived in. In addition, it had a sparkling, brushed-and-dusted cleanliness which the rest of Mrs. Lannon's house lacked. Monica pushed the hair from her pounding temples; she was convinced that this was Margaret's room. As old Mr. Demarist had shrewdly surmised, Margaret had been brought here when Winifred was out of the way. Here she remained cooped up, her money gone, feeling puzzled and bored, no doubt, perhaps frightened and shamed too, keeping the little room gleaming and immaculate as a method of whiling away the dreary hours, or as a protest against other things which

GIVE
TO CONQUER
CANCER



AMERICAN
CANCER
SOCIETY

she was helpless to deal with—the things Mr. Demarist had feared for her. A kind of dirt that wouldn't scrub off.

Monica went to the closet and took out one of the dresses on its hanger. It was of lightweight pale-rose crepe with a wide black patent belt. The moment Monica touched it, she knew that it had cost a good deal of money. There was high style in the cut; a hint of daring at the neckline; a silken, cobwebby feel to the material. She examined the label in the back of the neck. *House of Monaco, Beverly Hills.* She frowned, knowing that she should have remembered to ask old Mr. Demarist how much of her clothing Margaret had taken, the sort of things she preferred and where she had bought them.

Would Veach have bought the girl new things? Monica thought not. These gowns were important. She must fix them in her mind.

She returned the first dress and took out another. This was a dull blue taffeta with flaring sleeves, a row of tiny red buttons down the bosom, and a full bias-cut skirt. *House of Monaco* again. In the back of the closet, in a clear plastic garment bag, hung two fur coats. Monica pulled them forward into the light, unzipped the garment bag and put in a hand. She'd never felt such soft, silky luxury.

Hats sat in a row on pedestals on the shelf above. Monica looked at them, trying to visualize the innocent face of the not-quite-normal girl under each of them. They were, she decided, rather sophisticated. Of course, Mr. Demarist's ward was older than she had been in the photograph.

A row of shoes sat on the floor under the gowns. Monica picked up several pairs; though none were new, all were of expensive make and showed good care. They were of a size smaller than her own, some of them of rather extreme cut, with elaborate lacings and exaggerated heels. Of course, you couldn't judge the taste of someone like Margaret Demarist from her appearance in a photograph, Monica thought. If old Mr. Demarist hadn't supervised her shopping, the clerks might have been able to sell her what they chose.

Monica backed from the closet. A sudden feeling of uneasiness made her go out on the landing. She tried to walk silently, to still even the rustle of her clothing. The house below seemed to be empty of life. She could not recall having heard the bedroom door open and shut again, but of course she had been concentrating on the things inside the room.

She was so tense that when the sound of Aldeen's and Mrs. Lannon's voices came, it seemed to come with shocking loudness. Apparently they were in a room just below—the kitchen, perhaps; Monica caught the noise of chipping ice, of the ice being dropped into a container. ". . . and in this heat, it'll be real nice," she heard Mrs. Lannon say.

"Thoughtful of you to think of us," Aldeen said.

"I'll run up and ask Miss Marshall to have a glass."

Monica bit her lip, and strained to hear. "Oh, let me go and tell her," Aldeen said, rising to the emergency.

Monica turned, and raced across the empty room to the dresser. She had a moment or two left. Aldeen, when he arrived, would understand and would not say anything about where she was. She opened dresser drawers hurriedly, finding neat stacks of underwear, a box of stockings, one of handkerchiefs. The lilac sachet had been sprinkled in the drawers, so that everything was dimly fragrant.

She even took time to lift the lining papers, but there was nothing of unusual significance anywhere. The last thing that might give proof of Margaret's presence would be the jewel box. Monica lifted the lid of it.

There had been jewels here. The velvet tray was marked with the impressions of rings, the padded inner lid showed the marks left by heavy pins. Now there was nothing but the dark red lining and a few flecks of dust. Veach, Monica thought—of course he'd have sold any jewelry. She lifted the tray out.

A single ring lay in the lower compartment—white gold with a tiny span of diamonds. Monica took it in her hand, frowned over it. In her mind, something was struggling to make itself known.

SHE heard Aldeen tiptoe into the room, heard his whisper of question. She shook her head, and continued to stare at the ring. It was important that she should know, should remember—frightfully important. She knew that.

"Is this Margaret's room, do you think?" Aldeen's voice was no more than a breath beside her ear.

She nodded without looking up.

"Good. Let's get out of here and go tell Uncle Dem. Mrs. Lannon isn't going to wait all day down there beside the pitcher of lemonade. The old bat's going to get suspicious."

She closed her hand over the ring, and shut the jewel box. She walked to the door and shut it silently. She knew now. The picture had come back—the image of Biddy in her wedding dress, her hand outstretched, the ring on her finger.

This ring. She caught at the stair wall, felt Aldeen's touch instantly under her elbow. Veach *had* killed Biddy. He had killed her and taken her ring and after robbing Margaret he'd given the pitiful token to her to keep her still.

(To be continued next week)

Which is really Fred MacMurray?

STARRING IN "No Room For The Groom" PRODUCED BY BERT FRIEDLOB

(See answer below)

SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE
...QUICK STARTS

Greater Gas Savings

RESISTOR TYPE

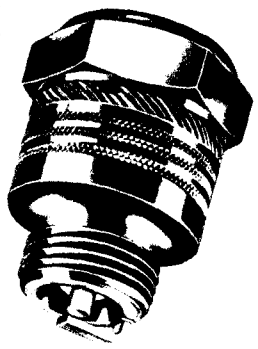
Unsurpassed Quality...

STANDARD TYPE

MOVIE STARS have look-alikes . . . spark plugs look alike, too. So to be sure of getting smoother performance and quick starts replace worn-out spark plugs with *world-famous* Resistor or Standard type Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Both are ignition engineered and both are specified as original equipment on many leading makes of America's finest cars.

If you know your movie stars, you'll know the man on the left is Fred MacMurray, star of "No Room For The Groom," produced by Bert Friedlob. At right is popular Harold Brooks of Bronx, N.Y. And if you know spark plugs, you'll see your friendly Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs because . . . "YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE."

Auto-Lite Standard Spark Plugs offer outstanding quality and have long been recognized for their unbeatable performance.



Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs offer car owners new advantages found only in automotive type spark plugs with built-in resistors.

Tune in "Suspense!" . . . CBS Radio Thursdays . . . CBS Television Tuesdays

AUTO-LITE
SPARK PLUGS "Ignition Engineered"

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—Patented U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Better than some "automatics" —YET COSTS FAR LESS!

Trim and specifications subject to change without notice. Model AW 462 illustrated.

Get "quick-clean" washing economically with a G-E Wringer Washer! You can save soap and hot water, too!

Clothes washed individually! G-E *Activator® action guides clothes* through 3 distinct washing zones—each piece receives the washing action it needs to get it spanking clean!

Extra-large tub capacity! G.E.'s new de luxe has a 10-lb tub! You can save hot water and soap when you do those big family washes.

Clothes are pressure-cleansed with the new Instinctive Wringer. Stops at mere tug at clothes!

Shuts off automatically! No watching necessary! Can be set at HOLD for longer washing action.

No oiling necessary! G-E *Permadrive* mechanism has only four moving parts, permanently lubricated! No exposed machinery!

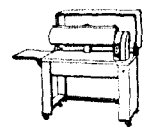
One-year Written Warranty against defective materials and workmanship.

Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Stop in and ask your G-E dealer about General Electric's great new line of Wringer Washers.

Enjoy "SIT-DOWN" ironing with G-E!

Do a better ironing job—really fast, with less strain, in more comfort! G-E Rotary Ironer lets you sit down all the while! So easy . . . automatic operation . . . adjustable temperatures. Model AR 60 illustrated.



IRON IN COMFORT

ROTARY IRONERS

FOR "QUICK-CLEAN" WASHING AND "SIT-DOWN" IRONING, IT'S

GENERAL ELECTRIC

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

In Philadelphia, of all places, they're trying to work out a system whereby that city can get rid of undesirable officeholders without waiting for the next election or a miracle. The hunting should be better than excellent. Trouble now is that you can prove a public servant is as crooked as a wet strand of spaghetti and he can go right on running his office, it's that hard to get rid of him. The way it is, 20 or more voters must make charges in writing, supported by oaths, affirmations, affidavits and other sworn documents in great profusion. The court reads all this and, if satisfied there's something wrong, it appoints a board of five citizens who conduct an investigation into the original investigation. If the committee, too, decides something's wrong, they pass it along to the city council, which is almost invariably of the same political persuasion as the aforesaid public servant. Anyway, the council takes its turn investigating the investigation into the initial investigation. All of which can be stretched out over a couple of years, during which the same old public servant is running the same old racket, frequently cutting in a few friendly investigators. Whenever a rigidly honest Philadelphian manages to get an important public office, people begin whispering.

★ ★ ★

Guess there will always be naïve persons roaming around believing that politics should be clean and elections pure. It's an old-fashioned idea that hangs on and finds supporters in spite of all we can do to discourage it. Look at Virginia and North Carolina. There are citizens of those two states, even a few legislators, who think something corrective should be done about the absentee ballot racket. In North Carolina, last election, up to 30 per cent of the votes counted in certain counties were absentee ballots. In Virginia, particularly in the southwestern part of the state, it was much the same. Democratic candidates in those sectors protest indignantly that if it weren't for the absentee ballot racket, a Republican or two might get elected. You see how it works: the Democrats figure out how many votes they need to win and somehow, from somewhere, just about that many absentee ballots appear in the nick of time. As we say, there are Virginians and North Carolinians unpatriotic enough to say that the system should be abandoned.

★ ★ ★

Until quite recently, Dr. Arthur Robinson, the eminent economist of Volcano, California, has viewed his government with tolerance and calm. But the doctor confesses that these qualities are wearing a bit thin. "I am afraid," he says without too noticeable rancor, "that we are entrusting the problems of inflation to gentlemen whom I would not willingly trust with an old-fashioned, hand-operated egg beater."

★ ★ ★

Just in case you find yourself in Alaska and stopping at the Mt. McKinley Park Hotel near Fairbanks, you may have some trouble addressing the manager of that inn by name. Perfectly simple name, too—Mr. Afrasiab Assad Bakhtiari. However, the editor of Jessen's Weekly in Fairbanks has come to your rescue. Says that Mr. Bakhtiari answers to the name of Ding. If you can't remember that, just call him Afrasiab.

★ ★ ★

Some time ago the cops in Elkhart, Indiana, raided a bookie joint. There was nobody in the place at the time. But the police did find a pair of pants. Skillful and persistent detective work disclosed that the pants belonged to a gentleman named Hiram Hanske. Mr. Hanske pleaded guilty to owning the pants and operating the gamblery. Five hundred dollars and costs. In the joint the cops also found several shirts. They weren't Mr. Hanske's. Yes, you guessed it. Belonged to customers.

★ ★ ★

As we go to press, the state of Iowa is considering a piece of legislation which would permit a boy of eighteen to curl a girl's hair. The law this amendment would liberalize specifies that a fellow must be at least twenty-one before giving a lady a hairdo. Vigorous efforts here to learn what this is all about have failed. By telephone we got no further than a guess by one of Iowa's legislators that a boy of eighteen is a little young to be getting in a girl's hair.

COLLIER'S

"Ye gods, Hazel, we're getting old! Nancy is swooning over *Gary* Crosby"

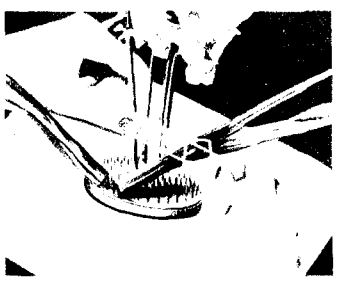
JACK MARKOW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

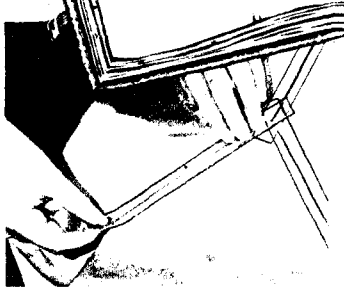
TORN WINDOW SHADES are easy to fix. A strip or two of "Scotch" cellophane tape does the job in a wink!

LINT ON SUITS? Wrap tape around hand, sticky side out, and pat. In home or office, takes lint off like magic!

INVISIBLE REPAIR JOB on torn oilcloth in the kitchen, desk blotters at the office! Press cellophane tape on underside!



FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS stay put when you use a few snips of "Scotch" cellophane tape to anchor stems in place.

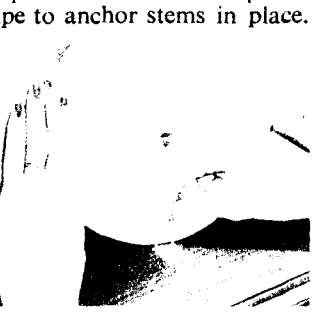


MOTHPROOF BUNDLES are a cinch to make. Cover all seams with "Scotch" cellophane tape pressed firmly in place.

HANGING A PICTURE? Nail through crossed strips of tight-sticking cellophane tape and no plaster chips will fall.

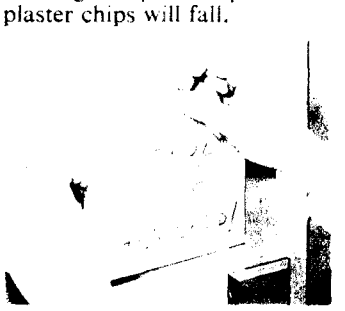
TAPE STENCILS DOWN to be certain of a neat, clean edge. Be sure you use genuine "Scotch" cellophane tape!

NEW SHELF PAPER? Tape it in place! No marring tack holes when you use tight-sticking "Scotch" cellophane tape.



KEEP KNICK-KNACKS from falling off shelves by anchoring them in place with transparent "Scotch" Brand tape.

TAPE ROD ENDS before inserting them in fresh curtains. No snags with smooth-surfaced "Scotch" cellophane tape!



TAPE NOTES where they'll be seen by everyone. At home or office, use "Scotch" cellophane tape for sealing, holding.

TAPE DRAWER LINERS in place with the tape that sticks tight, never curls or cracks . . . "Scotch" cellophane tape.

IMPORTANT: There's more than one brand of cellophane tape. To be sure of getting the dependable tape used in millions of homes and offices, always insist on the "SCOTCH" brand, in the bright red-and-green plaid dispenser.

The term "Scotch" and the plaid design are registered trade marks for the more than 100 pressure-sensitive adhesive tapes made in U.S.A. by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO., St. Paul 6, Minn., also makers of "Scotch" Sound Recording Tape, "Underseal" Rubberized Coating, "Scotchlite" Reflective Sheeting, "Safety-Walk" Non-Slip Surfacing, "3M" Abrasives, "3M" Adhesives. General Export: Durex Abrasives Corp., New Rochelle, N. Y. • In Canada: Canadian Durex Abrasives Ltd., Brantford, Ontario. © 1951 3M Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only the revolutionary

Van Heusen CENTURY Shirt

has the patented soft collar that

won't wrinkle ever!

Secret behind Van Heusen Century! Collar is woven in one piece. No sewn or fused layers to wrinkle. Fold line woven in to stay . . . can't be ironed wrong.

In white, wide-spread or regular collars, single or French cuffs — in two weaves of fine broadcloth, **$3.95, $4.95**
In blue, tan or grey, wide-spread (French cuffs) or regular collar (single cuffs). **$4.50**
Tie shown: Van Heusen Wicker Weave Print, **$1.50**

Perspiration won't wilt it! Soft collar needs no starch or stays to keep neat day and night. Has Van Heusen "Comfort Contour" collar styling.

Laundering won't hurt it! Easy to launder—you can't even iron-in wrinkles. No starch, less ironing mean more comfort, more wear.

Patented one-piece collar! Has no lining—just can't wrinkle. Feels as soft as fine linen. Only Van Heusen Century has this collar.

Van Heusen® REG. T. M.

CENTURY shirts

A new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size! **$3.95** and **$4.95**

Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y. 1, N. Y., Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Collars

What Truman Would Do to Congress

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

attention to a man who could possibly be President again and again and again.

Harry Truman knows that well. Whether he runs again as he is free to do he knows that he has new Presidential power today—not only as President in a vastly expanded Presidential institution, but also as a possible Presidential candidate once more. It is a power he can hold until at least late in the spring or early in the summer of 1952, before the political conventions. He has no intention of forgetting that. When he thinks about it now in the weariness of his duties, his face brightens in a characteristic Truman grin. He is the last President to possess that power and the right to that grin. He will not soon be telling the decision behind his smiling. It would be pretty safe to guess, however, that the Polk formula is always in the back of his mind.

Confusion Must Be Avoided

Truman knows that some way of freeing the executive office, not from the separation of powers but from the confusion of powers and parties and fragments of parties, was never more important than in the vastly expanded American government today.

It was not merely by grabbing in a hat that he picked the date of the repeal of the arms embargo, in Roosevelt's second term, as the date when this expansion of the Presidential office and the government around it began. We were spending just $9,000,000,000 that year under F.D.R., compared with a budget of $71,000,000,000 this year. But the date November 3, 1939, points up not only the size of the Presidential job but the problems of the Presidential situation as well.

Franklin Roosevelt that year, in much smaller government, was in a situation remarkably similar to that of Truman in 1951. So was America. In terms of its proportions, Roosevelt's victory in 1936 was as much a surprise as was Truman's election in 1948. But the President who had carried 46 states found himself in the year of his second inauguration stopped in his tracks by court and Congress in the American government of divided powers. He was stopped short particularly in his eager efforts to reform or "pack" the court.

That year also, F.D.R. had a tough time within his own party getting Alben Barkley of Kentucky elected Majority Leader in the Senate over Pat Harrison of Mississippi, who represented conservative Southern Democratic reluctance to follow the Presidential leadership. It was against some such members of his own party that Roosevelt conducted his unsuccessful "purge" in the Democratic primaries of 1938. Also, like Truman in 1950, Roosevelt in 1938 lost enough seats in both Houses so that he felt it necessary, significantly, to explain that the losses were not significant.

When he first asked for repeal of the arms embargo which kept us from selling munitions to our friends, Roosevelt himself wrote that not only were practically all the Republicans against him but so were 25 per cent of the Democrats. He got the repeal only after Hitler marched. And even then, although the Presidency began its great growth, Roosevelt—like Truman after him—remained checked not only by the Congress, which is as it should be, but also by two other factors. One was the lack of any unified, cohesive party behind him in the Congress; the other, the seniority rules there which put the most powerful of committee chairmanships in the hands of the oldest and often most crotchety members of the party.

Presidents, who are elected by all the people of the nation, deal with a Congress and with political parties whose members generally put local things first. There is not merely an implicit struggle under our Constitution between the legislative and executive branches of government. In their present forms, our government and the party system which has grown beside it almost assure the collision of the national and the local, of unity and diversity. The problem of Presidents is not as a rule changing the constitutional design, but rather finding means within it by which to make bigger and bigger government work under our two-party system.

New Laws Add New Burdens

Actually, however, much more than size and spending have been added to the stresses and strains of the Presidency. New expansion comes on top of old accretion. Across the years various statutes have put more than 1,000 specific responsibilities and duties on the President, from approving contracts for legal services made by Choctaw Indians to deciding on the use of the atomic bomb.

Between January 3, 1949, and October 19, 1949, Truman had personally to approve and send to the Senate for confirmation 55,311 civilian and military nominations. If he did not actually pick

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"Our mothers used to give us baths together when we were babies . . ."

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every man, he was responsible to the Senate and the country for every man picked. He had to sign his name to—and so fix his responsibility for—thousands of briefs, documents, reports and orders. He told a group of congressmen who were contemplating his oppressive load that looking over and signing the papers stacked on his desk "takes three hours every night."

The Hoover Commission—under the chairmanship of a man who had known less loaded but not much less harassed days in the White House—pointed out that if Truman gave an hour a week to each of the agencies and departments under his supervision, that alone "would require a 65-hour work week for the President."

That only begins to count the stresses and strains of the job. The President is not only the executive of the government's operations. Under the Constitution he is also the one responsible molder of our foreign relations and the Commander in Chief of the Army, Navy and Air Force.

Also, with no decorative king to help him, he is the ceremonial chief of state. He pins on the medals; he attends the ceremonies. He must receive not only foreign heads of state, but the farm boys and girls who harvested the most corn or raised the fattest pigs in Iowa. He declares the "weeks" and proclaims the "days." He greets the conventions and sends messages to the institutes. And although some of these activities may appear trivial, they may be essential. Always he is the leader of public opinion and the chief of his political party in the United States.

It is in this latter capacity that a President is confronted by some of his most perplexing problems. His role as political leader is a tough one for the man in the White House. It does not consist merely of responsibility for finding jobs for "deserving Democrats," encouraging and rewarding the party stalwarts, or guiding the "organization," though it includes them all. It means providing policies and purposes for the party and, after success at the polls, seeking the enactment of the party program—as a basis for renewed approval at the polls. And that's where the trouble comes.

In the division of our government between the executive and legislative branches, Presidents regularly find themselves the chiefs of parties whose legislative members are not willing to be led.

It is in this field that Truman believes most could be done to create effective democratic government and to reduce the frustrations of both the people and their President.

Presidents, of course, have great advantages in this legislative-executive conflict and a legislative assembly cannot ride horseback, make a whistle-stop tour, wave its hand, or otherwise get the cheers an individual leader can. Perhaps there is too much turning to dramatic individuals in our time. There were honest men and not merely apoplectic ones who spoke of Roosevelt as a possible dictator.

Cheers That Waxed and Waned

But Americans, although they may turn cheering to individuals, can also quickly turn from them. Even under Roosevelt there was a waxing and a waning of the cheering. Also the Presidential power is not unlimited. In the less dramatic legislative branch a committee, or merely an aging committee chairman of the President's own party, can successfully sit on a President's purposes—even on the promises to the people which he and his party colleagues in Congress have made together in the party's platform.

Some statesmen insist that this is all to the good. That may be, but it does not reduce the stresses on a President who believes he has a duty to have a program, get it enacted and quit, if possible to applause.

As officials elected by all the people, Presidents have repeatedly sought to bring the pressure of all the people upon a Congress which represents the parts of the people in the divided districts and the states. They have not always been successful. Truman has great faith in his "whistle-stop" effectiveness. But Woodrow Wilson lost his cause and his health in his continental campaign for the League of Nations. Until Franklin Roosevelt died there was uneasiness among the reluctant in Congress and in his party whenever he brought—or even threatened to bring—the master's voice to the microphone. Nevertheless, his "purge" failed.

Despite the occasional defeat a President suffers in his efforts to obtain a national legislature more to his liking, over the years there have been changes in the Presidential-Congressional relationship.

The Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution affected one such change; Franklin Roosevelt rejoiced in it. Not only did it put the President into office in January instead of the March after his election, but it left little time for "lame-duck" sessions of Congress in which some members voted on public policy after they had been defeated for public office.

An Old Senator's Viewpoint

Truman would like to go further along the lines suggested. But he would not, even if he could, change the checks and balances or the separation of powers. In the Presidency he has an old Senator's views (maybe a little modified) of Congressional importance and prestige. He is not interested in any modifications of the American system which would please those who are always looking with some awe and admiration at the British parliamentary system.

Indeed, he spoke about that rather sharply when one Senator who had been a Rhodes scholar at Oxford brought British ideas to the aftermath of the 1946 election, which saw the Republicans take control of Congress. Senator J. William Fulbright, Democrat from Arkansas, suggested then that, in emulation of the British system, Truman ought to name a Republican to the line of succession and resign as President so that the Republicans could run both the legislative and executive branches.

Truman's comment on Fulbright's proposal was characteristic: "A little more land-grant college education on the U.S. Constitution would do Fulbright a lot of good."

Truman's own feeling about the Constitution is native and reverent. He would regard it as not merely unpatriotic but as impious to change our basic system. He does think, however, that it would not be constitutionally difficult to add a little more order and responsibility—under the Constitution and the two-party system—to effective government in the United States.

So far as it lies within his power, he has already tried to organize the Presidency for more effective operation. For one thing, he worked with congressmen last year to secure a new law to make it possible for a President to divest himself by delegation of some of the accretion of specific duties which have been put upon him by statutes since the foundation of the Republic.

Not even better administrative management, as Truman himself best understands, is enough. Soon after Truman came into office, Harold D. Smith, Director of the Budget at the time, called attention to the "trivialities which kill Presidents." It is not always easy to determine what is trivial in a President's operations. But somewhere, if he is really to be President, the occupant of the White House must put some limits on the signing of his name and the shaking of his hand in order that he may get down to his real job of democratic leadership in a democratic country. In that job both the President and the people need a clearer, more democratic two-party system.

Trivialities may still kill Presidents. But the task of leadership in the two-party system, where no true two-party system exists, is the chief basis of the weariness of Presidents. It is also one central weakness of effective national government in the United States.

THE END

No Other Whiskey... ONLY

FLEISCHMANN'S

GIVES YOU THE

1. CHOICE QUALITY-
Fleischmann's Superb Straight Whiskies Blended With Fine Grain Neutral Spirits

2. Every drop 90 PROOF rich, robust, delicious!

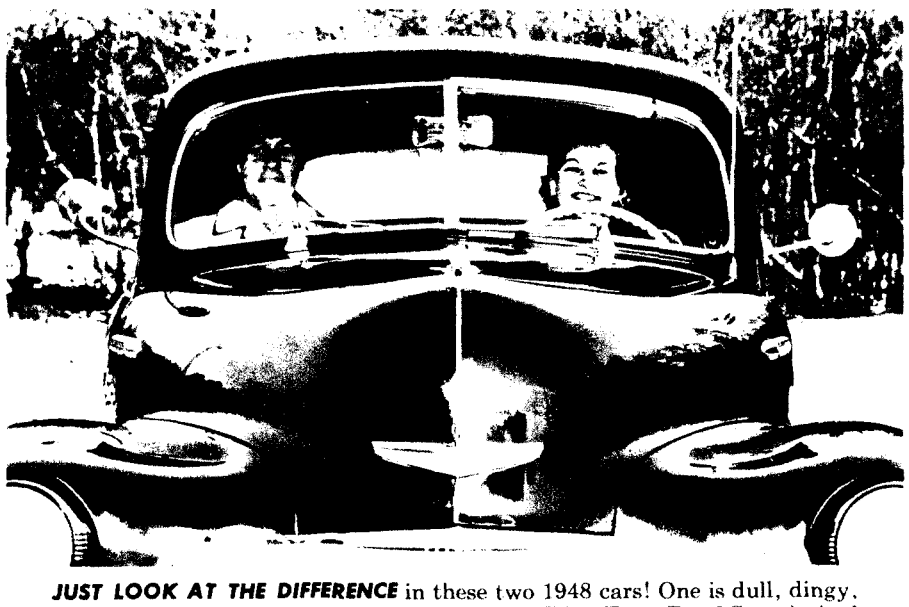
3. WINNING PRICE
America's Greatest Whiskey Value!

BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP ROAD RAVAGE*... it RUINS CAR FINISH!

same make same year, but see amazing difference!



JUST LOOK AT THE DIFFERENCE in these two 1948 cars! One is dull, dingy, old-looking—a victim of Road Ravage* (Sun, Dirt, Tars, Road Scum). And the other! It's as bright and shiny as new. Let SIMONIZ® give your car year-'round protection—preserve its beauty, prolong its life. It's easy—and takes far less time than you think!

SIMONIZ protects car finish up to 6 months and longer!

...Half-way protection is not enough! One SIMONIZ job seals out all road scum, traffic film, sun, dirt, tars—gives your car complete protection.

Nothing ruins car beauty like Road Ravage. Don't let it damage your car. And never rely on quick waxes or temporary polishes that give only half-way protection. Your car deserves the year-'round protection that only SIMONIZ can give.

Safe! No harsh chemicals

One application of SIMONIZ completely seals out road scum, traffic film, sun, dirt, tars—protects against damage from scorching sun, pelting rain—preserves your beautiful car-finish up to 6 months and longer.

In the long run, SIMONIZ is the easiest, safest, best way to protect your expensive car-finish. And with new simple directions in every can, it takes far less time than you think. In fact, time studies prove SIMONIZ protection actually requires only a few hours of your time per year.

Give your car year 'round SIMONIZ PROTECTION against damaging Road Ravage. Don't let sun, rain, salt air, road scum, traffic film "eat away" at your paint job. Use SIMONIZ twice a year—and your "paint job" is protected, your car's beauty is safe! Get SIMONIZ today—now on sale at service stations, auto supply, grocery and hardware stores.

IMPORTANT! A clean car is necessary before using anything to preserve the finish. For best results, use SIMONIZ LIQUID KLEENER. If car is old or badly faded, clean first with SIMONIZ PASTE KLEENER.

TODAY MORE THAN EVER

Motorists wise SIMONIZ!

®Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Day of the Rose

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

said. She sat up in bed. In the pale light her tan shoulders shone. Her soft, loose hair fell about her face, and she shook it, running her fingers through it and sighing in the pleasure of waking up. Maxine loved the day and hated to sleep. She stretched like a cat, yawning. "What do you want to talk about?"

"Us."

"Who? Us?"

"It's absolutely no joke, Max. How long can we go on like this? Daddy and Mother are so careful of each other; both of them act as though they're afraid to talk. You remember how they used to talk all the time at the dinner table? And now he stays up late at night—and well, she goes to her room and listens to the radio. It doesn't seem right for a father and mother to be that way."

"Yes," Maxine said, nodding. "But we can't do anything because it might shock her into—into awful things. You know what Dr. Foster said. And Daddy tries, but he won't let anything change—no stick of furniture. He wants everything the same, always, just as though Cole could stay the way he was—a boy in a uniform. They both try, but they don't understand. They've forgotten."

"About what, Max?"

Maxine hesitated. "Oh—things. Like love, Fay."

"But they love each other. I remember how they used to go everywhere together, sometimes just for a drive in the evening, and Daddy says as long as he has her he doesn't need anything else."

"Does he have her?" Maxine asked. "He doesn't have her any more, Fay."

"Oh." Faith said. It was a deadly bit of knowledge. How much Maxine knew! So much more than she would ever know. And only a short time ago Maxine had been ignorant like her.

"If I loved someone, Max, I would never forget it. Never."

"What would you do, Fay?" Maxine's voice was a low whisper.

"Well, I would stay with him. Even if any of my children died—like Cole—I would stay with him."

"How do you know?"

"Oh—I know."

Maxine thought for a moment. "Maybe people would stop you. Keep you away from him."

"Oh, people," Faith said. "Who are people?" She laughed. "I'll grow up into an eccentric like Aunt Maysie who ran off with that clown. She loved him, and then when radio was invented, he got to be rich and famous, and everyone forgot they'd thought she was foolish. If she had listened to Grandfather and all the others, she would have stayed home and made bridge sets and all of that."

"I don't know," Maxine said. She turned her face away, resting it on her drawn-up knees.

THEY had had this same room over the front porch since they were little girls. Now in the silence they listened to the milkman coming down the road and the sound of their mother's radio in the far part of the house.

Maxine threw herself back on the pillows. "Maybe, though, if we do something big like that—ignore everyone else for the person we love—maybe that is dangerous, and we'll never be able to forgive ourselves for the trouble we cause."

"To who?"

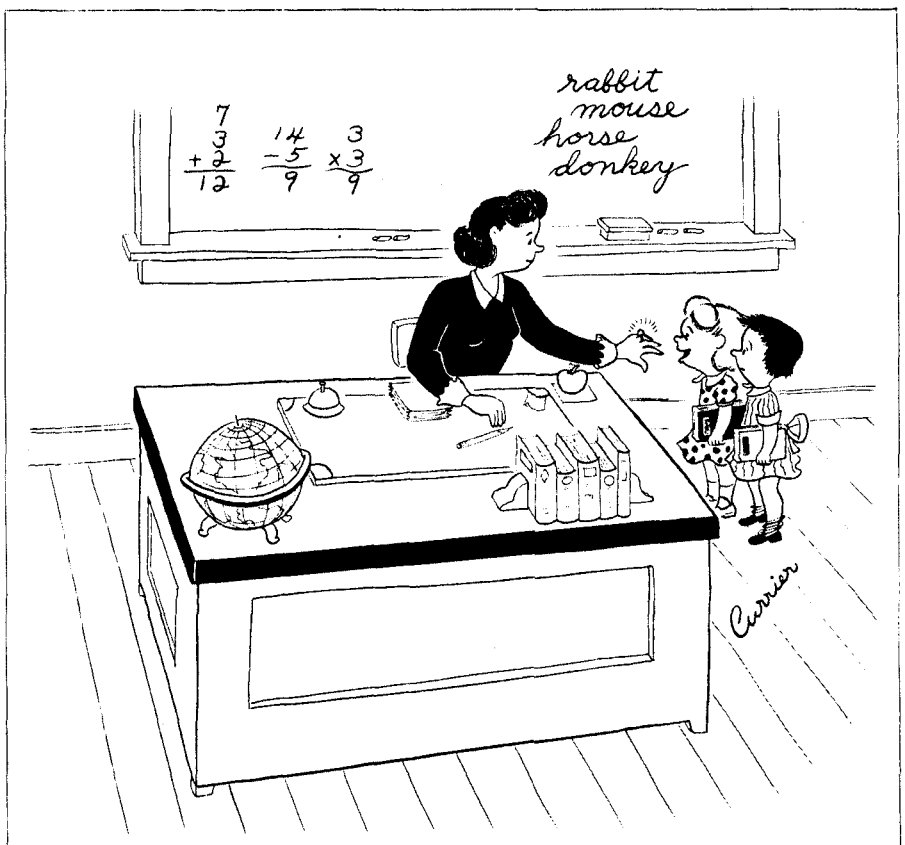
"To *whom*," Maxine corrected. "To our families, say."

"Poof," Fay said. "If they love you, they want you to be happy. If Mother really loved us and Daddy, she would pay some attention to our happiness, wouldn't she?"

"You don't know. You don't know how you'd be."

Maxine was wiser than she. Faith thought about how their lives had once been and might be again. Thinking this way, she fell into a light sleep. When she woke up the sun was bright. Someone across the street was mowing the lawn. It was then that she saw the rose on Maxine's dressing table. It was one of the prize roses, just beginning to open, resting in a little glass bowl. Faith got out of bed and looked at it more closely.

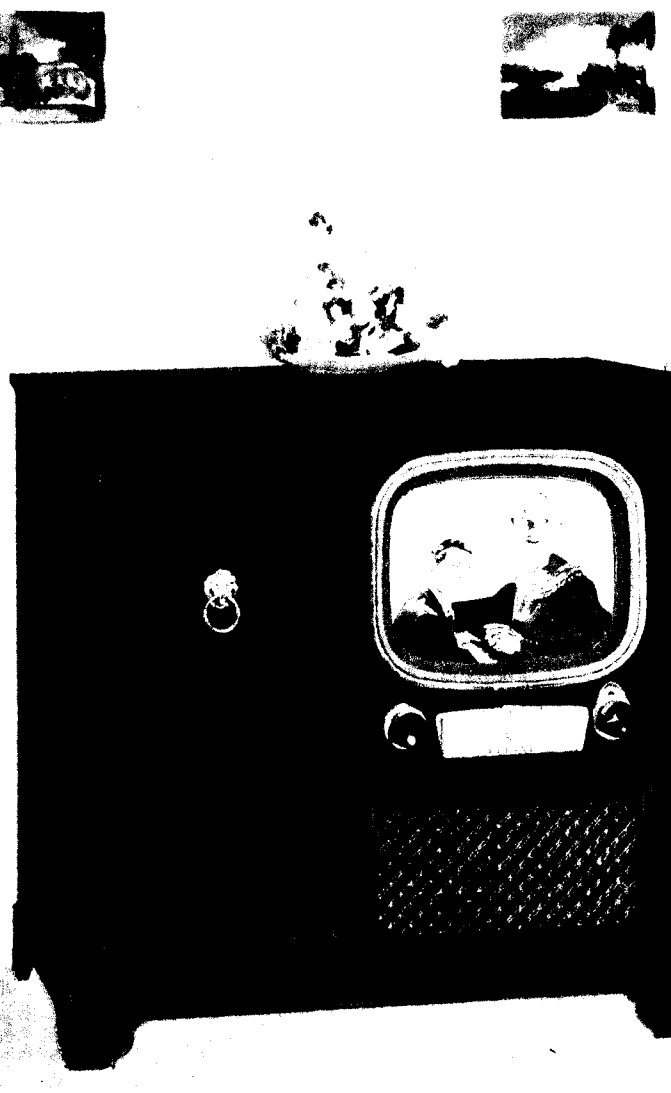
Maxine had cut the stem on the diagonal

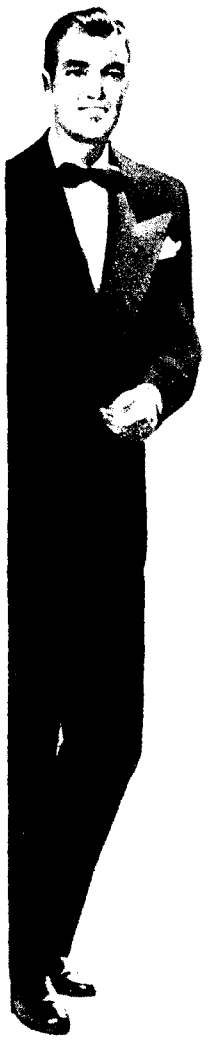


"It's a very pretty ring, Miss Brown. Is he tall, and dark, and awfully handsome, or just a little freckle-faced runt like *my* boy friend?"

COLLIER'S — HAROLD CURRIER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





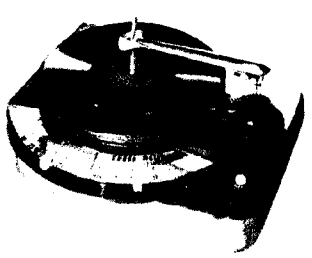
World's Most Advanced Home Record Playing...

ZENITH QUALITY Black Magic TV

Plus Cobra-Matic Record Player with Pitch and Tempo Control

Once you witness the marvel that is the Zenitheatre TV-Radio-Phonograph, you know there is something new, something different, something better, in complete home entertainment.

In the Zenitheatre, you enjoy TV so far advanced that you have not the slightest concern about the wisdom of your investment. Zenith's remarkable developments in screen size and picture clarity bring out every detail with thrilling realism. You change programs from your easy chair, with Zenith's marvelous Lazy Bones Remote Control. You have built-in provision for tuner strips to receive the new Ultra-High Frequencies on present standards, and a connection provided for Phonevision.†



The Music Lover's Dream

And because you love recorded music, you are simply thrilled with Zenith's Cobra-Matic. The first—the only—automatic record-player that lets you play all records at the exact speed they were recorded...enables you to adjust speed for perfect pitch, tempo and timbre—the "tone color" that gives great voices and masterfully played instruments their full, breath-taking beauty. You can play not only 33⅓, 45, 78, but thousands of intermediate speeds from 10 to 85, including the coming new 16 R.P.M. records!

Why merely dream of all the glorious home entertainment that can be yours? You want it—your family deserves it—right now. Today, discover how easily it can be yours in a Zenitheatre TV-Radio-Phonograph. Your Zenith dealer invites you.

Above, New Zenith® "Whitman" TV-Radio-Phonograph with 17 inch (146 sq. in.) rectangular tube screen; Cobra-Matic Record-Player; Long-distance® AM and Super-Sensitive FM radio. Period cabinet, genuine Mahogany veneers.

†If and when this great Zenith development is approved as a commercial service and thereby is made available on present standards, unit may be attached to bring high-class, costly programs right into your home.

THE DRESS . . . A **BLACK MAGIC** ORIGINAL
BY *Sophie* OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

ZENITH
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois • Over 30 Years of "Know How" in Radionics® Exclusively • Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids ©1951

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

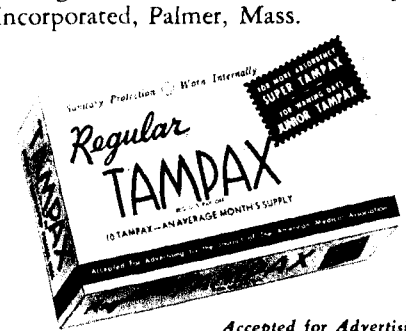
TELL your sisters and your cousins and your aunts about Tampax

The story of Tampax monthly sanitary protection is filled with many promises—although Tampax itself is as simple as simple can be....You yourself may use Tampax because you are busy and active—or dainty and fastidious—or just sensible and practical. Remember that a woman can be attracted to Tampax for a great variety of reasons.

Tampax is an *internal absorbent* invented by a doctor. It eliminates belts, pins and outside pads. That is the essential advantage of Tampax and from it any number of advantages naturally follow. No binding, bulging or hampering restraint! No possibility of chafing or of "edge-lines" under slim dresses! No odor forms—and there is no need to remove for tub or shower!

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOR

Pure surgical cotton of high absorbency is compactly fitted into applicators, making insertion of the Tampax easy, and changing quick. Completely invisible in use. No trouble to dispose of. An average month's supply will slip into your purse. ...Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED C-14-41-I
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

with a sharp knife and wound it with silver paper. Faith bent down, studying the flower, thinking how curious it was that Maxine should pick one of Mother's roses which were never picked—and only one of them—and put it here, of all places, as though she were setting it aside for a future event. Where was she going? Why? With whom? Faith studied the heart of the rose, the curious eye of it that grew paler and paler and seemed to go on forever. She looked at it until she grew dizzy.

"I wonder," she murmured. She had an excited feeling of some promise of happiness, as though Maxine, at last, were going to do something—a dangerous, rare act that would re-create their lost life for all of them. Maxine would be the one brave enough to do it, too.

FAITH hurried down to the kitchen where her sister and the maid, Ella, were laughing together. She looked at Maxine, but Maxine did not quite meet her eyes. She flushed and hurried into the dining room with a hot plate for their father who sat at the table wearing his golf clothes. On Saturdays he played with three men from the bank, now that their mother no longer cared to play. Faith followed her from the kitchen.

"Daddy," Maxine said and kissed his ear.

"Where's Mother?" he asked.

"She's got a little headache," she said.

"Well, if she's going to have a bad day—" he began.

Maxine said quickly, "You go play golf, Daddy. We'll stay with her. Honest."

"You will, darling?"

"And Faith'll stick around the house, too." Maxine did not look at her, however.

"Okay," Faith said.

"Good girls," he said and picked up the morning paper.

When he had left, Maxine sat silently at the end of the table. She kept rubbing her fingers down her cheek and throat. Her mouth trembled.

"I was going out to Lily Lake to swim with the crowd," Faith protested.

"What?"

"You don't listen to me, Max, I told you yesterday—"

"Fay," she said quickly, leaning toward her and smiling with a radiant, happy expression. "Listen. Will you do something for me?"

Faith hesitated. She thought of all the times Maxine had beguiled and bribed and hypnotized her into doing things she later regretted. Diving from the railroad bridge because Maxine had bragged her up as a champion diver. Riding the horse at camp when no one else dared to, not even Maxine. So many things she could not recall all of them at random.

"I mean, something big? Marvelous?" Maxine asked.

She remained silent. She was thinking of the single rose in the bowl upstairs.

"Take a note to someone? I mean, I couldn't face him right now, I'd die for sure. Really die. Besides, I have to be here when Mother comes down, and I want to—well, I kind of want to talk to Mother today. If you'd take the note, Fay?"

"Where?"

"To Lawrence Foster?"

"The one who knew Cole?"

"Yes, the older brother. You remember? He came here a lot when he and Cole were in High. Then he went to work on the boats in the summer. After that he was in the Army a while. You remember?"

"Why? Can't you call him up?"

"Oh, please. I'll explain later. Honest, Fay."

"But, Max—"

"Have I ever asked you to do anything wicked?"

"But you look so funny," Faith said.

In the end, she took the note written on their mother's best stationery. She walked down the sunny street thinking she ought to call someone of the crowd and say she could not go swimming this time, either. Soon they would forget to ask her. But she and Maxine had made a deal about Saturdays so that nothing should interfere with their father's golf.

She studied the envelope, tempted to open it and a little resentful of Maxine's mysterious manner and hurt, too, that Maxine did not confide in her. It used to be that they had no secrets. Was Maxine in love with Lawrence Foster? Was *he* in love with *her?* How did that feel? Was it terribly wonderful? Of course, Maxine couldn't bring him to the house, not with Mother having headaches and Daddy so changed, not when there was no real fun there any more.

Dr. Foster came down the driveway from his old white house. He stopped and looked at her eyes and remarked that in a year or two she would give some fellow a run for his money. Then Lawrence came from the garage. He was big, a man, not a boy as she remembered him. Until now, she had never actually looked at him. He towered above her, wearing Army dungarees and a white jersey. He was even browner than Maxine, his hair was pale gold and short as a seal's pelt. He smiled and then he frowned.

"Got something for me, Fay?" he asked. He seized the note before she could reply. He turned his back and read it several times and then he smiled. He looked at her. He seemed to be bursting with surprised happiness. "You're swell," he said hoarsely.

"Why? I didn't do anything."

"You'll see. You're going to like me. We'll get along fine."

"For Heaven's sake," she said. She liked him very much already. It was odd how in some way he reminded her of Maxine—a little golden light, a brightness that glistened in his eyes. And lately Maxine had learned a way of talking very quickly, as he did. So this is love, Faith thought in wonder. It was like the first time she had seen a real elephant close up. It amazed her that it actually existed outside of books.

Lawrence took her to her corner in his green convertible, and she walked the rest of the way home, hearing in her ears the happy, strong tones of his voice in constant praise of Maxine. She thought of his hands on the steering wheel—the hands of a lover—the lips, the brow, the eyes, the way he moved. It was a long time since she had felt so happy, so absolutely sure that everything was going to be right again. So, this was love—quick, dangerous, complete and happy. What would Maxine do now? He'd said he had waited all night for her note. He'd said he would meet her on the corner at four that afternoon. He'd said he was a crazy man, wasn't he? When she got out of the car, he'd taken her hand and kissed it, shyly, on the palm.

"Oh, sister!" he'd said and gone roaring off in the opposite direction, his little car shining in the sun like a great green bug.

MAXINE was waiting for her, standing in the middle of the kitchen floor holding a broom. She must have been standing like that, without purpose, for a long time. She asked a million questions. Had he seemed glad? Was he waiting? What was he wearing? What did he say—the first thing he said? Was she sure he said four o'clock and not three or five?

"Please, Max," she said at last.

"Oh, Fay! It's so wonderful. He's in med school, you know, and we have a place to live up there this fall—and we're going over the state line and get married today, this evening at seven o'clock. Isn't it wonderful? Oh, Fay, remember what you said this morning—about love? Don't be strict with me now. Mother—I've been trying to tell her, but she wants to talk about mild matters. And I can't tell Dad. They're so afraid." She was ready to cry. "I've got to do it this way because otherwise they'd say things—about how soon after Cole's death. And they would stop me. They wouldn't mean to spoil it, and I loved Cole too, but this is now—here and now. And I love him."

She thought: Maxine's brave. Love must do that for her. I hope someday I'll have it, and I'll feel that brave.

TAKE A TIP FROM THE "PUMP ROOM"

Ambassador East Hotel, Chicago

"Make a salad they'll remember with Durkee's Famous Dressing"

In the fabulous Pump Room, salads are prepared at your table by captains. Durkee's Famous Dressing is always on their wagons. It provides the distinctive flavor note to the salad-making symphony. Try it at home (mixed with mayonnaise) in your favorite salad. Famous Dressing is also delicious as a sauce for cold fowl and cold meats. Use it instead of Tartar Sauce on fish . . . no mixing, just pour it. *Write for Recipes of a Famous Chef, Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. CD-4, 82 Corona Avenue, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.*

Glidden

actually costs you less...for world's finest lighter 'flint'

Ronson Redskin 'Flints' are your best buy because: ❶ They are much longer than ordinary 'flints'. ❷ Actually give you more lights per penny. ❸ Make your lighter function at its best, by giving plenty of good, strong sparks with a minimum of pressure. When you need lighter 'flints', insist on the best. Insist on extra length Ronson Redskin 'Flints'.

15¢

Best for ALL 'flint' lighters

EXTRA-LENGTH

RONSON® REDSKIN 'FLINTS'

P.S. Use Ronsonol Lighter Fuel, too.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You think—you think they'll hate me, Fay?"

"I don't know." It would mean losing Maxine, too. All of them would have gone away then, in one manner or another. And she alone was left of the original family that had once been here. It frightened her and made her sick, but what could she say? How could she explain a thing like that?

"But love is so— You'll be on my side, Fay? You'll tell them? Because, anyhow, we'll come back here next week and stay until summer vacation's over. I mean, I want to help all I can here—only, darling, help me now. When your turn comes, honest, I'll help you. I swear." It was like the old pacts they used to make swearing to the stars and the moon.

"How— Maybe I can't do it. Tell them."

"You'll think of something. It'll come to you."

"Yes," she said quickly. She did not want to spoil anything for Maxine. She helped her pack her week-end bag with the new pink lacy nylon things and the new cologne from Christmas that had never been opened—Daddy's present. Faith stood as close to Maxine as she could, hoping some of the bravery of love would come off on her like pollen. She studied her face in the mirror, hoping to see that she looked even more like Maxine because of the expression she had seen in Maxine's eyes—in Lawrence's, too.

She listened to Maxine telling about the plans they had made and she thought of them out there in the little car planning their future, a time they would have together away from this house and from her and their father and mother. Now Maxine would no longer share the room with her.

Maxine went into the little sewing room and kissed their mother who lay half asleep with the radio going. When she came into the hall, she put her hand over her eyes. "I don't know. Maybe I'm a terrible girl, an awful daughter. Oh, Fay!"

"You forgot your rose," Faith said and went back into their bedroom which already seemed empty. Maxine took it and pinned it on her dress, at the neck where it fell away softly and deeply, revealing the brown, smooth skin of her throat. Maxine's fingers trembled. It was Faith now, the one who was alone, who felt brave and calm. She walked with her sister to the corner where Lawrence waited, though it was not yet four.

They looked at each other with a strange, hungry expression, and Faith was excluded from that, from the life of love they shared. She could never again be any real part of Maxine's life. No more than she could belong with Cole. Yet she was not unhappy. She stood there smiling while Lawrence locked Maxine's bag in the trunk of the green convertible. Maxine settled herself breathlessly.

"But Mother—" Maxine began.

"Don't worry. Don't think about it now," Faith said.

"But, Fay—" she said again. Lawrence pressed his foot hard on the gas so that the little car shook. As it started to roll, Maxine suddenly unpinned the rose and held it out in her trembling fingers. "It's yours, Fay. You're the maid of honor." She looked back at Faith until the car reached Parker's corner and turned onto the broad highway that led toward the state line.

FAITH watched them go, holding the rose, the heavy odor of it rising into her face like a sweet breath from another land.

"What in the world will I say to them?" she asked. She felt protective as though she knew something of importance that her mother and father no longer remembered. The rose was fully opened now. It quivered with life, with concentrated sunlight, sweet water, the cool earth and the heart of night and day.

People were supposed to be happy when there was a wedding. She remembered hearing about the day her parents were married, how Grandfather Crane danced most of the night and Grandmother got a little gay and kissed a man she did not even know. And her mother wore a white dress with old lace from France and carried roses, so many of them, that for weeks afterward the scent had remained in her mother's clothing. Surely her mother would remember that and how much she had loved Daddy. Surely, the memory of love was stronger than anything else, even Cole's death.

I will give it to Mother, she thought. Maxine, a wedding—everything that happens today will make her remember.

She went up the stairs of the quiet house and at the landing she paused. It seemed to her that somewhere in the mist of that day, in the aroma of the roses and in the shadowy, approaching starlight, she saw the face of someone as yet unknown to her, someone who would bring her what Maxine had, the world to which Maxine—and her mother, also—belonged. Very soon, perhaps tomorrow, she too would be a part of that world. The rose seemed like a jewel, the day like the opening of a door, and she herself saw everything differently so that as she approached her mother's room, her step sounded very sure, and she smiled a sweet, calm smile.

THE END

"Yes, I know. Catches mice. I believe it has been done"

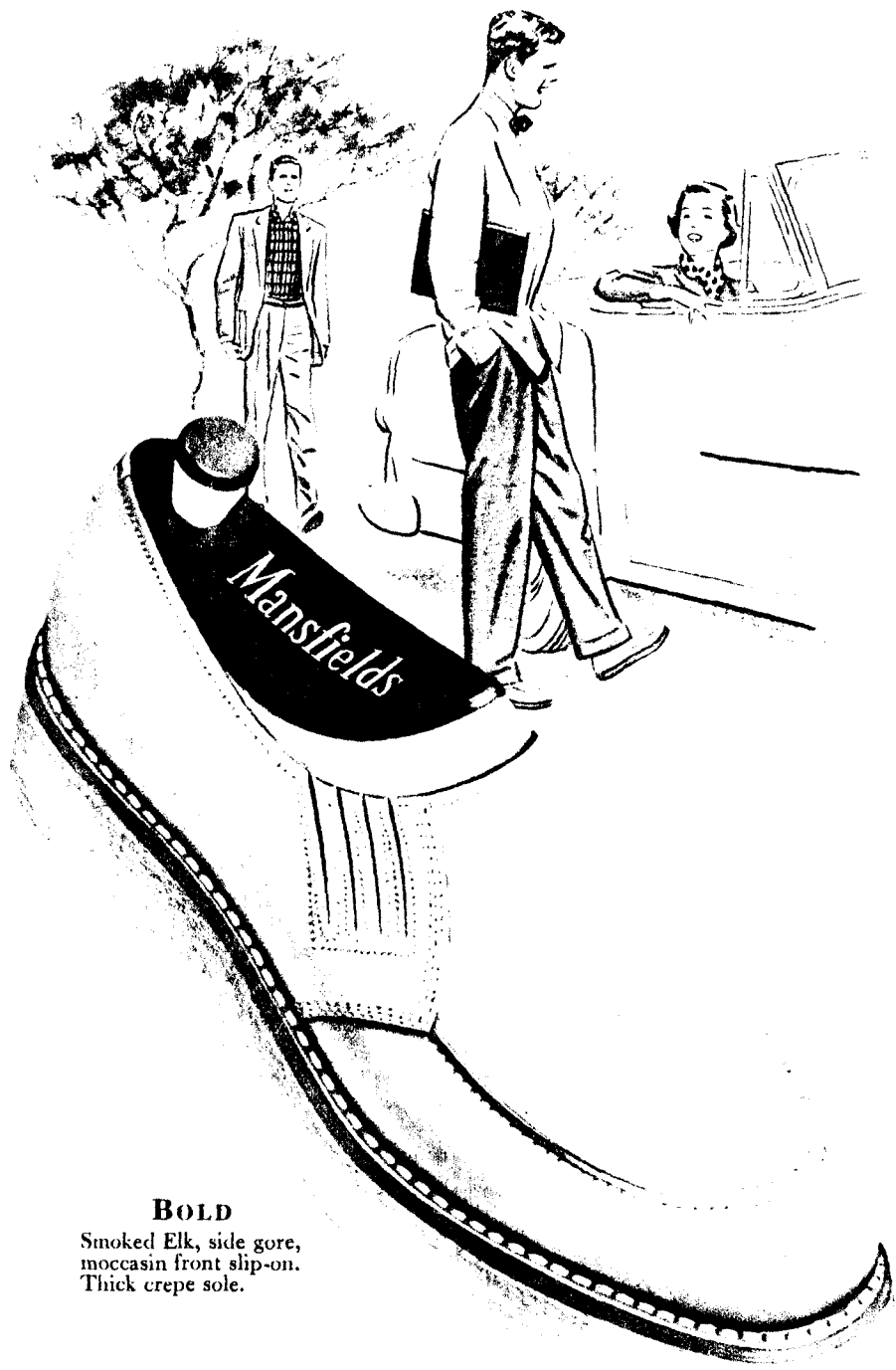
COLLIER'S — AL JOHNS

Be casual! It becomes your feet!

HERE'S A carefree shoe . . . a jaunty slip-on with more comfort per inch than your feet have ever felt! A Mansfield, of course!

Simply slip this slip-on over your instep and start living. The lively leather is smoked ELK...that friendly front gives moccasin ease. Here's a shoe for the fireside, or the footpath through the woods!

That sole is thick, bouncy, natural crepe. A friendly shoe, wonderfully easy, due to its elastic front. Your feet deserve it!



BOLD
Smoked Elk, side gore, moccasin front slip-on. Thick crepe sole.

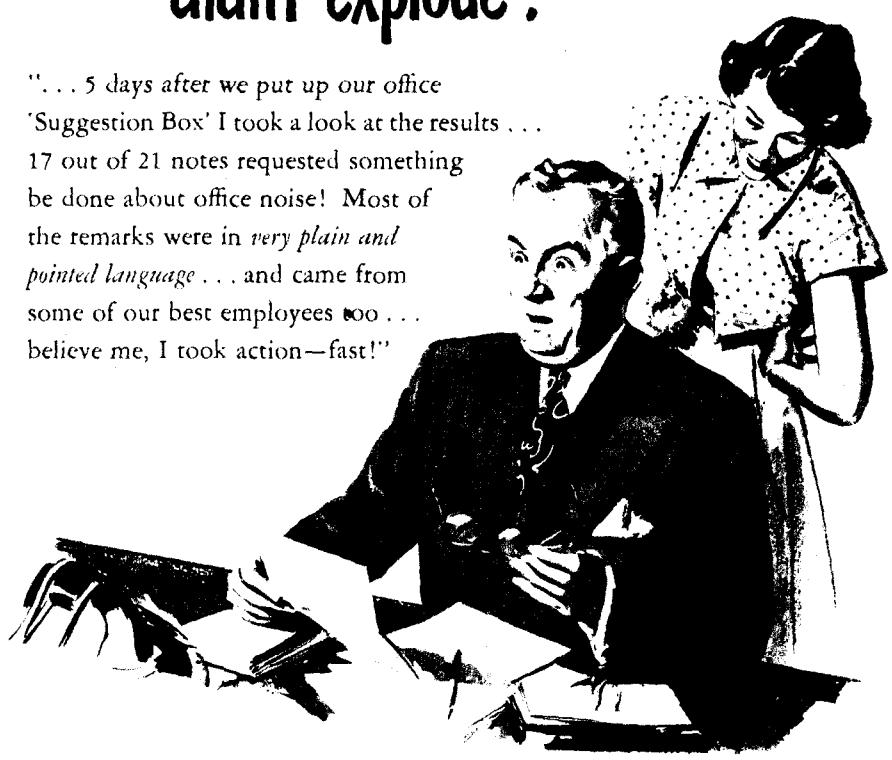
Mansfield

© Mansfield Shoes . . . Whitman, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's a wonder the suggestion box didn't explode!

"... 5 days after we put up our office 'Suggestion Box' I took a look at the results ... 17 out of 21 notes requested something be done about office noise! Most of the remarks were in *very plain and pointed language* ... and came from some of our best employees too ... believe me, I took action—fast!"



"I'm the expert who cured these office jitters ..."

This office was typical of *hundreds* where unchecked noise destroys efficiency, ruins dispositions and boosts operating costs. Our *free* analysis showed that Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning—quickly installed at modest cost—would bring *immediate* quiet, comfort and savings to this office and its staff."

Remember ... it takes all 3 to check noise for good!

1—The Correct Material for each particular job! Your distributor of Acousti-Celotex products has a complete line of superior, specialized acoustical materials, backed by over 25 years of experience in custom-made sound conditioning. His free analysis of your noise problem assures correct sound conditioning—*in advance!*

2—Expert Installation to suit each individual requirement, specification and building code. Over 200,000 Acousti-Celotex installations the country over have solved every type of acoustical problem. That's why you get the *right* material, *correctly* installed, the *first* time when you specify Acousti-Celotex products.

3—Guaranteed Materials, Methods and Workmanship. Acousti-Celotex products have the years of scientific research, nation-wide organization and time-proved qualities that enable your distributor to guarantee his work, his materials and his sound conditioning techniques.

FOR YOUR FREE COPY of the informative booklet, "25 Questions and Answers on Sound Conditioning," and the name of your nearest distributor, write to The Celotex Corporation, Dept. CC-4, 120 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois. In Canada, Dominion Sound Equipments, Ltd., Montreal, Que.

ACOUSTI-CELOTEX

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U. S. PAT. OFF.

Sound Conditioning

FOR OFFICES • FACTORIES • STORES • SCHOOLS • HOTELS • HOSPITALS • CHURCHES • BANKS

Most Exciting Voice in the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the fears of those who think she is tearing her throat to shreds. She has been singing in her present style without undue effort for 15 years and she has never missed a performance because of throat trouble.

Yma sings the sensual, primitive music of her people. Her songs carry such exotic titles as Accla Taqui (Chant of the Chosen Maidens), Choladas (Dance of the Moon Festival) and Wayra (Dance of the Winds). Her most popular numbers—Taita Inty (Virgin of the Sun God), Ataypura (High Andes) and Tumpá (The Earthquake)—have a powerful, emotional impact. This music has been adapted from old Indian themes in the rich and original Andean musical folklore by her composer-husband, Moisés Vivanco. Moisés (Moy-zay) himself is half Quechuan and half Spanish.

Yma, too, has Spanish forebears. She is the sixth and youngest child of Imma Sumack Emilia Atahualpa, a full-blooded Quechuan, and Sixto Chavarri, of mixed Indian and Spanish blood. But she was born and brought up Quechuan and that, so far as she is concerned, is what she is.

In a High Mountain Village

She spent the first 12 years of her life in the Indian village of Ichocan (population about 250), 12,000 feet up on the side of Mt. Cumbemayta, in the Department of Cajamarca, Peru. The elevation of her home town—fliers usually go on oxygen at about this altitude—may explain why Yma has a strikingly broad chest for her 110 pounds and five-foot-one-inch height.

Supernatural beings and magic play an important role in Quechuan life, a fact that has had quite an effect on Yma's career in this country. According to Dr. Bernard Mishkin, author of The Contemporary Quechua, published in 1946 by the Smithsonian Institution for the Bureau of American Ethnology, many Quechuans believe that God and Christ are one. This divinity often is equated with the Sun, Inti Huayna Capac.

Obviously, no creative press agent could resist such an opportunity. Yma was not only presented to the American public as an Inca princess, a sun worshiper and a Golden Virgin or Chosen Maiden dedicated to the Sun—it was even implied that some 30,000 Indians rose up in protest against her departure from the mountain. These lush embellishments of a story that is good in its own right have left Yma's publicizers self-bent over a barrel.

Walter Rivers, an executive of Capitol Records, was shown a review of Yma's album which stressed the theme, "Capitol has taken something which is essentially good and crummed it up." He grinned self-consciously and said, "We just used what we were given. Maybe we sweetened it up a bit. But we've learned our lesson. Next time, we'll give her a more dignified presentation. Frankly, we just didn't know what we had."

Yma won't say who, among the nine managers and agents she has had since she came to this country, originated the publicity campaign. But she has decided enough is enough, and has put her foot down.

Yma doesn't claim to be a princess, but she does claim she is an Inca as well as a Quechuan (the Incas were the ruling family of the Quechua-populated Inca Kingdom). There is a letter in the files of the Peruvian consul in New York which supports her claim. The letter, bearing the great seal of Peru, reads:

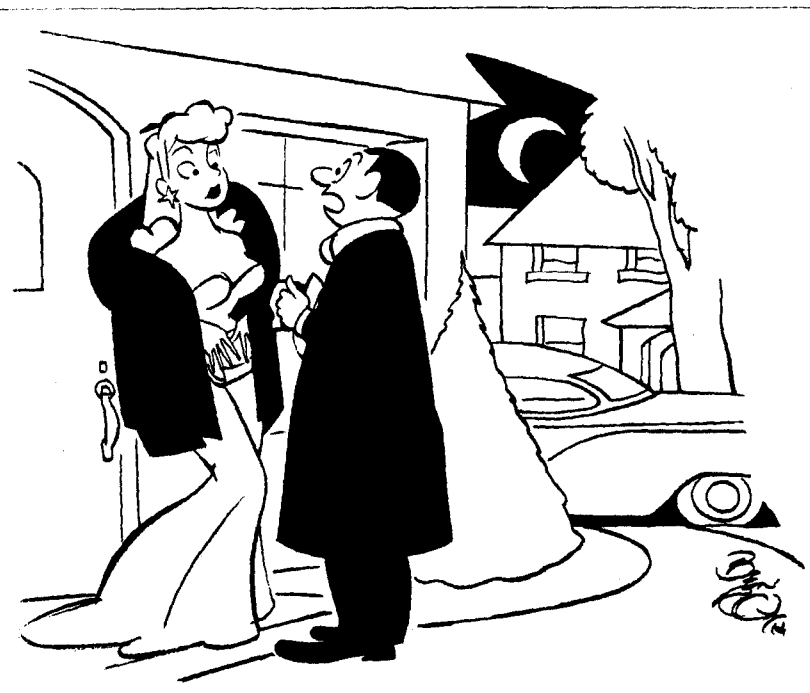
"I hereby certify that to the best of my knowledge, and in accordance with the assertions of authorities on the History of the Incas and on Peruvian History in general (whose names will be furnished upon request), Imma Sumack is a descendant of the Inca Emperor ATAHUALPA, her mother having been Doña Emilia Atahualpa, direct descendant of the last Inca Emperor of Peru.

May 23, 1946 Jose Varela y Arias
Cónsul General del Perú"

Atahualpa was, of course, the Inca who was murdered by Francisco Pizarro in 1553, after having fulfilled a ransom demand by piling gold as high as he could reach into a room 20 feet square.

On the question of sun worship, Yma refuses to give ground. She says, bluntly and forcibly, "All good things come from Inti Huayna Capac." Her husband adds, "I am Catholic, but I have no influence. I know you don't believe here in New York that a girl go to her room, lock up, and chant and pray to Sun God, but it is so. All through those mountains it is so."

The "Chosen Maiden" tale is an excellent example of what happens when a press agent's mind is overstimulated. Of the 30,000 Indians said to have risen in protest against Yma's journey into the lowlands,



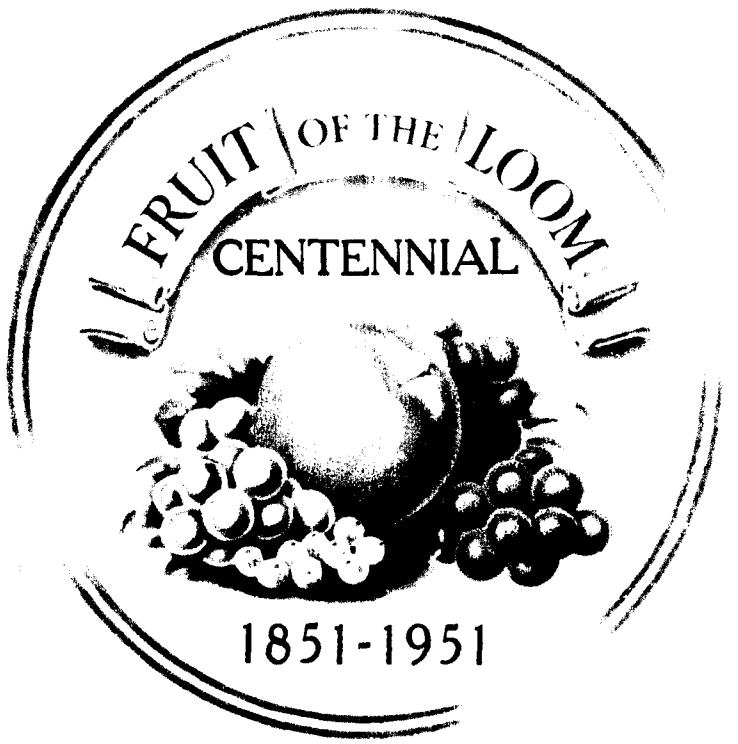
COLLIER'S

"May I hope for another date sometime? After I have a couple more paydays?"

BEN ROTH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

100TH ANNIVERSARY of the famous brand name... FRUIT OF THE LOOM!



In UNDERWEAR
it means
SOLID COMFORT
SOLID VALUE

HERE'S FABRIC NEWS! *Fruit of the Loom men's boxer shorts in wonder-washing* RUGGED RAYON. *A once-in-a-hundred-years* VAL-U-PLUS *item ...real Centennial Value. White and solid colors.*

ATHLETIC SHIRTS—*panel-ribbed knit cotton.*

BOXER SHORTS—*Sanforized Fruit of the Loom broadcloth with all-'round elastic waist. Smart stripes, solid colors and white.*

TRIM BRIEFS—*combed cotton. Cellophane packaged.*

TAILORED TEE SHIRTS—*absorbent combed cotton, knit to fit. White and solid colors.*

ATHLETIC SHIRTS—*flat or 1 x 1 ribbed knit cotton.*

GRIPPER SHORTS—*Sanforized Fruit of the Loom broadcloth. Three gripper-front and elastic side inserts. Bold and subdued stripes.*

ATHLETIC SHIRTS—*accordion-ribbed knit cotton.*

GRIPPER SHORTS—*Sanforized Fruit of the Loom broadcloth with patented Ful-Bak seat. Preferred solid colors and white.*

GUARANTEE

If this Fruit of the Loom product does not give you satisfaction in use, return it to us and you will receive a new one or a refund of the purchase price.

FRUIT OF THE LOOM
INC.
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

MEMO FOR MOTHER:

Make Fruit of the Loom your buy-word in *boys'* underwear too!

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

A Family of American Products for the American Family

1450 Broadway • New York City • 40 Worth Street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles CHESTER
AIR CUSHION SHOES*
Supreme in Comfort!

Sold only through your local factory-trained Charles Chester shoe fitting specialist. Write for his name today—Dept. N.

Style 953
Golden Maple

Style 954
Rich Cherry

EXCLUSIVE—patented Air Cushion Inner Sole. Air Cushion Outer Sole—wears 4 times as long, weighs 30% less.

*Pat. No. 2,421,605

TOPS FOR COMFORT, STYLE, VALUE—SAY CHARLES CHESTER CUSTOMERS!

Sydney Van Gould, successful Charles Chester Salesman says—"My customers tell me no other shoes compare with Charles Chester Air Cushion Shoes in luxury comfort, top styling and big Charles Chester factory-to-you savings. No wonder my regular customer list keeps growing year after year. And don't forget—there's a full guarantee on more than 100 Charles Chester styles for all the family!

SALESMEN! A profitable Charles Chester Agency can be your guarantee of security. For complete information write Dept. J, Charles Chester Shoe Co., Brockton 64, Mass. Please state your qualifications.

Charles CHESTER
AIR CUSHION SHOES*
*Pat. No. 2,421,605
BROCKTON 64, MASSACHUSETTS

only one has been uncovered. Doña Emilia Atahualpa Chavarri at first protested very vigorously against the plan to have her daughter "sing for *profanos*." Yma, with one of her rare smiles, says, "Mama seem like 30,000."

An article published in La Crónica in Lima, Peru, this past November, which was authenticated and forwarded to this writer by the public affairs officer of the American embassy, says that Yma was discovered by a government employee when she sang, at thirteen, at a Feast of the Sun held in her native village before 25,000 spectators. He passed news of her voice along to the Ministry of Education; the ministry, in turn, arranged for Yma to travel with her family to Lima, where she was presented in a concert. Then she was entered in a Catholic girls' school, the Institute de Santa Teresa.

Mama Refuses an Offer

A year before Yma's arrival in Lima, Moisés had formed the Compañía Peruana de Arte—a group of 46 Indian dancers, singers and musicians. As a student of folk music he attended Yma's concert. Immediately afterward, he sought out the girl and her mother. Yma, he argued, was destined for his company of Indian artists; she would be its star. Mama, he says, just sat "stony-eyed" and shook her head. A concert sponsored by the Ministry of Education was one thing, the professional theater another.

But Yma was greatly taken with Moisés's proposition. She suddenly developed a zest for knowledge; this made it necessary for her to go to night school. An older, married sister, assigned to escort her to these classes, was a willing conspirator. She sat quietly by as Yma rehearsed nightly with Moisés's Compañía.

Yma made her radio debut with Moisés's group early in 1942, confident in the knowledge that her mother never listened to the radio. She had forgotten about the newspapers. An overnight sensation, Yma provoked heavy press coverage, with pictures. When she is asked what happened then, she replies succinctly, "Big, big spank!"

However, her father and her brothers and sisters rallied to her cause and Mama finally agreed that Yma might have a professional career. That April it was announced that the Compañía, starring Yma Sumac, had been signed to appear over Radio Belgrano, Buenos Aires.

On June 6, 1942, the fourteen-year-old Yma was married in a civil ceremony to Moisés Vivanco, twenty-one, in Arequipa, at the foot of El Misti, the most noted of the Andean peaks. "Romance," says Yma, "began for me soon after I go to Lima. I cannot speak for when Moisés's heart grew tender."

Moisés doesn't know whether he first fell in love with the girl or the voice. He does know that he was frightened of Yma's proud mother and somewhat intimidated by Yma's own regal attitude—until the day a member of his troupe came to him and said, "You are breaking Yma's heart with the golden strings of your guitar."

After the wedding, the troupe left for Buenos Aires and the road that eventually led—via Rio, Mexico City and Prudencio Camacho's delicatessen—to Yma's success in this country.

Overzealous press-agentry has been only one of the problems Yma has had to face since she came north. Between the time she was fourteen and her arrival here at eighteen, she had successfully toured Brazil, Argentina, Peru, Mexico and Chile as the star of her husband's troupe. She had appeared in theaters, night clubs, concert halls, over radio networks, and had headlined the great casinos of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. She had made movies in the Argentine and her records were sold throughout South America. In the United States, Yma discovered for the first time that earning a living could be complicated.

She and Moisés had arrived here in January, 1946, having disbanded the Compañía Peruana de Arte a short time before and formed the Inca Taky Trio with Yma's contralto cousin Cholita Rivero. During the years 1946-'49 the life of the trio was heavily accented on the downbeat. They progressed, gradually, from a suite at the Waldorf to a Park Avenue apartment to a small, three-room flat on Perry Street in Greenwich Village. Moisés views this last move philosophically. "Yma goes from Park Avenue to laundry machine, and to market with little bag," he recalls. "She learns many important things then."

She also contributed a pleasant note to her new neighborhood. Frances Treacy, an elderly widow who lived across the hall from them, reports that during the hot summer months the neighbors used to gather in the street beneath Yma's open window, to listen as she practiced. Mrs. Treacy says, "I used to sit out on the stoop and there was always someone who'd say, 'That's no human voice.' And I'd tell them—quite sharply—that it was too."

The trio worked only about 70 weeks during those four struggling years. Their jobs ranged from engagements at the Blue Angel, a top New York night club, to hotel jobs in the Midwest and theater appearances in Canada. They also made about 20 one-night stands on bookings as varied as a real-estate convention dinner at the Hotel Commodore, a concert appearance at the Peruvian embassy in Washington and radio and television shows like We the People and the Arthur Godfrey show.

It is possible that the trio could have worked more regularly. Yola Miller, production assistant to musical comedy writer Yip Harburg, tells of taking Yma to one of the leading theatrical agencies in 1948. There, a Runyonesque character took one look at Yma's sultry, tropical beauty and launched into a speech that, according to Yola, went something like this: "Look, kid, you want to get yourself a red satin dress, see, cut down to here. You're the Spanish senorette type. Do your hair up in spit curls and stick one of them big combs in it, see? Then learn some numbers like Begin the Beguine, and I think I can place you."

Yola says, "As Yma listened to this character trying to redesign her, she kept drawing back in her chair. It was like watching a cobra coil. I thought, 'If he doesn't shut up she'll claw him.' Finally, she jumped to her feet and a torrent of Quechuan poured out. When we got outside, she fought her way back to English, and screeched, 'But . . . but that man! What he mean to say that? Doesn't he know? I am Yma.'"

Abandoning Art for Fish

The trio's fortunes reached their lowest ebb in mid-1948, at which time Yma also discovered she was pregnant. As she describes it, "I cry and sing no more. I want to go to my home. Then Moisés say, 'No more art. I do business with fish.'"

For the next few months Moisés devoted himself, in association with a friend, to the importation of Peruvian tuna. They brought 26,000 boxes into the country, he says, but although the fish were edible, they weren't profitable.

Papuchka was born February 7, 1949, and his arrival eventually brought to an end an ingenuous deception Yma and Moisés had been practicing. They had somehow arrived at the conclusion that *el norteamericano* would more readily part with his money at the box office if he could dream of Yma as a glamorous single girl. So Moisés pretended, in their public life, to be just another working member of the trio. By the time Papuchka arrived they had themselves involved in a tangle of embarrassing complications and they were thoroughly sick of their masquerade. It hadn't enriched the box office one peso.

"Big fools," Moisés says now, as he and Yma proudly display a tousle-headed youngster who is, his parents are convinced, a "genius child." Papuchka, who prefers to answer to the name of Charlie, is a handsome, solemn-faced two-year-old with eyelashes almost as long as his mother's.

Charlie-Papuchka has an inherited affinity for everything musical. He makes a valiant effort to accompany his mother when she is practicing. Nothing tears with so pleasing a sound as the sheet of music paper on which his father has just composed a new song. If Moisés is playing the piano, the child soberly beats out the time with his foot until he is ready to launch into a waltzlike dance of his own creation. If his father puts down a guitar or a flute, the youngster pounces on it, although he is partial to drums. (He has discovered that drums make excellent mounting-blocks, and will put him within reach of any candy concealed on a table.)

Soon after the advent of Papuchka, Moisés gave up doing business with fish. His stern edict, "No more art," was withdrawn upon receipt of an offer of a two-week booking at a

HARRY GOFF

NOW HEAR THIS!

ELECTRIC SHAVER: **zurrrrr-zurr-zurrr-zurrrrrrrrrrrr---zurzurzur.**

ADD SIX DROPS LEMON EXTRACT: **plip plip plip. pliplip. pup.**

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR: **HUNGGGGG! zimzimzimzimzimzimzimzimzimzimmmm.**

COFFEE DRIPPING: **stip-stip-stip-stip-stipple-stopple-stopple-stip-stopple-opple-stopple-ppp; e-stop. (Have a cup?)**

CREAKY ROCKING CHAIR: **Wheedle-wheep --- wheedle-wheep --- wheedle-wheep.**

SQUEEZING ORANGES: **squttch! skitch. witch. wutch. wutch. wutch. wutchle.**

—PAULINE GALE

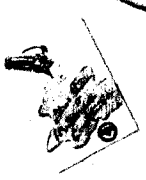
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACARDI

World's largest selling rum

The very first Daiquiri was made with Bacardi

—the very best still are



Gratis—
Cuba's treasured rum recipes.
WRITE:
Bacardi Imports, Inc., 595 Madison, N.Y. Rum 86 & 89 Proof

Montreal theater, to be followed by two months at the Cine-America Theater and the Montmartre Cabaret in Havana. It was only a temporary upsurge of fortune, however. Things grew so rough again that, in the last half of 1949, the trio was seriously tempted by the offer of a vaudeville tryout: $60 for four nights at a Bayonne, New Jersey theater. They decided, after much soul searching, that one meal a day was preferable to four nights in a Bayonne tryout house.

And then they discovered the famous "Borscht circuit," that breeding ground of talent in the Catskill resort country of upstate New York. This led to eight weeks of welcome booking.

Mel Leonard, a dapper little night-club entertainer and comedian who also works as a master of ceremonies at mountain resorts, was M.C. at the Premier Hotel at South Fallsburg when Yma appeared there. He remembers the occasion vividly. "I assure you, being M.C., I am not given to bellhopping. But when this gorgeous creature arrives one afternoon I make a big move. I grab her bags and lug 'em to her room. I'm being very helpful, very gallant and all I get is a 'thank you' in that wonderful voice of hers—and that's enough, brother.

"The show goes on that night. I introduce all the acts, and I got a spot for myself where I'm very funny for the people. But I make a big mistake. I bring Yma on just before my spot. Believe me, the audience is stunned.

"And I got to follow that. I almost gave up being a comedian. I'm depressed for three weeks. *She's* the one who should've been depressed—I know what she gets paid for stunning the people.

"I tell you, I never saw a dame with such impact. She's not only tough to follow the same night, she's tough to follow a week later. And, still, she makes absolutely no concessions to her audience. She's a regal, haughty-type dame and she stays haughty the whole distance. But, then, maybe that's just superior showmanship. She needs showmanship with that figure?"

Yma did need more than her voice, her figure and her showmanship. She needed that break so essential to success in show business. And it came just at this time, although it had begun to materialize a year earlier. When the trio was playing its second engagement at the Blue Angel, Walter Rivers, of Capitol Records, had gone to the night club to scout a male singer. "But this trio came on first," Rivers says. "That was enough for me. I went backstage and asked this girl to come to my office. I never have caught that male singer."

The Lyrics Posed a Problem

Rivers recorded some of Yma's songs and sent them to his home office in Los Angeles. Alan Livingston, vice-president of Capitol, says he was bowled over by the voice but didn't have the slightest notion of how to present it commercially. He points out that songs very rarely make the Hit Parade when they have lyrics like this verse from Hymn to the Sun (quoted by permission of Beechwood Music):

Taita Inty!!
K'ontikipa unanchasccan
Apu inty wakcha cuyacc,
Kausachun llapa yma
Unanchasccayqui!!

Nevertheless, Livingston says he told himself, "It's a great voice. I'll sign her and then worry about what to do with her." A year later, at option time, he still didn't know what to do with her and so he let the contract lapse.

At the beginning of 1950, John Rose, Yma's present producer-manager and a man who approaches his duties with an air of reverent dedication to a cause, walked into Livingston's office and suggested he sign up a singer named Sumac. Livingston sighed and said, "I've been here before, but if you'll bring her to Hollywood, I'll sign her again."

Yma and her family were transplanted to Hollywood and the album was recorded. Livingston says it is the most sensational item his company has ever had. What most amazes him is the universal appeal of Yma's voice. "Every conceivable type of person goes for it," he says. "She isn't an established personality, and very few people have even seen her. And we've done no advertising, except for one small three-inch magazine ad."

Yma's highly praised Hollywood Bowl concert, was held on August 12, 1950. The album was released in September and Yma found herself an overnight sensation.

Living Strictly by Rules

Today, Yma is at home in her small penthouse on upper Broadway, administering occasional "little spanks" to Papuchka as she takes her English lesson, runs her home, rehearses four hours a day, keeps her professional appointments, and in every way obediently follows the primer of instructions her managers have written out for her. It covers everything, from specifications on nail polish she is to wear to an admonition that she sleep without a pillow in order to preserve her chin line.

Occasionally, she rebels, and shouts,

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Daddy,' when we're out like this, Phyllis. After all, you *are* my daughter"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

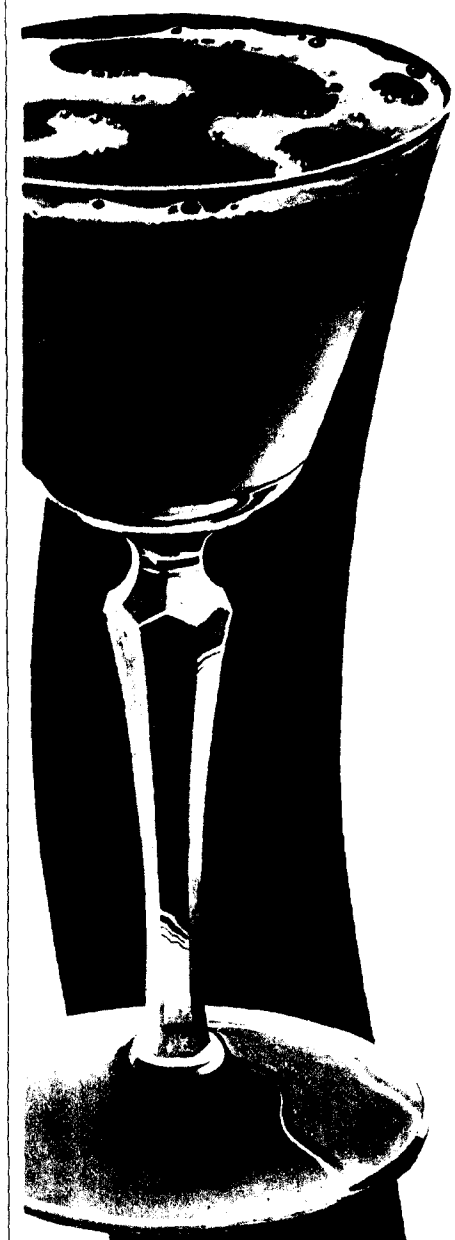
"You drive me like *mula!*" On the whole, though, she is co-operative, even if she does think some of this training for stardom is silly. "Everyone get jitters," she says. "Do this . . . do that. He's important . . . she's big thing. Bah!" Then she grows philosophical, looks on the bright side, and adds, "But Sunday is my own day. Every Sunday—every one—I can go to movies."

Plans for Yma's own movie debut have been temporarily postponed, much to the disappointment of Peter Rathvon, an independent producer and former head of RKO Pictures, who has Yma under option. Before any movie making, she will appear as one of the leads in Flahooley, the new musical comedy by Yip Harburg and Fred Saidy, which opens in New York the first week in May. The fact that she is to play the role of an Arabian seductress in no way startles her. Yma now can take anything in her stride.

In February she played a three-week stint at the Roxy Theater, getting feature billing under Danny Kaye. She was something of a sensation. Dr. Rafael Larco Herrera, a former vice-president of Peru, flew 10,000 miles to catch her act, paid his own admission into the theater, presented her with a pair of gold Inca earrings and flew back the next day.

Danny Kaye became her avid fan and devoted admirer, and Paul Ash, who has conducted the Roxy orchestra for 14 years, says he has never seen another singer create such wild enthusiasm there.

Perhaps even more significant, it looks as if she may be made an honorary citizen of one of our most notable communities. One of its residents, Miss Marilyn Jesmain, took one look at Yma and immediately began forming a Sumac Fan Club, with that end in mind. Its motto: "We only wish she were Amy Camus of Brooklyn." THE END



Bacardi Cocktail —world's smoothest drink.

Bacardi —world's largest selling rum.

Free— colorful book of choice rum recipes.

BACARDI

WRITE:
Bacardi Imports, Inc., 595 Madison, N.Y. Rum 86 & 89 Proof

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"BOTANY" BRAND 500

Tailored by Daroff

Gabardine...
lustrous as a lake

"Botany" Brand 500's luxurious 100% virgin worsted gabardine has a texture as soft and gleaming as spun moonlight. Daroff's tailoring carries through to provide *the* gabardine suit that smart America prefers. At good dealers everywhere...together with other wonderful "Botany" Brand 500 suits...from $65.

If you can't locate a dealer, write Botany and we will direct you.

The Fabric is the Soul of the Suit...

Look for this label

*"BOTANY" IS A TRADEMARK OF BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1951, BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J.

Fabric by Botany Mills, Inc., Passaic, N. J.— Tailored by Daroff, Philadelphia

Fish the Fast Waters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

timing that enables him to drop a fly on the water as lightly as a shred of thistledown. For lakers he must know how and where to troll his assortment of beads and gleaming spoons. But to bring home a big rainbow, he is called upon to apply his knowledge and skill both before and after the fish has been hooked.

If you see a man splashing rapidly downstream, rod held high, reel singing like a banshee, trying to keep pace with a silvery flash that is weaving in and out of the water below him, you will know he is fast to a rainbow. Just give him plenty of room and no distracting conversation.

You may hear an old-timer advising a novice angler how to handle a brook or brown trout

"Keep a tight line, hold the rod tip high, and don't try to horse the fish in to the net," he will explain. "Remember to play your trout lightly."

The advice of the rainbow specialist will be briefer, and more to the point.

"Try to keep some line on the reel."

On Alaska's Brooks River

This writer thought he knew something about rainbow fishing until the day he got his first chance to drop a fly on the rippling water of the Brooks River in Alaska.

Where my fly had rested, there was a sudden eruption of water, a bright flash, and the rod began to dip and vibrate to the accompaniment of a keening cry from the reel. The current was fast and I was faster, but the rainbow had us both licked. I put on all the pressure I dared, but it was not enough. I got off at the cost of a few minutes of time, a No. 10 Black Gnat, a few feet of 3-X leader, and a skinned knuckle.

Some anglers are willing to benefit from the experience of a man who has been there. Others don't learn unless they're beaten over the head with a rod butt. Before leaving camp that morning, Enos Bradner, of Seattle, who had fished the Brooks the year before, eyed my light, three-ounce rod, small trout reel and wispy 12-foot leaders with a smile that I now recall as quizzical. His comment was not interpreted at the time as a suggestion.

"I thought I saw a five-ounce rod and a salmon reel in your kit."

It had all the effect of a light rain on a duck, but the five-pound rainbow taught me my lesson.

The long walk back to camp for heavier tackle was tolerable only because I had the company of another fishing companion in a worse fix. He was returning for dry clothing and another rod. He had made a valiant effort to keep up with a big rainbow that was bent on stripping all the line from his reel. Slippery rocks and a long run of fast water proved too much for him; after floundering down 50 yards of rapids, often spending as much time underwater as the fish, he made shore. His two-piece rod was now a five-piece rod, and some of the Brooks River sloshed out of his waders at every step.

I had never thought of rainbows as "dry-fly" fish, although they are responsive to surface flies on a few streams at certain seasons. It came as something of a surprise to find that the Alaskan rainbows were willing to grab up surface flies ranging in size from a tiny No. 16 to a fat No. 6. Also, these rivers provide quite a contrast to the rainbow waters back home, where you have a memorable day if you raise 8 or 10 fish and land three or four. This was a real opportunity to experiment.

When it came to dry-fly patterns, the Alaskan rainbows seemed to have little preference, except for a tendency to respond more readily to heavily dressed flies with large bodies. In wet flies or streamers, they seemed to conform to the general rainbow preference for brightly colored flies or those with contrasting light and dark colors. The larger fish in those waters—they range from one to eight pounds—seemed to prefer wet flies or streamers. We rarely took the really big ones on surface lures.

The man who does much fishing on waters where rainbows predominate can leave his slender, dry-fly rod at home. This wand is fine for dropping a Quill Gordon gently on the water 40 feet distant, but it lacks the backbone for the long casts required on most rainbow rivers. These fish like the fast water, the riffles and the runs, and on many big rivers it is necessary to stretch a cast out to 70 or 80 feet in order to put a fly where it will do some good. This calls for a four-and-one-half- to five-ounce rod with the power to lay out a "torpedo-head" line and handle a fighting fish in rough water.

On the big steelhead rivers the specialists prefer even stouter rods, some going to six and a half ounces. The summer-run steelheads, plentiful from May through August, respond well to wet flies and quite a number are taken on dry flies. But the great majority of the anglers pin their faith to bait, and the favorite bait is salmon eggs. The winter-run fish, which provide peak angling from December through January, attract very few fly fishermen.

The rainbow and steelhead both are suckers for salmon eggs, and while some anglers use only one egg, most of them hold to the theory that if a single egg is good a lot of eggs are better. Some tie a gob of eggs to the hook with fine red thread, or confine several eggs in a small-netting sack. Both baits seem to work very well.

The fly-caster is inclined to look down his nose at the bait fisherman, as well as on the troller, on the theory that these anglers employ a coarser technique and heavier tackle. This theory develops quite a few flaws in some areas, for while a stout bait rod is widely used, many West Coast anglers use a rod eight or nine feet long, only a bit stouter than a fly rod, but fitted with a 12- to 15-inch cork butt. With this rod, they use a regulation bait-casting reel or a light star-drag reel, and no one could classify this outfit as "heavy."

As for skill, if you watch one of the salmon-egg specialists for a while you will realize they practice a technique that calls for considerable skill, in casting, hooking and playing a fish. The rainbow or steelhead is inclined to smack a fly with enough vigor to hook itself, but the same fish often takes a bait so gently that it's easy for an angler to react too slowly to set the hook. This is especially true when a bait is being drifted through a fast riffle or run, when a slight pause in the downstream swing of the line may be the only indication of a strike.

Fly-Anglers Fear Depletion

In any case, all is not sweetness and light between the bait and fly brotherhoods, especially on the steelhead rivers. The fly-anglers are convinced that the supply of these fish is no longer sufficient to withstand the ever-increasing pressure applied by bait fishermen. Some waters have been restricted to fly fishing, primarily as a conservation measure, and efforts are being made to have other rivers similarly restricted. Proponents of this program insist that if public fishing is to be perpetuated, the angler must use methods that will not drain the supply.

Except during the early season, when rainbows react more favorably to bait, fly fishermen seem to predominate on the popular Eastern waters. Quite a few have turned to the spinning outfit, especially on the larger rivers and lakes, as this tackle makes it possible to cast light lures a greater distance and with more ease.

The spinning outfit was introduced to this country from England and France only a few years ago. Since the inability to resist buying and trying something new is one of the symptoms of angling fever, thousands of fishermen succumbed. Because the line

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flows as freely and easily from a spinning reel as thread does from a full spool, the spinning outfit promised freedom from the bane of the novice angler—the backlash. The beginners turned to it without delay.

Properly handled, this rig provides an extremely successful means of taking rainbow trout, but when wielded by the inexperienced angler it will produce no more trout than the fly rod or bait rod. There is much more to this fishing than the mere casting of a bait or lure, as many a confident novice has discovered.

The spinning outfit has, however, proved an excellent rig for taking those giant, lake-bound members of the rainbow tribe known as the Kamloops trout. Millions of anglers have sighed at the thought of hooking one of these outsize rainbows, once confined almost entirely to the partially landlocked lakes of British Columbia. Like the river-bound rainbow, they have been transplanted to many lakes in the States, and in one of these places they grow to almost fabulous size.

Lake Pend Oreille, in Idaho, proved to be just what the Kamloops wanted, and many of them are taken out each year that range in weight from 20 to 36 pounds—a lot of rainbow in one piece. The unofficial record for the Kamloops was established 19 years ago, when a 56½ pounder was taken from Jewel Lake in British Columbia, but not even the home waters of the fish give up as many really large fish as Pend Oreille.

Big Ones in Knouff Lake

The Kamloops is not too highly prized by the fly fishing fraternity, as it responds more readily to spoons and plugs. However, Knouff Lake, near the town of Kamloops in British Columbia, has given up a lot of big fish not only to the fly, but even to the dry fly.

During July, the green sedge fly hatches at certain points on this lake, and the dry-fly angler is offered opportunities found in very few places in this world.

Angling surveys indicate that spoons and wobblers account for the majority of the Kamloops, and the angler who stumbles on a spoon that is especially successful can usually dispose of it quite profitably.

At Pend Oreille, two years ago, one woman Kamloops enthusiast had a local jeweler turn out a special spoon of solid gold and platinum, with 14 diamonds and two rubies added for brilliance. She lost this lure to a big Kamloops the first time out. There is no record of another angler duplicating this experiment. Lures are expendable, and not every rainbow enthusiast, regardless of his ardor, can afford that kind of an investment.

To my knowledge, the only other jeweled lure that worked on Pend Oreille was a watch. An angler who had lost all his spoons to big fish tied a hook to his waterproof wrist watch and actually took a 15-pounder on it—with, he insists, no harm to the watch.

Rainbow anglers are not slow to evolve expedients when confronted by obstacles which threaten to curb their sport. In one state, for example, a law was enacted prohibiting the use of salmon or trout eggs in fishing for rainbows. As this bait accounted for more of the fish than any other bait or lure, the new law came as quite a blow to many fishermen.

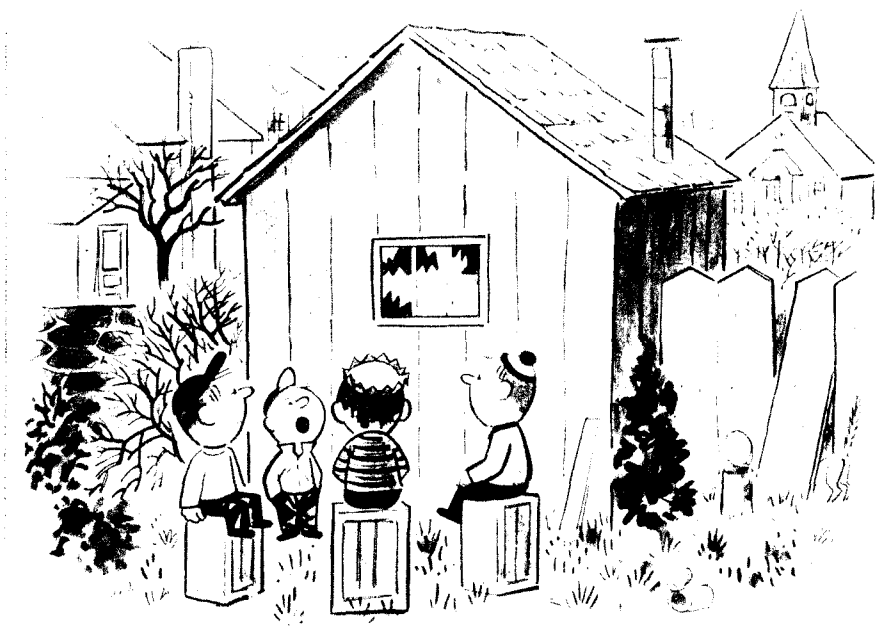
Phony Salmon Egg Fooled 'Em

The regulation mentioned nothing about "simulated" roe, and one angler hit upon a method that gave him a bait remarkably close to the real thing, but within the law. He found that by taking a small pellet of petroleum jelly, spearing it on the hook, then molding it to the proper shape with his fingers while holding it under cold water, he could produce a convincing artificial salmon egg. Later he added a bit of coloring and a touch of fish oil, which improved even further on the illusion.

If you happen to drop in at Catherine Creek in New York during the opening week of the rainbow season, you will find proof of the effectiveness of this bait. Also, you will have the privilege of viewing as large a gathering of rainbow trout enthusiasts as you are ever likely to see on one stretch of water.

Although the ratio of fish per angler undoubtedly is lower on rainbows than it is on brook or brown trout, the other popular members of the trout family, the odds do not seem to deter the legion of anglers who put rainbows at the top of their preference list. This could mean that the modern trout fisherman is showing more interest in the sport than in the meat.

If you are willing to use tackle sufficiently light to insure a sporting contest, and will employ lures that demand skillful handling to attain success, this fish can provide all the thrills and excitement any angler could ask. There's just one condition: you must prepare to weather the depths of angling despair as well as the peaks of delight—if you want to catch rainbows. THE END

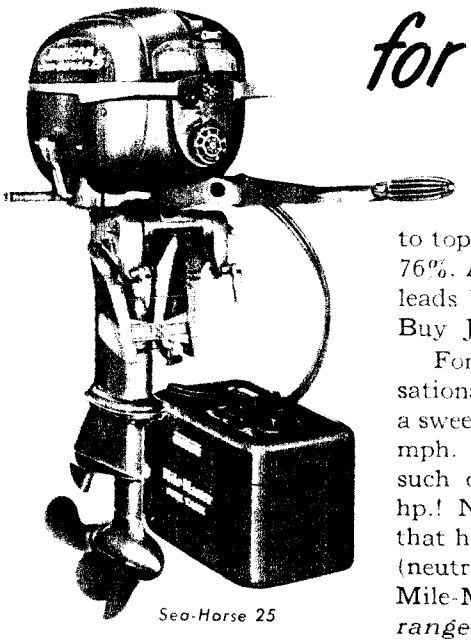


"About this suggested merger with the West Side Boys' Club—it's true West Side is a big outfit, and there would be advantages, but what we have is a compact, closely knit organization . . ."

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

JOHNSON Sea-Horses are America's No. 1 Choice for DEPENDability

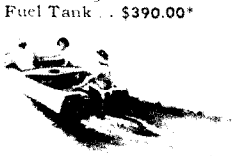


Sea-Horse 25

More fishermen own Johnson outboard motors than any other make! By actual count among subscribers to top outdoor magazines, Johnson leads by 76%. Among automotive engineers, Johnson leads by 82%! Take a tip from the experts. Buy Johnson DEPENDability.

For an unforgettable thrill drive the sensational new Sea-Horse 25. Never before such a sweeping performance range—from over 30 mph. to a sweet, steady troll. Never before such compactness—less than 4 pounds per hp.! Never before a high-power outboard that handles and starts so easily. Gear Shift (neutral-forward-reverse). Separate, plug-in Mile-Master Fuel Tank for *long cruising range*. Synchro Twist-Grip Speed Control. See it at your Johnson dealer's. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory.

25 H. P. . . . With Gear Shift, Synchro Twist-Grip Speed Control, separate, six-gallon Mile-Master Fuel Tank . . **$390.00***



10 H. P. . . . With Gear Shift and separate Mile-Master Fuel Tank (6 gallons) **$295.00***

5 H. P. . . . Neutral Clutch. No Shear Pin. World's favorite fishing motor **$187.50***

2.5 H. P. . . . World's lightest Alternate Firing Twin—only 31 lbs. **$137.50***

Describes the four versatile Sea-Horses for 1951—a motor for every outboard need! Full details on new features. *WRITE!*

JOHNSON MOTORS, 300 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
In Canada: Johnson Motors, Peterborough

OBC

*All prices f.o.b. factory. All prices subject to change without notice. All ratings are OBC Certified brake h.p. at 4000 r.p.m.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHARLES HAWES

UN-BOMB-WORTHY SPOT

Dear editar:

Yesterday afternoon I was sittin on my front porch sunnin myself and watchin the south wind play with a newspaper out in my pasture, chasin it back and forth, up and down, around and around, like four different delegations tuggin at a congressman who was perfectly willin to vote all four ways if he could. After a while I got to speculatin on whether or not the wind would manage to get it close enough to me so I could reach it without gettin up and later in the afternoon a sudden gust swooped it up and dropped it right at my feet and I lifted one foot and let it down on it and held it there until I was through restin. When I got around to pickin it up I glanced over the war news and was headin for the funnies when my eye caught a story about the need for bomb shelters in this country.

Accordin to it, Congress is so concerned over the need for such shelters it has passed a law and the President has signed it puttin up two and a quarter billion dollars to prepare major cities and industrial centers to cope with the hazards of attack by enemy bombs, and I'm for it. Ain't never seen a dictator build up a bomber fleet yet and not use it.

As I understand the law, a nervous community with a lop-sided share of this world's goods or a key industry or some extra important people or even just a guilty conscience can apply to the federal government for a bomb shelter grant and match the money themselves and get set for the worst.

But I would like to announce right now that us folks at Circleville do not intend to apply for any of that money.

My Johnson grass farm on the San Gabriel River out here at Circleville is the most un-bomb-worthy spot in the whole United States and I aim to keep it that way. Ain't a thing out here that would make it worth the enemy's time bombin. Be the most economically unrewardin thing you can imagine to waste a medium-size or say $100,000 type bomb on Circleville, not even to mention those first-class or $500,000 jobs. Bankrupt a maraudin nation quicker than Mussolini did Italy to go around the country droppin bombs on places like Circleville.

For years we've been sittin back out here watchin cities strainin to get bigger and bombier. Noticed if one got a buildin you could spot 20 miles at sea, some other city built one you could spot at 40 miles, and the first one felt ashamed of its measly target and wanted one you could spot at 50. The taller the buildings got, the more jammed up, the more elated and civilized the people felt and the more backward us folks in the country was supposed to feel. Quickest way to get your name in the paper outside of defraudin your own bank was to announce the start of a taller buildin.

Now though the trend seems to be in the other direction. The deeper the hole you can dig the more advanced you are in your thinkin.

But you take us, we haven't been stampeded in either direction. Most folks passin through Circleville would figure we were pretty backward, but the fact is we were far ahead of our time all along and have risen to our present eminence of world's most un-bomb-worthy spot through tenacity and hard-bitten refusal to be stampeded into progress.

I'll admit we almost got out of our class once. Had a neighbor who was always workin on somethin, couldn't even stand a door squeakin, and one time just about had a better mouse trap made and had already marked off where he wanted the path beat when some scientist up North invented rat poison. It was a red-letter day for Circleville.

Therefore, I will appreciate you mentionin to the world that down here at Circleville we haven't got a sign of:

A harbor.
Even an ocean.
Any tall buildins.
Any trains that stop.
Even a depot.

We've got only one ordinary highway. Needs fixin.

No factories.
No radio station.
No telephone office.
No government bureau.
No important people.
No hoarded up dried eggs.
No stockpiled butter.

Only enough food to run till next hog-killin time.

In fact, there ain't a thing around here anybody could bomb and come out ahead on. Outside of a few stragglin cows I ain't even sure will calve any more there ain't even much out here worth machine-gunnin.

And furthermore, in case some war-jittery people in the more advanced cities get the idea the smart and safe thing to do is to head for Circleville, I'd like to point out we're unhospitable to newcomers if they betray the slightest mark of progress. Don't want any important city people movin out here next to me. The last thing I want in these days is an important neighbor. They attract bombs. Just as soon be holdin a lightnin rod in an electrical storm.

We're all in this thing together and us folks at Circleville will do whatever we're called on for, always have, but we don't stampede easily. I'll do my part all right as this country suits me and I'd like to keep it that way, but can't nobody convince me for example hangin my front gate would improve the world situation and I intend to let it sag. It sagged through two other world wars and it can sag through the next, as far as I'm concerned. And the same thing applies to my roof. Rain in the atomic age ain't gonna be no wetter than it's been in the past and anybody who objects to it leakin through on him in my house can move over to a dry spot or stay where he is and get wet.

Russia's aim may be to get everybody so jittery ain't nobody worth anythin, but I can tell her now she's run up against a stump when it comes to me.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A child—afraid of the Springtime?

Spring was made for children, like laughter and warm sun. Why should a child fear these?

You would have to live where she lives to understand. You would have to know that your home can be entered and searched night or day, your father taken off to prison for as little reason as—that he received a letter postmarked "Israel."

Yes, there is a place in the world where *that* can be a reason for persecution. This little girl lives there. She saw her father taken away three years ago.

Now he has come out of prison. And he and all the Jews of that land, which shall be nameless here, have—miraculously—been given permission to leave. Of course, most of what they possess, save the clothes they wear, will have to remain behind. No matter.

What matters is that they must leave by May 31, this year—or never leave at all. For on that fateful day the exit doors will be slammed shut. Now do you understand how a little girl can be afraid of the Springtime? Understanding, will you help wipe the fear from her heart?

Will you help her and all the other thousands who pray for the ships and planes that can take them out of danger and oppression to Israel and freedom? Will you help them—as you helped 500,000 others in the last three years—build homes and a new life there?

You can—so easily—by contributing to the United Jewish Appeal. Do it now, quickly, while there is time. Give today. Give more than ever before.

In 1951—Before Time Runs Out—the United Jewish Appeal Must:

Save 200,000 homeless Jews by bringing them to Israel from danger zones in Eastern Europe and Arab lands.

Help the people of Israel make their country a bulwark of democracy—by aiding them establish 120 new agricultural settlements; build housing units for 40,000; care for 50,000 immigrants in reception centers plus 15,000 children and 5,000 aged and handicapped.

Supply relief, care and rehabilitation assistance to 400,000 distressed Jews in Europe and Arab countries, 90,000 of them children.

Resettle in this country and in other western democracies a total of 25,000 displaced Jews from Europe.

United Jewish Appeal

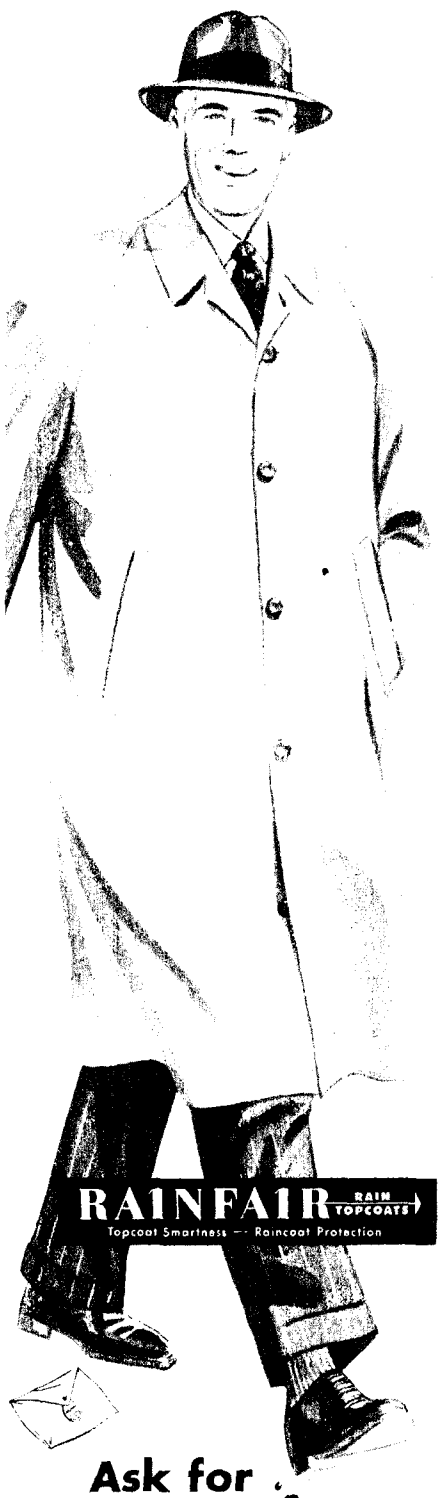
on behalf of Joint Distribution Committee • United Palestine Appeal • United Service for New Americans • 165 West 46 Street, New York 19, N.Y.

TO SAVE LIVES—TO STRENGTHEN THE FREE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL—TO AID DEMOCRACY EVERYWHERE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a RAINFAIR original

the Waterproof



Ask for THE Nylonair (100% NYLON) $15.75

Here's 100% waterproof protection in a raincoat you'll wear with pride—anywhere! The Rainfair *Nylonair* is tailored in lustrous grey of pure, silky nylon, yet is unconditionally guaranteed to shed the heaviest deluge. Weighs less than a pound and packs into a pocket-size carrying envelope. Stays soft and supple always; needs no dry cleaning.

Similar 100% waterproof protection is yours in the all-nylon *Zephyr*, a 15 oz. dark green raincoat tailored for rugged service. Can't stick, harden or crack. Pocket-size carrying envelope. Unconditionally guaranteed, $11.50.

Write for free style booklet.

RAINFAIR, INC. • RACINE 4, WISCONSIN
Makers of SMARTAIR Leisure Wear

Diamond Rhubarbs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

They never permit the catcher to get between them and the ball.

National League base umpires make a slight movement—in any direction—every time the ball leaves the pitcher's hand. This means they cannot be caught flat-footed because they are already in motion and can guide that motion in the correct direction. It also keeps the umps literally on their toes and thereby makes them know they are working a ball game—not watching one. This "watching," incidentally, is responsible for nine out of ten mistakes made by umpires.

I do not mean to suggest that the American Leaguers are incompetent. (Nor do I mean to suggest that they are as competent as the National Leaguers.) I just do not believe that they can be as good standing still as they would be moving. In any case, the fans today are seeing the best umpiring in the history of baseball in all leagues.

In my opinion, nobody in the old days stood so firmly in the way of progress as the men who owned ball clubs. They were, in the main, rugged survivors of poverty and cutthroat competition. Baseball had made them rich beyond their dreams and they resisted stubbornly any change in the *status quo*. They wanted to win even more than they wanted to make money, and many were not sufficiently self-disciplined to accept the decisions of an umpire as they would the decisions of a judge. They knew that the umpire whose decision had just cost them a ball game was, in point of fact, their employee. And why, they reasoned, should they let their own hired hands kick them around? Tom Lynch, who had resigned umpiring because of the Orioles, quit as president of the National League because of the magnates. "It is impossible to please the owners," he explained.

The reaction of Lynch's predecessor, Harry Pulliam, was stronger: he committed suicide.

Charles Ebbets, who owned the Brooklyn club, was something else. He was tough; he complained; he went after umpires' jobs in the early days. But Charley had a touch of class few of the others had. He was worth working on.

We spent many an hour together plotting for the greater glory of the game we loved. He died as a great baseball man.

The "Toughest" Club Owner

Barney Dreyfus, owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates, was the toughest man who ever owned a ball club. No umpire ever made a decision against the Pittsburgh interests that did not result in a steaming protest to the front office. Too many umpires were afraid of Dreyfus. Dreyfus originated a technique later perfected by Sam Breadon, who owned the St. Louis Cardinals. Neither ever sent to the front office a plea for the righting of a wrong. They simply sent instructions.

Oddly, Dreyfus and I got along reasonably well until about 1924. It started in the Polo Grounds when a young Pittsburgh player rather heatedly informed me that I was a dirty word because I called him out on strikes. I tossed him out of the game and thought no more of it. Next morning, when I reported at New York headquarters, Dreyfus was there. He opened with, "Bill, it looks like you got it in for my ball club."

I laughed at him. "Barney, you've been in baseball 40 years and you say a thing like that to an umpire?"

"That boy you threw out yesterday says he didn't swear at you."

I laughed again. "They always say that, Barney."

"Bill, I know that boy. He doesn't swear."

Now I knew I had another battle. I exploded, "Mr. Dreyfus, I've overlooked things ballplayers did, I've covered up for them, but I never lie."

Dreyfus insisted, "I know that boy doesn't use that kind of language. It looks like you have it in for my club."

"That's the second time you've said that, Mr. Dreyfus. If you believe it, say it to that man there (Heydler) and you and your ball club will never see me again."

In 1926, Dreyfus buttonholed every owner in the league and made a plea for my dismissal. Cullen Cain, my good friend then and now, was publicity director of the National League. Cain's boss, John Heydler, was distraught as he told Cain, "The owners are going to vote to fire Klem. And Dreyfus has enough of them buffaloed so he can get it through. What'll I do?"

Cain said, "The owners aren't sore at Bill. They just don't want to offend Dreyfus. So have the vote on Bill's removal done as a secret ballot." Usually secret balloting is a rarity at league meetings, but Heydler followed Cain's advice and Dreyfus' motion to fire me was beaten, 7 to 1.

Larry MacPhail, the man who made champions out of the Cincinnati Reds, the Brooklyn Dodgers and who continued to win with the New York Yankees, was a recent throwback to the days of the rugged individualist who took "nothin' from nobody." The Redhead and I tangled from the very first day he entered the big leagues. I umpired the opening day in Cincinnati and, as I called each ball and strike, a loud-speaker boomed in echo. It was most distracting to everybody, but there was nothing I could do about it until Ival Goodman, a Cincinnati batter, said, "Have we got to stand for that?"

I whipped off my mask and jumped in front of Goodman. "Are you making a complaint?" I demanded.

Goodman said, "Yes, it was bothering me."

"Thank you, young man. I've been waiting three innings for a complaint." With that I marched back to the announcer and said, "Turn that thing off and keep it off."

MacPhail came into my dressing room demanding an explanation. When I made him identify himself, his low boiling point was reached and passed in a split second. I gave him the heave-ho and his bright new idea went aglimmering.

One of Larry's bright new ideas didn't go aglimmering, though. It was night baseball. I umpired the first game played in the majors under lights and found it just as easy as a day game. I am old, but I am not old-fashioned; I think night baseball is wonderful. The customers like it and, in my estimation, anything the customers like is good for baseball, because the customers are not only always right, they also are smarter than magnates or ballplayers.

McGraw Waged War of Nerves

In 1928, John McGraw made me decide to quit baseball. He did it with the help of some New York newspapermen and the umpire's greatest enemy—his nerves. It started near the end of the season in the Polo Grounds when I made a decision that cost McGraw's Giants a pennant.

The Giants and St. Louis were fighting for the flag, but the decision was in a game between New York and Chicago. Andy Reese of the Giants was caught in a rundown between third and home. Clyde Beck of the Cubs tagged him as he ran into Gabby Hartnett, the Cubs' catcher. The Giants, led by McGraw, claimed that Hartnett was guilty of interference, quoting a rule which stated the fielder had no right on the base paths. They conveniently overlooked the portion of the rule which gives him priority over the runner if the fielder is on the paths in a legitimate effort to obtain possession of the ball.

McGraw knew I was right, but he encouraged a campaign of abuse in the news-

COLLIER'S "We were asked to the Smyths to *watch* television—not appear on it!" JARO FABRY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

papers. Had McGraw any confidence in his position, he would have protested my decision within an hour. He never did.

As I have said before, one newspaperman can stir up more trouble in the grandstand than 40 ballplayers. In this case, McGraw had two New York journalists, Bozeman Bulger of the World and Bill Hanna of the Herald Tribune, on his side and they led the charge. Some of the other New York boys had at me in a spirit of home-town patriotism and honest disagreement.

The newspaper abuse, the fans' abuse and my nerves combined to send me to John Heydler at season's end to say, "John, I've been stabbed in the back before. But this one tickled the heart. I'm through." John tried to talk me out of it, but I left. No announcement was made to the press.

At a New York race track I ran into McGraw and tried to avoid him, but the inevitable well-meaning bystander brought us together with, "You know each other." McGraw said, "Yes, and he gave me the worst of it."

"We're through this time, for all time," I said.

Judge Landis was in New York and he sent for me. That led to a conversation that has since become rather famous. He greeted me with a bad-mannered growl. "Wilyum," he bellowed, "do you play the races?" Landis looked upon horse people as pariahs. It was a safe campaign and the Judge loved campaigns.

I was just inside his door when he threw that question at me. So I continued walking until I stood beside him. Then I leaned down and intoned right in his ear, "Yes, for 40 years. And I pay off 100 cents on the dollar. Who wants to know about it?"

"Now, William," Landis said, "I'll tell you something. Before I had this job I used to go to the race track every day; but since I've been in baseball I don't go near any race track."

"I'm going to tell you something about my profession, Judge," I answered the commissioner. "I have seen it drive 'em to drink and I've seen it drive 'em nutty. And if you want the real proof, I'll bring one or two right here before you.

"That's been a diversion of mine. I can umpire 10 of the toughest ball games ever played and go to the races the next day and forget there ever was a ball game."

He had no reply.

Evidently Heydler had not told Landis I was quitting. Or perhaps he had.

In any event it was John Heydler's right to announce it, so I did not inform Judge Landis, and we parted.

Telegrams to the Newspapers

I went home to Miami then, to rest. (I had moved there in 1923.) The story of my resignation had leaked out, but Heydler had not confirmed it. I got tired of ducking newspapermen. So, one day when I got telegrams from Brooklyn and St. Louis newspapers asking if I had quit, I wired them that I had. I left that night with Mrs. Klem for New Orleans where they had a dandy little race track.

In New Orleans my friend Logan Denny, trainer for Tom O'Brien, joined me in a headlong attack upon the bookies. It was disastrous. Heydler had written me to come into the office. After several attempts, I had not composed a reply that suited me. One night I returned to my hotel filled with disgust over my bad selections at the track. I found a wire from New York which read, "Sorry you did not see fit to answer my letter. Before you do anything that might jeopardize your entire future, you should come into this office." It was signed by Heydler.

I showed it to Denny and said, "After that exhibition today at the track it's time for me to go to New York." I left that night.

In New York I told Heydler, "I'll umpire again, but not unless the Giants acknowledge to a newspaper wire service that my decision was 100 per cent correct and that they are arguing the wrong rule."

Good old John looked at me, sighed and said, "I'll see what I can do." Next day he said, "I talked to Stoneham and he called McGraw in Havana. The Giants agree your decision was correct."

It was a victory, if not 100 per cent complete. So I thought I'd salvage a little more. "How about a raise for 1929?" I asked.

Heydler answered, "I'm going to give you a $1,000 raise." And he did. I umpired in 1929 and worked the World Series, too. I worked the 1931 World Series, also, and McGraw double-crossed me again although his team was not a participant. He was covering the Series as a reporter, in the guise of an expert.

Was Wilson Guilty of Boner?

With two out and men on first and second, Jimmy Wilson, the Cards' catcher in the '31 Series, dropped a third strike. Flustered, he threw the ball to Jake Flowers standing near third, where I was umpiring. Flowers, rightfully expecting no play in his direction, was surprised and made a hurried, and bad, throw to first base. The bases were filled, but nothing came of it because the next Athletic went out and the game was over. Reporters asked McGraw if he didn't think Wilson had pulled a "boner."

"No," answered John, "Klem pulled the boner. Flowers' foot was on third and it was a force-out. Klem missed it." John wrote that same opinion in the newspapers. My wife and I heard a radio announcer repeat it and I told her, "John's got himself in a box again. Just like he has many times before."

There was so much comment about it that McGraw became worried and sent his ghost writer to Flowers to suggest that he (Flowers) make a statement that his foot was on the bag. Jake refused. Sid Keener, a St. Louis sports writer, heard of the incident and wrote a story about it.

When we got to Philadelphia I went to Heydler and asked him what he was going to do about McGraw's story. He told me, "I wouldn't pay any attention to it." I told him I was going to take the matter before Judge Landis.

The next morning I appeared before Judge Landis with Umpire Dolly Stark as a witness and a copy of McGraw's column and Keener's story. I said my piece and presented my evidence. Landis started pacing to and fro.

Suddenly he stopped, shook his mane and struck a pose before Stark. "How old are you?" he demanded of Stark.

"Thirty-three, sir," answered Dolly, taken aback.

"Thirty-three, eh? Well, go get a job, young man. At least be among respectability." That was that. The Judge spoke never a word to me from my entrance to my exit. Nor did he ever let me know his decision.

Judge Landis was quite a hambone and I liked him for it. He has been called the savior of baseball, which is an insult to the memory of Babe Ruth and to the intelligence of the baseball fans.

Landis and I had our little arguments and they seemed to center about horses and Goose Goslin. In the 1924 World Series, Goose was in Washington and I called him out on a close play at first base for the last out, canceling out the runner crossing home plate with what would have been the tying run. He was upset. When the game was over I had to leave by way of the Washington dugout, and the boys gave me quite a verbal blast about the Goslin verdict.

"You never saw a better decision in your life, boys," I yelled and continued on my way.

Under the stands Bucky Harris, the Washington manager, lost all of his famed éclat and cut loose with a profane attack of extraordinary viciousness. When I challenged him to repeat his charges to the commissioner, Bucky quit cold. Several of the boys from the press box appeared at the dressing room. I refused to let them in. They shoved a paper under the door, saying Frank Graham would act as a committee of one to get the details. I let him in. I didn't want to wash baseball linen in public

1951's BEST TRANSPORTATION BUY

The New CUSHMAN

EAGLE

SUPERB PERFORMANCE
OUTSTANDING ECONOMY

The newest member of the Cushman "family" of fine products, the EAGLE saves wear on your car—ride it to work, store, play, school. Up to 75 miles per gallon. Cruise at 40 mph. You'll save time, money when you "go Cushman" with the new easy-to-operate, easy-to-park Cushman EAGLE. Write today for free folder and prices. Dept. 4C

CUSHMAN MOTOR WORKS, Inc
LINCOLN NEBRASKA USA

FLATFISH! WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING PLUG!

Over 7,500,000 sold. Noted for its lifelike action. The only lure with offset hooking. That's why it catches 'em for keeps. Made in 28 colors. Underwater, surface and trolling models, $1.35 each. Musky, $1.45. Flyrod size, $1.10. Send for FREE 48-page booklet, with plug-fishing secrets of famous anglers.

Free CATALOG HELIN TACKLE CO.
6342 Pulford Detroit 7, Mich.

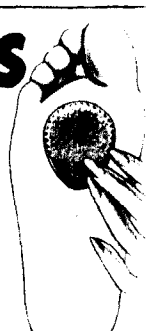
AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.
*Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®

Callouses

Pain, Tenderness, Burning Are Quickly Relieved

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet, when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Thin, soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning, protective. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing callouses. Try them!



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

I PROTECT THEM from FIRE with RED COMET

Automatic FIRE PROTECTION wherever you live - at LOW COST!

Red Comet Fire Extinguishers go into action swiftly when fire starts. A heat-sensitive fuse automatically releases a fluid which turns into fog—smothering fire instantly without human aid—with no damage to floors, walls or furnishings. Day and night, Red Comets stand guard against fire in over a million homes, stores, farms and factories across the nation.

Red Comets are easily mounted on walls or ceiling. No water pipes or electrical connections necessary. No servicing. Used successfully for 20 years.

IN HOMES

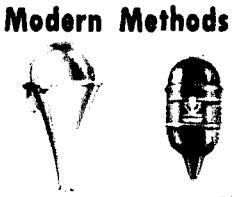
Red Comet saved my life and our home. It happened when some lard exploded in our oven and set everything on fire including myself. The two automatic Red Comets went off at once and the fire was out. *J. Sarbacher, Ferdinand, Idaho*

IN FACTORIES

We installed eighty-one Red Comet Automatics in our plant. A few of these units have already saved us many times their cost, having extinguished two fires, either of which could have caused very serious damage. *Daniel Dohm, Jr., Dohm & Nelke, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.*

IN SCHOOLS hotels, theatres, restaurants, mountain cabins, garages, retail stores, filling stations, warehouses, farm buildings, grain elevators.

RED COMET Automatic
Modern Methods of Fire Control



● There is a Red Comet Automatic Fire Extinguisher for every need. Can be installed in any enclosed space. Original low cost is final cost.

Be a RED COMET FIRE CONTROL Man

Due to the ever-increasing demand for Red Comets there is a splendid business opportunity, with exclusive territory, for dealers, full or part time.

MAIL COUPON NOW

RED COMET, Inc.
910 RED COMET Bldg., Littleton, Colorado

Send me FREE information showing 31 common fire hazards and things I can do to prevent fire in my home and business.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

If you want to build a permanent business as a Fire Control Man write Dept. 952, Red Comet, Inc., Littleton, Colo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your guests know ROMA best...served more often than any other fine wine

★ ☆ No wonder Roma California Wines are America's first choice! For in Roma's vast cellars the world's largest reserves of fine wine are aging ☆ ☆ ☆ waiting to be selected and bottled *only* at their peak of mellowness. You can count on Roma to bring you carefully tended fine wines that never vary in quality ☆ wines *you* can afford to serve often.

ROMA
America's Largest Selling
WINE

© 1951 ROMA WINE CO., FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

and I assumed Graham would ask me the obvious question: Had I had trouble with Goslin? I forgot that Frankie is a great reporter, and his question, because it was so general, was perfect for *his* purpose. He asked, "Were you insulted under the stands after the game?"

I just had to duck it and said, "Do you want to do something for my profession? Tell them in your paper, they'll never see me on the ball field in a World Series again, unless I get as much money as some of those ballplayers."

That remark was made because I was rich in Florida real estate at the time. Two years later I had to take it back, because I went broke in the hurricane of '26.

Renewal of an Ancient Feud

The newspaper boys guessed there had been some trouble and ferreted out the salient facts. The next day, Harris, who had abused me in front of all his players, tendered his apology. But Goslin was spoiling for trouble when the game started.

Goslin gave it to me. I called a strike on him and he stepped out of the box to beef. I said, "Get back in there and hit."

"I'll get in when I get good and ready," he answered.

I yelled to the Giant pitcher, "Pitch that ball." He did, and it was a rotten pitch; I had to call it in Goslin's favor. But Harris came out to protest.

"Can you do that?" he asked.

"The batter has to have my permission to leave the box," I answered.

That evening Heydler approached me and said, "Judge Landis says you must not do again what you did to Goslin."

"He didn't tell you how to stop it, did he?" I asked.

In 1934, I was umpiring the World Series and there was a close play at second. I called the runner safe, and Charley Gehringer, the Detroit second baseman, knowing I was right, said nothing. However, some of his mates beefed mildly and I informed them, "He fumbled the ball, therefore he did not complete the play." Gehringer evidently indicated that he agreed because they started toward their positions quietly as I gave them my back.

Suddenly Goslin, with the Tigers then, was beside me squawking. He had come in from the outfield. "Where did you come from?" I asked. "Are you the captain of the Detroit club?" He continued his protests and I said, "Get out of here, you crybaby, before you get in trouble."

He went away, but later he trotted out of his way to whisper into my ear, "Klem, you are an old seven-letter word." He moved on and everybody in the stands heard my bellow, "Don't you ever again say hello to me, on or off the field, or I'll give you the right answer." He was almost immune from eviction, because umpires are reluctant to toss a man out of a World Series game.

Next day in the hotel lobby I was waiting for an elevator when Goslin and a man who I was told later was an executive of the Detroit club came by. Goslin stuck out his hand and said, "Hello, Bill."

I barked back at him.

Goslin's companion said, "You have no right to talk to him that way."

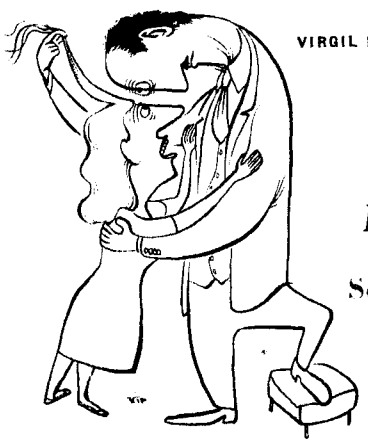
I answered, "You have no right to talk to me at all. Mind your own business."

Goose's companion complained to Landis, and Landis summoned Goslin and me for a hearing. Goose excused his conduct as typical of the way he played ball. I told my version and recalled the 1924 Series incidents. Nothing happened.

Then, with the Series' end, I was hustling to catch a train for a hunting trip in the South. As I checked out I found a note summoning me to the commissioner's hotel. I decided to go hunting instead and caught my train. When my World Series check came through, it was short $50. The commissioner had fined me $50 for refusing to shake hands with a ballplayer who called me a fighting word. Or so he said. If my conduct in the lobby and the elevator had been detrimental to the best interests of baseball, I deserved a fine greater than $50. I have always thought I was fined because I was guilty of lese majesty in ignoring his summons.

I do not mean to be severe on "the man who saved baseball." The Judge was hired as window dressing, and as window dressing he was great. As a savior I'll take George Herman Ruth and the fact that Americans just naturally like to go to the ball park.

What were the high lights in Bill Klem's fifty-year-long career? Who were the strongest personalities? Which the most exciting episodes? Next week, in the concluding installment of this series, the Old Arbitrator shares his most cherished memories with you. Be sure to order a copy of Collier's from your news dealer now



VIRGIL PARTCH

LITERAL LATIN

Some Free Translations of Familiar Phrases

V

Jus naturae:	Honest, it isn't bleached
Ex capite:	Guillotined
Viritim:	Tim is tired
Tabula rasa:	Shaving Stand
Lite pendente:	Chandelier
Intra vires:	Office-to-office phone
Ubi mater, ibi pater:	Let's play house

—DICK SHAW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plateau is a luxurious all-worsted fabric, made by Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, expressly for Timely Clothes*

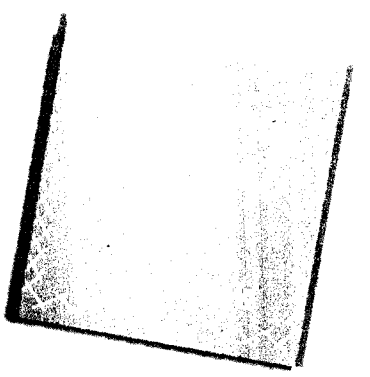
You can bank on Plateau

Smooth 100% worsted . . . the suit with the "weightless feel"

It pays to put your money in a Plateau suit! Made of an exclusive Pacific fabric—rich-surfaced, lustrous 100% worsted—pre-laxed in the loom to remove tension, your Plateau suit never feels tight, heavy or bulky! Because it is all worsted, it stays smart, crisp through the longest day. Plateau suits, with Balanced Tailoring by Timely Clothes, are available in 12 colors at leading retailers. For name of store in your city, write Timely Clothes, Dept. AC-2, Rochester 2, N. Y.

Free Booklet! Valuable information about worsteds and woolens. Drop a card to Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, Dept. O-4, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



It's a PACIFIC Worsted **BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE WORSTEDS, WOOLENS, COTTONS, RAYONS**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR DIP-STICK
WARNS
YOU...

Cars that Waste Oil
are headed for
PREMATURE
OLD AGE

Oil Waste is your WARNING
that in your engine
rocking chair pistons
are wearing out
cylinder walls

RAMCO
RE-POWERING
STATION

Get RAMCO
RE-POWERING
with 10,000
MILES (1 year)
GUARANTEED
RAMCO 10-Up
Piston Rings

Ask about
BUDGET PLAN

Write RAMSEY
CORPORATION
St. Louis 8,
Missouri for
FREE
BOOKLET
ON "DANGERS OF
EXCESSIVE OIL
CONSUMPTION"

Copyright 1951 Ramsey Corporation R5369A

World under the Sand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

William Terry, field director for the earlier part of the expedition, caught a soaking spray on his shirt. Hussein nearly rolled on the floor with laughter. I thought he'd choke.

Hussein had ushered us into a huge room, perhaps 50 by 40 feet, where a dozen of his warriors sat cross-legged around a rug on the floor, waiting for us to take our places. The room was whitewashed and had a green and red frieze running around the four walls just under the ceiling. On one wall a mural showed President Truman and King George of England dropping atom bombs on Stalin. The other three were covered with hanging rifles, some of them Hussein's collection, some those brought by his guests and kept close at hand.

Silver-Inlaid Gun Stocks

The rifles Arabs carry are an assorted lot of old campaign pieces, chiefly of Italian, English and German make. The stock of nearly every gun I saw was gaily inlaid with silver pounded from old Maria Theresa dollars, which are still the currency in Aden's interior.

The rugs on the floor were beautiful, but I noticed that neither Hussein's palace nor our smaller one back at Timna was as elaborate as some we'd seen coming up through the Hadhramaut. Exteriors of the Hadhramaut mansions were bright pink and gleaming white, with contours as straight and sharp as those in the U.S., and their Doric columns were polished down until they looked like marble. The interiors were often fitted out with European furniture, electric lights, chandeliers, pictures on the walls and beautiful glassware.

Although it was built with the same mud-and-straw brick, fortified at the bottom with stone blocks taken from the ruins of the ancients' far finer buildings, Hussein's castle was much cruder. The interior was generally plain, with rugs on the mud floors, and the characteristic deep and narrow windows which kept the rooms free from the desert heat, flies and glare.

As we took our places at the central eating rug I noticed that George Farrier, my assistant, was sitting directly across the way from me. I had cautioned him about putting on our best front for Hussein.

"Look, George," I'd said. "Some of this food may not look too good to you, but don't let me down. Dig in and make out like you're enjoying it, will you?"

George had nodded.

As I folded my tired legs under me and began listening to the sherif's welcoming speech, I noticed that dishes were being served at the far end of the room. The sherif spoke in Arabic.

"The sherif says we are very welcome," interpreted Professor Albright, sitting beside me. "He says he hopes we'll stay a long time and that while we are here everything that's his we must consider ours, too."

At that moment a plate was set before me.

"Eyeballs!" I broke in, gulping. "What are *these? Eyeballs,* and . . .?"

"Yes," said the professor, smiling, as Hussein rattled on. "As honored guests we get the best they have. Goat's eyeballs, goat's stomach, whatever you like."

I've seen nothing worse in a zoology class wastebasket. The stuff was boiled and I suppose sanitary, but I've faced a charging lion with less trepidation. I couldn't touch a bit and explained, through the professor, that I can't eat when I'm tired.

But I held my own until I happened to look over at George. He had a white doughy paste all over his face, and honey dribbled down his forearms as he dug into one dish after another with both fists, much I learned later, to the chagrin of Hussein. Polite Arabs use only *one* fist.

I left, and later was told that when the guests moved into another chamber for tea, the sherif opened the doors of his banquet hall for the second shift, the "meskeen." These are the poor, the maimed and blind. They consumed, with appropriate gestures and noises, the "food" we'd left.

Just before the gypsy girls came on, Hussein spent his daily quarter hour at his radio, *listening to the Voice of America.* I returned during the broadcast, which was in Arabic. Occasionally Hussein would nudge one of his men and nod, as if in agreement.

The following morning, Bill Terry and his wife, Gladys, our business manager, were invited back to Hussein's palace to see his harem, although it turned out that Bill was left to cool his heels in the radio room while Gladys alone was escorted to the ladies' quarters on the fifth, or top, floor.

We'd seen countless Arab women—the heavily veiled women of the towns who'd run if you gave them a second glance, and the bolder, sometimes unveiled women of the desert—but we wondered what the choicest of Beihani girls would look like. For Hussein had his choice from all the valley.

When Gladys got back I asked her how many women she'd seen.

"There were 12 in the room I visited," she told me, "but it was hard to tell whether some of them were wives or children."

Beihani girls marry as young as ten years of age, and while we were there Hussein was presented a fourteen-year-old girl as a birthday gift. He promptly took her as his wife.

"What did the women look like?" I asked Gladys.

"Like Theda Bara. Olive-skinned, bangs, wide, mascaraed eyes. And silent and pretty," she replied.

Hussein had turned her over to the emir, who spoke some English. Saleh introduced her to the oldest of the wives, his own forty-year-old mother, and then, while everyone stared, established Gladys on a high pile of cushions in one corner of the room.

One by one the women got up off their own cushions and gathered around her. They were not dressed in the common black or indigo muslin but in silk jersey dresses of beautiful shades. On their hips they wore solid silver belts.

Gift Proves Social Equality

After a long silence one of them suddenly took off her belt and handed it to Gladys. Arabs only give when they've accepted you as their social equal, and when they do, they expect a present in return. Reluctantly, Gladys took off her beloved turquoise bracelet and the girl who'd given her the belt put it on immediately.

"I wish I had that bracelet back," Gladys told me. "The belt's huge and heavy—feel it—about five pounds."

Later I asked Hussein how many wives he had. He furrowed his brow and began counting out on his fingers.

"Let's see, there's Pearl, and Dianne—no, no, I wouldn't count Dianne—and Fatima and . . ."

In nearly every second or third instance, until he'd run out of fingers, the sherif seemed unsure as to whether certain ladies could really be counted as wives. I never did find out just how many he had. The limit is supposed to be four, but Moslems can shuck them quite easily.

Beihan's 20,000 people are divided into two tribal groups, the nomadic Bal Harith, and the town-dwelling Musabein. Before Hussein's time, and before the advent of the airplane, they were constantly at one another's throats. The airplane has proved a wonderful face-saving weapon. When all else fails, communities that break the law are brought into line by bombing. Everyone is carefully warned ahead of time so that few, if any, lives are lost. Once the

Nothing disturbs the man
who sleeps in PLEETWAY PAJAMAS

FREE: "How To Sleep Blissfully." Get this doctor-approved booklet and name of nearest dealer. Write PLEETWAY, 350 5th Ave., N. Y. 1, Dept.C4

RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE • NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
FAST

The way
thousands of
physicians
and dentists
recommend

Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

GOLFERS

Get SAM SNEAD'S BOOK
HOW TO HIT A GOLF BALL
From Any Sort of Lie

You can actually play better, more enjoyable golf after reading this book! Slammin' Sam shows you how—without remaking your swing—without tedious hours of practice. He explains every shot, from tee to cup, fairway, rough or trap.

You CAN Play Better Golf

Sam tells you what club to use—how to use it—for every lie, good or bad. Here are 74 pages, profusely illustrated, by one of the world's greatest golfers, invaluable to every golfer—beginner, par-shooter and pro.

Money Back Guarantee
Prompt refund if you don't play better golf after reading Sam's book! You can't lose!

Only $1.00 Postpaid
Order today! You'll be delighted and your satisfaction is guaranteed.

HALL PUBLISHING CO.
Goodspeed Bldg., East Lansing 8, Mich.

SAVOGRAN

FIX IT
QUICK

SEND FOR FREE FOLDER

CRACK FILLER!
The original patented WATER PUTTY
SETS HARD AS STONE — WON'T SHRINK. 1001 USES. FILLS holes, cracks. TIGHTENS handles, fixtures. REPAIRS plaster, tile. 35¢ lb. where you buy paints.
Use SAVOGRAN STRYP-EEZE the guaranteed finish remover.
THE SAVOGRAN CO.
DEPT. 42, BOSTON 16, MASS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

planes come, the Arabs throw up their hands. For who of those worshiping Allah have planes to fight back with?

When he's not aroused, the Arab is gentle, friendly and easy to cultivate. We got to know hundreds of those treated in our dispensary, and they never failed to show gratitude. The "University of Maryland Hospital—Arabian Division," as we called it, became the social center of Beihan. Some came just to look, although 70 per cent of the 2,000 treatments given were for legitimate complaints.

Sherif Hussein was delighted. He walked in one day and with a broad smile and sweep of the hand said:

"*Nahna natlub min Allah barakat uhayat tawila wa-zaujat kathira li* Dr. McNinch—We pray God's blessing, a long life and many wives for Dr. McNinch."

Dr. James McNinch of the University of Maryland bowed and reddened.

The Timna graveyard was one of our three chief excavations and Dr. Alexander Honeyman of Scotland's St. Andrews University was in charge. The other two were Timna itself and Hajar bin Humeid, an abandoned townsite. The tombs were cut into a steep, rocky hill on the side of the Wadi Beihan about a mile and a half from Timna.

Each tomb consisted of a long passageway about six feet high into which three tiers of small chambers opened, much like those in a mausoleum.

Saleh had been digging through a tangle of bones and broken pottery that had been scattered in the corridor of one, evidently by looters of medieval times, when he noticed what appeared to be a white ring in the dirt.

Dr. Honeyman came running over and, with a long curved knife borrowed from an Arab foreman, began carefully to scrape away the dirt. Once it appears something valuable may be found, Arab workmen are not permitted to hack their way any deeper.

The archaeologist in charge is called in for the fine work. The workmen are always awarded several *buqshas*—the bonus or baksheesh—for being faithful in reporting finds. A *buqsha* is roughly the equivalent of a cent. Arab men who do the digging get about 30 *buqshas* a day, and boys who carry off the sand about 20.

In some 15 minutes Dr. Honeyman raised a lump of dirt and sand from its resting place of 2,000 years, and in another five had cleaned up the alabaster bust of one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. We promptly christened her "Miriam," a Biblical name, for want of something better.

But her name might well have been Hagarlat. A few feet from the tomb's mouth a gold pendant and chain was discovered. Nothing quite like it has ever been found in the world, so far as is known. The pendant is three inches wide. It bears the figures of the moon and sun deities, and also the consonants "HGRLT," which would be pronounced in ancient south Arabic "Hagarlat."

When Professor Albright saw Miriam he was delighted.

Miriam has plaster curls, a dimpled chin, and ears pierced for earrings. A piece of her nose is missing, but her eyes of lapis lazuli are still blue. Her original must have been a wealthy girl in the days when Qataban was a princely state, peopled by the Children of the Moon.

Lunar Deity Most Revered

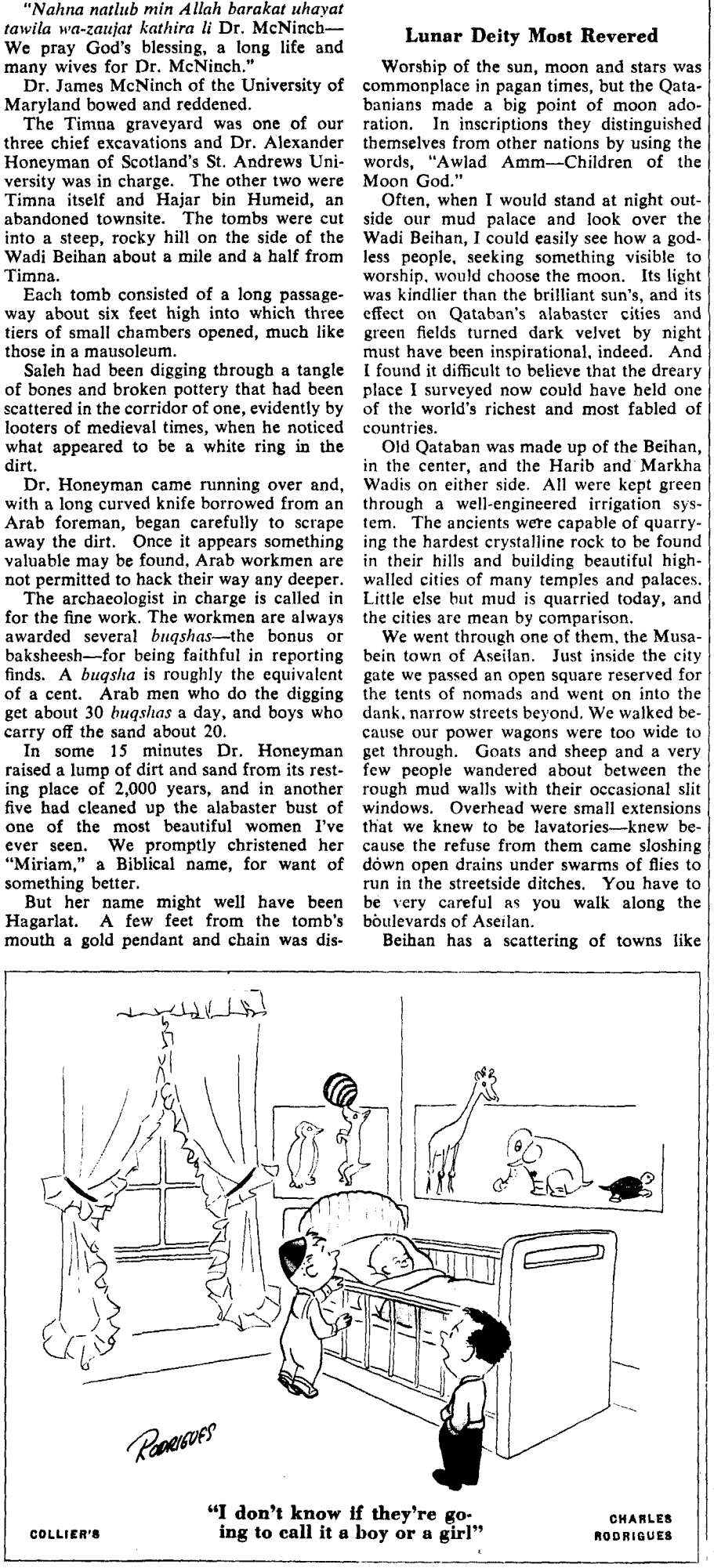
Worship of the sun, moon and stars was commonplace in pagan times, but the Qatabanians made a big point of moon adoration. In inscriptions they distinguished themselves from other nations by using the words, "Awlad Amm—Children of the Moon God."

Often, when I would stand at night outside our mud palace and look over the Wadi Beihan, I could easily see how a godless people, seeking something visible to worship, would choose the moon. Its light was kindlier than the brilliant sun's, and its effect on Qataban's alabaster cities and green fields turned dark velvet by night must have been inspirational, indeed. And I found it difficult to believe that the dreary place I surveyed now could have held one of the world's richest and most fabled of countries.

Old Qataban was made up of the Beihan, in the center, and the Harib and Markha Wadis on either side. All were kept green through a well-engineered irrigation system. The ancients were capable of quarrying the hardest crystalline rock to be found in their hills and building beautiful high-walled cities of many temples and palaces. Little else but mud is quarried today, and the cities are mean by comparison.

We went through one of them, the Musabein town of Aseilan. Just inside the city gate we passed an open square reserved for the tents of nomads and went on into the dank, narrow streets beyond. We walked because our power wagons were too wide to get through. Goats and sheep and a very few people wandered about between the rough mud walls with their occasional slit windows. Overhead were small extensions that we knew to be lavatories—knew because the refuse from them came sloshing down open drains under swarms of flies to run in the streetside ditches. You have to be very careful as you walk along the boulevards of Aseilan.

Beihan has a scattering of towns like



COLLIER'S

"I don't know if they're going to call it a boy or a girl"

CHARLES RODRIGUES

Fun is informal at Canadian National's Minaki Lodge . . . swimming-and-sunning by the lake, dancing and movies, boating and fishing parties, canoeing . . . Spruce and pine border the fairways of its well-kept golf course. Cuisine and service at Minaki Lodge reveal Canadian National's master-touch. Accommodation for 185 persons. Opens June 24. From $8.00 minimum, including meals.

Find out about Canada's 10 top Maple Leaf vacations.

1. Across Canada.
2. Alaska Cruise.
3. British Columbia.
4. Eastern Cities and Laurentians.
5. Hudson Bay and Winnipeg.
6. Jasper in the Canadian Rockies.
7. Minaki (Lake of the Woods).
8. Ontario Highlands.
9. Provinces by the Sea.
10. Romantic French Canada (Gaspé and the Saguenay).

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

You'll long remember

Minaki

...a Maple Leaf Vacation in Canada's Northwoods!

Woods and water ...and wonderful fishing

Ontario Highlands ...*One of Canada's 10 Top Vacations!*

Get away into Ontario's lake country for a real outdoor vacation. Here you can have a whole lake to yourself. Bass and muskies, trout, pike and walleyes hit hard in these northern waters. Delightful resorts and fishing camps. Expert guides. Canadian National's MAPLE LEAF TOURS (non-escorted) outline routes, days, dollars can be tailored to meet your needs. Visit or write our nearest office listed below,* or your Travel Agent.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA

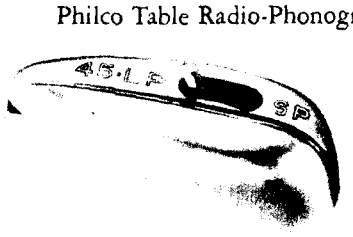
*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEVER BEFORE SUCH LIFE-LIKE TONE

in any table radio-phonograph at so low a price!

Philco Table Radio-Phonograph 1330, **$99.95***



And here's the secret—

The Philco Super-Tone Reproducer

IF you've been listening to records played over an *ordinary* table-phonograph, the exquisite tone of this new Philco will be a revelation to you!

For Philco—and only Philco—brings you the famous Super-Tone Reproducer which plays *all* records, old or new, with better tone than recorded music has ever been played before!

Like all Philco Phonographs, this beautiful Philco Table Combination plays all records, all sizes, all speeds . . . gives you as much as 5 hours of continuous music from a single loading of LP records. There's just *one* tone arm, one central control—the simplest 3-speed changer ever designed. It caresses records with only ⅕ of an ounce pressure!

This beautiful Philco Table Combination of course incorporates a glorious-toned Philco Radio of fine sensitivity and splendid performance.

You must see these new Philco Table Phonographs to realize their beauty . . . hear them to decide as millions have—"There's no tone like Philco tone."

**Price subject to change.*

Compare—and you'll agree nothing equals

PHILCO

the Full-Fidelity Phonograph

Aseilan, some of them perched on high mounds containing the ruins of a whole series of predecessors. The ancient Qatabanians literally covered the wadi with evidences of their thousand-odd years of existence. Geometrically arranged beds of water-borne silt mark the sites of canal systems. The foothills and mountains still have their abandoned quarries, and there are bits of paved roads and village ruins. Remains of cities lie under the sand in half a dozen places.

In two of them are Timna, the old capital, and abandoned Hajar bin Humeid, nine miles to the south. Hajar is today nothing but an oval-shaped hill 70 feet high with a few patches of hairy grass on its round and sandy back and a few gnarled trees at its base. One end has been completely eroded by weather, exposing 50 feet of strata—the flattened remains of perhaps 14 cities that have been pressed between leaves of sand,like old roses, preserving the memory of a long-lived and long-forgotten civilization.

The day I first saw it I stood at the foot of this weird cliff of the dead with Professor Albright.

"Brother," I murmured, "looking at that is like pressing your nose against the window of history, isn't it? This is going to take a lot of sorting, though, before we can read the story."

The professor nodded.

"How far back do you suppose those strata go?"

"Perhaps to Abraham," said the professor. "Perhaps to an undreamed-of age."

He began the sorting by sinking a cross section at right angles to the mound's water-cut face so that he could as quickly as possible work out the pottery sequence, which is the archaeologist's chief "Index Fossil" for dating purposes.

No Dates in Inscriptions

Our incidental information on Qataban included a list of kings about whose sequence we were fairly certain, but of whose dates we were not. The dates we had were based on conjecture; they had never been definitely pegged by a real solid inscription. Once they were, the hundreds of tag ends that had been drifting into museums from the hands of Arab fortune hunters would fall into place and have meaning. Nearly every inscription we turned up had the name of the ruling king carved on it. None bore dates.

Inscriptions come on pottery, obelisks, building stones, tombs and almost any other permanent object the ancients made. The Qatabanians scribbled voluminously in their stone and baked mud, yet the great mystery still to be solved is the complete lack of manuscripts they must have written on papyrus and leather. Beihan is very dry, so that papyrus would not rot, but it is also filled with extraordinarily heavy insect life. Professor Albright fears that everything edible to insects has been eaten.

"You can't lay a book down here without it being cut full of holes in a few days," the professor said. "So maybe that's the answer."

But the Qatabanians had a happy habit of scratching Kilroy-was-here material on the walls of small wadis. One Sunday afternoon while he was working on one of his projects—an ancient irrigation system—Dr. Richard Le Baron Bowen, engineer-archaeologist, was accosted by a desert Arab. The man beckoned to Bowen, who followed him into the Wadi el-Fara to be shown deep, cool pools of water.

Three Names from the Bible

This was an unusual sight and Bowen was impressed, but he was more impressed with the wadi's walls. They were a library of ancient writings, scratched in the rock. He went back to get Dr. Albert Jamme, professor of Oriental studies at Tunis University, and it was Jamme who came upon the words "Nebat, Ali, Jagur"—Biblical words. Nebat is the Hebrew name of the father of Jeroboam, first king of Israel; Ali is another spelling for Eli, the high priest in the first chapter of First Samuel, and Jagur was the name of a place in Judah.

Jamme in turn went to get me but when we got there he could no longer find the inscription. We looked for hours and there was great consternation because, from his description, it was certain this was the oldest writing we'd found. Finally Jamme lay down in disgust and as he gazed disconsolately across the narrow gorge an Arab passed, casting his shadow on the opposite wall. And there, jumping out at him momentarily in the shadow, was a crude inscription—a graffito, as the archaeologists call it.

"*Voilà,* I've found it!" yelled Jamme, dropping all his professorial dignity. "Nebat, Ali, Jagur!"

Professors Albright and Jamme soon ascertained from the shape of the lettering that the words had been written in the ninth or tenth century B.C., when the Queen of Sheba must have lived in Marib, her capital, only a few days away by camel. The words are probably the surnames of Qatabanians. If this is true, then it is further proof that south Arabians shared antecedents with the people of Israel. Some claim that the Arabs migrated from the north to south; others, like the famous Arabian explorer, H. St. John B. Philby, believe they sprang up in south Arabia and moved north. The Bible says that one Sheba, who founded the tribe and kingdom of the same name, was a grandson of Abraham.

Hajar bin Humeid offers the best opportunity in Beihan to go back to the patriarchs. Hajar was a fortified town of about eight acres, occupied chiefly by farmers who lived in constant fear of desert tribes that preyed on the spice caravans. It stood by the wadi, south of Timna, and the caravans must have passed nearby en route from the steaming Hadhramaut. Yet it's not

COLLIER'S **"Darling, there's something you've been wanting me to ask you for a long time"** HANK KETCHAM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What makes the "Big Eye" see?

THERE is a thin coating of *aluminum* on the 200-inch mirror which is part of the world's largest telescope at Palomar Mountain. This aluminum surface enables the "big eye" to reflect the light from heavenly bodies billions of miles away.

Aluminum's exceptional ability to reflect light—and heat as well—is another reason why you find it in products you see every day. But it's *only one* reason...

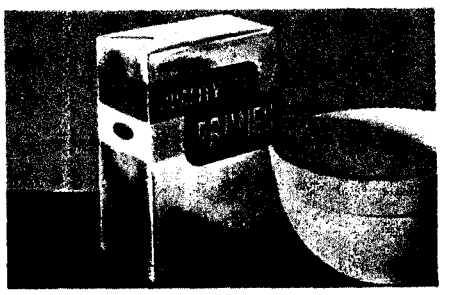
For no other metal possesses aluminum's unique *combination of advantages*. Aluminum offers you lightness, strength, economy, freedom from rust, permanent beauty.

As a major supplier to the manufacturers of the products shown at the right, and thousands of others, Kaiser Aluminum has built an unsurpassed reputation for quality and service.

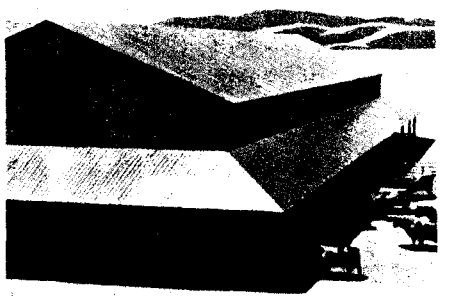
Kaiser Aluminum is produced by Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Oakland, California. 63 sales offices and warehouse distributors in principal cities.

Kaiser Aluminum

A major producer in a growing industry



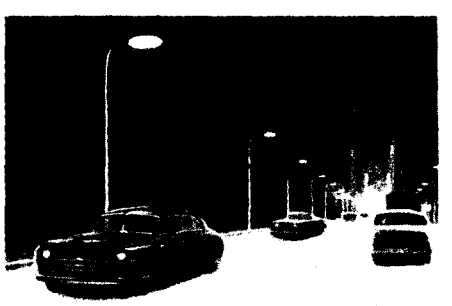
Reflectivity means more sales appeal! Packages and labels of Kaiser Aluminum Foil reflect light, catch customers' eyes. And aluminum keeps air out, moisture in . . . protects freshness.



Reflectivity means more profits for farmers! Because Kaiser Aluminum Roofing reflects sun's heat, it keeps interiors much *cooler* in summer. Thus cows and chickens produce more, crops stay fresher, more valuable.

Reflectivity means more comfort! Home insulation of aluminum foil reflects heat *into* rooms during winter, keeps it *out* during summer. It's low in cost, simple to install, adds no bulk to walls!

Reflectivity means more heat! Aluminum reflectors in modern heaters send heat into the room. You get more value when you buy heaters, roofing, insulation, made with reflective *aluminum*.



Reflectivity means better light for streets and highways! Aluminum reflectors on modern street lighting fixtures increase brilliance as much as 20 per cent. Look for aluminum reflectors when *you* buy light fixtures!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ask these Popular Men-in-the-Headlines . . .

What'll you have? The

GEORGE MIKAN . . . Top scorer of the Basketball Association of America 1948-49-50 knows the score when picking a beer. Like millions of sport loving fans — George chooses Pabst Blue Ribbon!

WILLIAM BENDIX . . . Star of radio's "Life of Riley" is often behind the 8-ball — bu never when choosing the *finest beer served . . . anywhere!* Bill's choice is America' choice — Pabst Blue Ribbon!

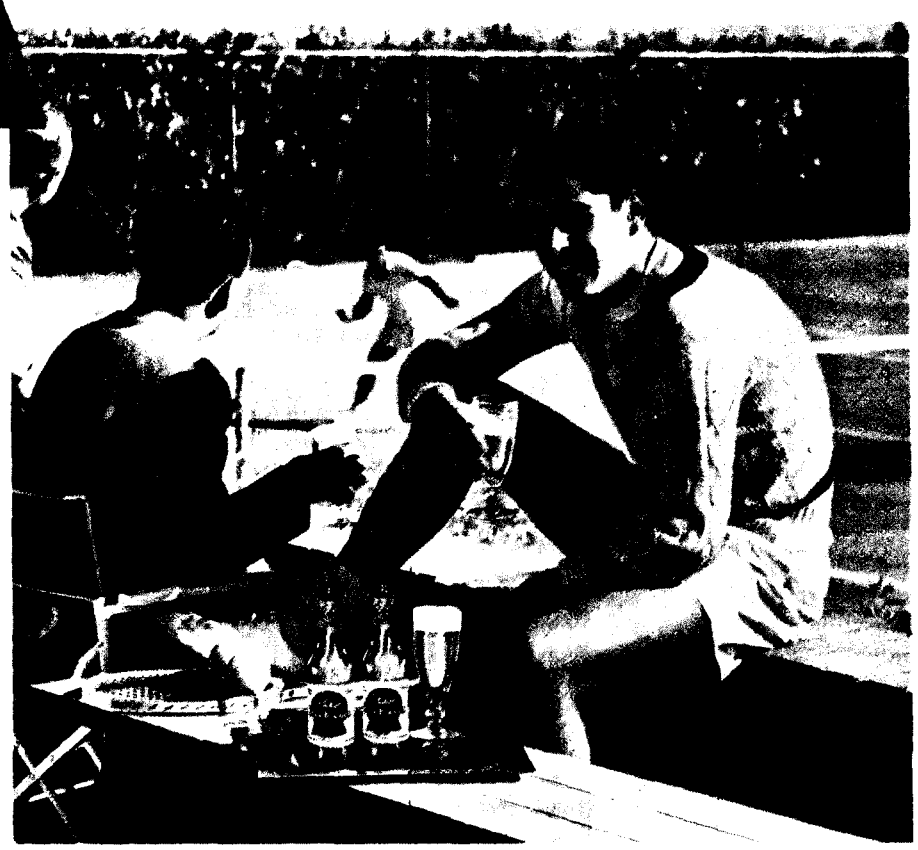
HARRY VON ZELL and BILL GOODWIN . . . famous radio and television announcers strike up a friendship with the beer with the flavor the whole world knows — *Internationally famous* Pabst Blue Ribbon.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER . . . voted greatest swimmer of the past 50 years, ready to div into a glass of the greatest beer of the past 107 years — *smoother-tasting* Pabst Blu Ribbon — finest beer served . . . anywhere!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ll say... Pabst Blue Ribbon — Finest beer served ... anywhere!"

N HOGAN...*After a sizzling hot round at the Fort Worth Country Club...Beltin'* n, "Golfer of the Year" cools off with the best thirst quencher ever invented—a arkling clear glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer!



"PANCHO" GONZALES... International Tennis Star, famed for his smooth serve... about to enjoy the *smoothest serve* anywhere—Internationally famous Pabst Blue Ribbon!—finest beer served... *anywhere!*

Make the 3-Way Experts Test
...with a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon!

1. ***LOOK*** at the clear color, the creamy head.
2. ***SNIFF*** the fragrance of that Blue Ribbon blend.
3. ***TASTE*** the flavor the whole world knows

—and you, too, will find Pabst Blue Ribbon the finest beer served... *anywhere!*

VERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT SEE AND HEAR **PABST BLUE RIBBON BOXING BOUTS**, CBS RADIO AND TV NETWORKS. ©1951, PABST BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"DAY-SCHEMING, DEAR?"

"What? Oh yes, Tom, I guess I was dreaming."

"Looked more like maternal scheming to me, Grace. Were you making plans for the kids—college, marriage, careers?"

"You must be psychic. How did you know?"

"Oh, I've been doing some scheming on my own. Now, if you're satisfied with the future you've dreamed up for Billy and Sue, just add this to the picture: *proud parents enjoy later years on retirement income.*"

"A very nice dream, dear."

"But it isn't a dream, Grace. I've just learned of a way that life insurance can make it all come true. Mutual Life calls it INSURED INCOME planning. We can work out an Insured Income program that will take care of our own specific needs—provide money for the children's education, support you if I'm not around, or give us a retirement income if I am."

* * *

Yes, Insured Income is an *all-purpose* plan that's built to fit the needs of your family. With the help of a Mutual Life career Field Underwriter, you combine all your assets into one basic program. Social Security, savings, pension rights—all play a part. Let a Mutual Life representative tell you more about this economical idea soon.

LEARN WHAT THE *New Expanded Social Security* MEANS TO YOU!

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET—containing specific, detailed information you wish to know about Social Security and how it teams with your life insurance. If you are 45 or under, you will be particularly interested in this booklet. Mail the coupon today. You'll also receive a handy envelope for keeping official records needed to collect benefits.

Insured Income
FIRST IN AMERICA

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK
1740 BROADWAY AT 55TH STREET · NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

Yes, I would like your FREE Social Security Booklet—C-77.

NAME..... DATE OF BIRTH.....
HOME ADDRESS..... CITY.....
COUNTY..... STATE..... OCCUPATION.....

OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA

likely that it benefited by this commerce, unless some of its residents grew their own myrrh trees, because it remained so small. The big capital to the north must have been a product of the spice trade and the place of taxation for incense as for everything else.

In medieval times Hajar bin Humeid had sunk to something like Beihan's present-day level of civilization. But as we dug down, level by level, we began to find the sort of fine stone structures that marked Timna's day. We found evidence of wealth, and moon worship—bracelets of copper, which is still a very valuable metal in metal-less south Arabia, altars for the offering of incense, an alabaster sacrificial table, and a really magnificent dedication stone inscribed to the Moon God. Before the season ended we'd gone 15 feet and had reached into the third century B.C. We still have 35 feet to go.

Visualizing a Buried City

Timna was much larger than Hajar, about 60 acres—and much shorter-lived. It was diamond-shaped and big for Arabian towns of that day.

There was apparently a wall all around the town, and three gates, one on the southwest, one at the northwest corner and a third on the east side. The southwest gate, which we call the "South Gate," is definite and the other two indicated by breaks in the ridges made by the buried wall in the tarpaulin of sand.

Pliny, the Roman historian, describes Timna as a city of 40 temples. It must have been a beautiful sight to the hot and tired men of the caravans as they came down the wadi bed between waving fields of wheat and millet, and stopped under the city's gray-white walls at the first gate they saw—the South Gate.

As we plodded over the site on our first morning, looking for a place to start on Timna, we could see the tips of the South Gate's towers sticking out of the sand.

"All right, I suggest we begin here," said Charles Inge, one of our archaeologists and Aden's Director of Antiquities. "We can try walking into the city the way the ancient visitors did when they came to pay their respects—and their taxes."

Inge took charge, aided by Kenny Brown, while Professor Albright went on to Hajar to look for pottery. We opened a section 100 by 40 feet wide, exposing the gate and part of the wall, taking plastic "squeezes" or impressions of inscriptions as we went. A few feet down we reached a level where streaks of ashes and charcoal ran through the sand, the signature of a conflagration.

After two weeks the gate had been entirely cleared and we began our march into the city proper. A mass of burned timbers and blackened building stones clogged our path as we scraped along a fine stone street and crossed a small square.

The once handsome street was still bordered by stone benches, now overturned. City elders and warriors must have sat here recounting the battles between Qataban and its neighbors, the Kingdom of Sheba to the north and the newer Kingdom of Hadhramaut to the east.

Around Timna's square we uncovered the partly tumbled walls of four stone buildings, one of them identified as the House Yafash.

Engravings on its stones told us Yafash had been redecorated for a Qatabanian king called Shahr Yagil Yuhargib. Yuhargib was one of the names we had on our list. He was supposed to have lived 500 to 700 years before Christ. Yet Yafash did not look that old. The cutting and placing of its stones was too advanced.

At this point Professor Albright suggested digging deeper. I told Salim, an Arab foreman, to go ahead. Then I retired to my room in the palace to catch up on some paper work. The following afternoon, around three o'clock, Salim came stumbling up the stairs to my room shouting, "Sahib, Sahib Phillips!" He followed this by saying something unintelligible in Arabic.

I jumped from my chair and ran toward him. He was clutching a large bronze lion, green with age.

I snapped, "Where did they get it?"

Salim didn't answer but our Somali houseboy, Jama, was right behind him on the stairs. Jama could speak English.

"Right by the House Yafash," he said. "Salim found it."

I helped Salim lay it on an Army cot in my room and then ran for the professor, who was in bed with flu and dysentery. But it seems he can never be too sick to look at an important find.

When he saw the lion he kneeled down and examined its base. Then he got up slowly. "Wendell, we've got it. By Heaven, we've *got* it!"

I've never seen him so excited.

"Got what, Professor?" I asked.

"A date. Look."

He leaned over and pointed to an inscription. Slowly he read it aloud.

"Thuwaybum wa'Aqrabum dhuway muhasni'im shayyamu Yafash."

"That means," he continued, "that Thuwaybum and Aqrabum, the two craftsmen who decorated the House Yafash, also made these lions."

"So?"

"So this lion is a Greek copy and couldn't have been copied much before 150 B.C. because the Greeks weren't making them long before that. If Yuhargib had Yafash redecorated, he also had this lion installed, because the same two craftsmen did both jobs. So Yuhargib lived in the second century before Christ, not the fifth, sixth or seventh as has been thought. This clears up our main lines of history in south Arabia."

"Is this the only statue?" the professor asked, after a moment. But I had already turned away.

I ran down the stairs with the professor at my heels. At the South Gate we found our lion was indeed one of a pair. When we got there a bit of green metal was already showing through the sand a few feet from the spot where lion number one had been dug up. We found the second, broken but not irreparably so, under the weight of several charred timbers. It bore the same inscription. Ours was a great victory.

History Read in Desert Sands

Ancient happy Arabia is slowly showing itself through the mists of time and neglect. Straightening out of the kings' dates enabled us to establish the time of Timna's destruction—around 50 B.C.—and the end of independent Qataban, probably at the hands of the neighboring kingdoms of Sheba and Hadhramaut.

We have only begun to look. What significance, for instance, do these lions have? A figure of Eros, the Greek god of love, sits astride the back of each. A dart is poised in one hand and a broken chain in the other. The chains had once been fastened around the manes of the lion figures. The meaning is clear enough: the love gods controlled their steeds with their bronze reins, representing the triumph of love over great and brutal strength.

Sacred prostitution was practiced in many parts of the ancient world by pagan priestesses. We know that, although we know few of the details. Was it practiced in Qataban? Was the House Yafash its temple, one of the 40 temples Pliny said Timna had?

We'll dig some more this season and we'll be helped by the descendants of the people whose story we are hunting. But our helpers will be interested only in the *buqshas* we pay them.

One day Dr. Honeyman found a workman undermining a skull and reproved him for it. Unless you dig carefully from the top, old bones are likely to fall apart of their own weight.

"What's your hurry?" the professor asked the workman in Arabic. "Take your time and do things right. That head can wait a few more minutes. It has lain here safely for more than 2,000 years." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Total Recall

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

it. She said, "I know. But it makes it all seem more horribly real."

He took a thick stick too, and she slung her handbag over her shoulder. As he pulled the door open, she managed a wavering smile. "And we were bored with our dull little cottage," she said.

"There might be tracks," he said from the threshold. "I suppose the parson came on his bicycle. Now I come to think of it, that must have been him we saw way off across the moor this morning."

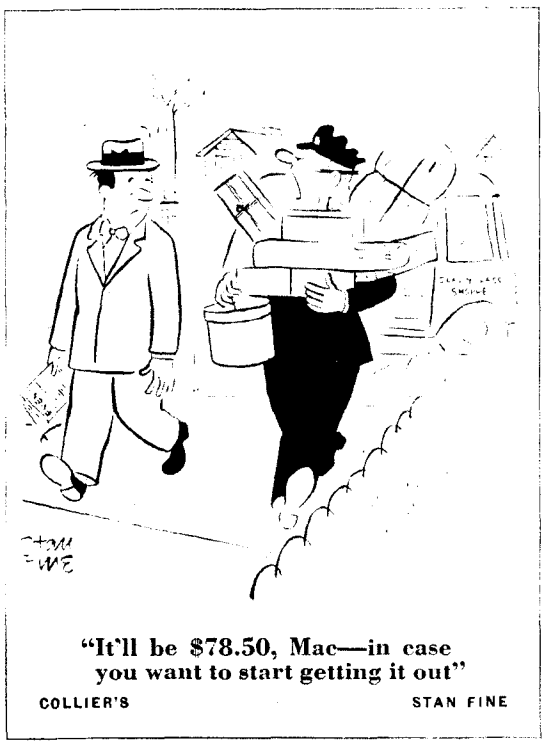
"I couldn't see that far."

"I definitely saw someone off on the Buckforth road. Must have been him."

"If only we'd been here."

He was looking closely at the hard-earth path that led to the cottage door. "Too hard to hold tracks, I guess," he said. "Anyway, let's get going."

The moorland path went slantwise up and along the side of the steep ridge behind the cottage. They walked in the soft, bulging shadows of the tussocky heather, and their own shadows hurried beside them. Joan looked westward at the sun, going down toward a pile of thunderclouds.



"It'll be $78.50, Mac—in case you want to start getting it out"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

"It's later than we thought," she said.

"We'll make it," he said. But he too looked westward, and now he was setting a pace that kept her nearly trotting behind him on the narrow track.

He could see her shadow out of the corner of his eye, and once he called out sharply, telling her not to keep looking back. "You can't get along that way," he said. "Besides, there's nothing there."

BEFORE they quite reached the point where the path went over the saddle of the ridge, the thundercloud had hidden the sun. Their shadows had left them. On level ground at the top, they paused briefly, looking back and forward.

Ahead, the path dipped sharply down the long, steep eastern side of the ridge, into a glen at the bottom of which grass and bushes and tall trees took over from the heather. The light and color had drained away from the glen into a vague, early dusk. One could see the shape of the valley and where the trees and bushes were, but if one started to look hard at anything in particular, the details were softly blurred. The gurgle of the stream along the valley bottom, and the stirring of a small evening breeze in the heather and the treetops, blurred, too, the details of any other small sounds there might be.

They strained their eyes and ears against the gurgling, rustling dusk. "There could be anything down there," Joan said.

"Or nothing," Edward said sharply. "We'd better get on if we're going."

"Just let's listen for another second."

They stood rigid, listening. He said, "Come on," and stepped forward, and a paralyzing noise burst out of the valley and rushed up toward them. He jumped back as though something had hit him. For a split second the sound was everywhere. "It's the birds," Joan gasped. "They shot up all at once out of those trees down there."

THEY could see now the innumerable dark shapes of rooks circling and beginning to spiral down, with subsiding cries, toward the tops of the trees. "God, how they frightened me!" she said. "Just rooks."

But he was standing looking down intently. She looked at him and gripped his arm. "You mean something frightened *them*," she whispered. He nodded, and as again they listened, both of them heard another sound, just audible through the scattered cawing of the rooks and the noise of the stream. Something was moving heavily in the undergrowth down there. Instinctively they both crouched in the heather. The noise stopped, then started again. It was impossible to tell whether it was a loud noise some way off, or a lesser noise in the nearest part of the valley bottom.

"Could be one of these moorland ponies," he whispered.

"We can't know."

The sound came again, the sound of a creature moving carefully.

"Too late," Joan breathed. "We can't go on." He nodded quickly. "The cottage is our best chance now."

Walking in a half crouch, they got back to the ridgetop. Then where the path dipped slantwise down the western flank, they started to run. The jolting thud of their feet and hearts deafened them to all other sounds. Panting painfully, they staggered together down the last narrow lap of the path to the cottage door. Then they stopped for the first time to look and listen.

Nothing could be seen or heard coming down the path. "We had a good start," Joan said.

Edward pushed her ahead of him into the house. "It may be only just enough," he said. "You get this door and window fixed. I'll do the front."

The cottage was a square box—two rooms in front, divided by a front door, which they never used, and a little passage running back to the kitchen, which filled the whole back space of the house. The front door was a heavy affair with bolts and chains that probably had not been opened in years. One of the little rooms they used only as a storeroom; the other was their bedroom. Edward moved quickly from one to the other, securing the heavy, old-fashioned shutters which had iron bars that locked them on the inside. When he returned, he found Joan had the kitchen windows shuttered, too, and the door barred. That was also a strong door, though the floor had sunk a couple of inches, leaving the gap through which the letters had been pushed sometime that morning.

A little of the dim remains of daylight still seeped in through large cracks in the shutters and between the heavy panels of the door. Edward lighted the oil lamp, set it on the floor, and rigged a curtain of dish towels around it so that it illuminated the room only dimly and wouldn't disclose them to a watcher outside.

"We'll want to keep a good ear open for

now TWO $75 Zenith HEARING AID models instead of ONE

① a sensational success—the Zenith "MINIATURE"—Modern and efficient—available at all Zenith dealers . . .

② AND the

Amazing Brand NEW ZENITH "ROYAL"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HEARING AID at $75

With the Unique

"Worry Saver" Emergency Switch (pat. appld. for)

It gives you double "A" Battery capacity—built right in the instrument itself. *You don't need to carry an extra "A" battery with you.* Just touch the convenient switch and you have fresh full power instantly. (Also gives you the last bit of battery use—with safety.) . . . and

THE NEW "ROYAL" IS SMALLER THAN EVEN THE TINY "MINIATURE"

CHOOSE THE ONE THAT SUITS YOU BEST—YOU'LL MAKE NO MISTAKE WITH EITHER THE "MINIATURE" OR "ROYAL" . . . at $75

THE ROYALTY OF HEARING

WE BELIEVE NO HEARING AID NEED SELL FOR MORE THAN $75

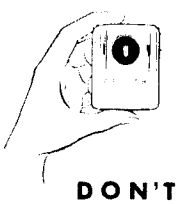
IF WE WANTED TO BUILD A HEARING AID TO SELL AT $150 OR $200 WE WOULD NOT KNOW HOW TO MANUFACTURE ZENITH INSTRUMENTS BETTER—OR HOW TO OBTAIN MORE EFFICIENT MATERIALS THAN NOW GO INTO OUR $75 HEARING AIDS.

E. F. McDonald Jr.
President
Zenith Radio Corporation

Purchase or inquire—about the new Zenith "Royal" and "Miniature" from an authorized Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer. He will welcome your inquiry whether you buy or not. (Consult your local Classified Telephone Directory)—or write us direct for your local dealer lists and complete information.

See the Brand NEW ZENITH®

"ROYAL"



Hearing Aid with "Worry Saver" Emergency Switch

Ready to wear. Tiny, Powerful—Comfortable.

$75

DON'T BE FOOLED

No Hearing Aid Can Be Made "Invisible"

Zenith is as inconspicuous as possible—with special concealing devices if hearing loss permits.

TRY THE "ROYAL" OR THE "MINIATURE"—AT OUR RISK—if any $200 Hearing Aid IN YOUR OPINION in any way outperforms a $75 Zenith YOUR MONEY BACK (under our UNCONDITIONAL 10 day return privilege) AND YOU ARE THE SOLE JUDGE.

MAKERS OF WORLD FAMOUS TELEVISION, RADIO, FM, AND HEARING AIDS

ZENITH

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RADIO CORPORATION

HEARING AID DIVISION

Dept. 436B

5801 Dickens Avenue

Chicago 39, Illinois

MAIL TODAY

Zenith Radio Corporation
Hearing Aid Division, Dept. 436B
5801 Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Ill.

Please send me free, details and complete descriptive literature (including time payment plan) and list of local dealers I may contact on the new $75 Zenith "Miniature" and "Royal."

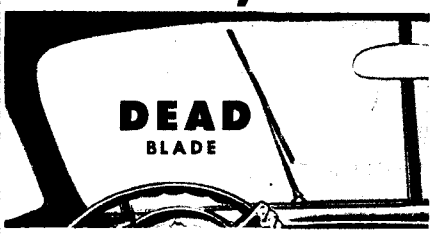
Name.....

Address.....

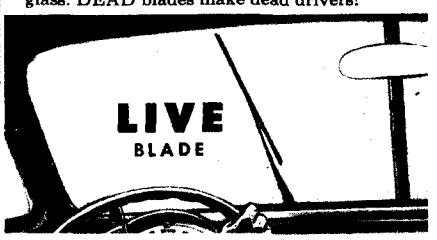
City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREVENTIVE SERVICE, 100%



THIS DEAD WIPER BLADE still looks new but it blurs rain, smears muck, streaks glass. DEAD blades make dead drivers!



THIS LIVE ANCO BLADE wipes clean, clears rain, clears road muck . . . lets you SEE. Protects your loved ones.

● When your car gets Preventive Service, be sure to examine your windshield wiper blades. They may still look new but corrosive windshield film, wind burn and hot sun BAKE the life out of rubber, often in six months or less. No matter how good they look, dead blades cause dangerous windshield smear. Dead blades make dead drivers. Protect your car . . . your life . . . with 100% Preventive Service.

Change Your Wiper Blades

Next time you buy gas, change to live, new ANCO Blades...RAIN-MASTER for Flat windshields . . . CLEAR-FLEX for Flat or Curved windshields. They fit all cars—wipe quicker and cleaner than any other blades.

Mr. Dealer: ANCO Wiper Motors give lots more power, lots less stall. Controlled wiping arc prevents blade slap. Six models only . . . COMPLETE replacements for ALL Cable Linkage, Bar Linkage, and Direct Drive original equipment vacuum wiper motors.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Gary, Indiana

FREE! TWO EXCITING ISSUES, NEW GARDEN MAGAZINE
Accept two new idea-packed issues of newest, most helpful garden magazine as our "get acquainted" gift, plus four-issue trial subscription for only $1. Money back if not delighted, and you keep both gift copies. Otherwise receive four more lavishly illustrated issues (six in all). Rush $1 now to GARDEN, 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y., Dept. 518.

For hearty enjoyment say:
"Make Mine Myers"

...because it's
RIGHT-BODIED
...not too heavy
...not too light

MYERS
The Traditional Dark
JAMAICA RUM
"Planters' Punch"
BRAND
97 Proof

For Free Illustrated Recipe Booklet write
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc., 50 Laight Street, New York, N. Y.
U.S. Distributors

the parson man," Edward said. "If he sees the place dark he may think we've gone."

They sat in the half-dark listening, and at the same moment both of them heard the noise of something coming down the path from the hillside. Edward had time to get up and tiptoe over to the door, hefting in his hand the small hatchet he had brought from the storeroom. Then a loud, authoritative hail came from outside. "Police out here. Anyone home?" Through the largest of the door's cracks, Edward caught a glimpse of the familiar uniform. He hurriedly unbarred and opened the door.

Edward interrupted the speech the policeman was beginning about having no wish to alarm them, but it was his duty to inform them that a maniac—

"We know a bit about that," Edward said. "Look at this." He handed the policeman the two letters.

"And what's more . . ." Joan began to tell the story of their attempted flight and the thing that had moved in the valley. The policeman listened stolidly. "Well, now," he said, "it might be as well to get that door shut, and if you'll get the lamp lit, I'll just take a look at all this."

Edward barred the door again. "That wouldn't have been anything but a moor pony," the policeman said. "Don't forget I've just come that way from Buckforth myself. Everything quiet. No birds whizzing about. For your information, the indications are that Howard's moving away from here. There'll be a police cordon between you and him by now," he said. "With dogs and all."

"But who *is* this Howard?" Joan asked.

"Barrington Howard?" he asked. "I thought everyone knew about that case."

SEVEN years ago, Howard, ex-acrobat, small-time actor, with nothing worse in the way of a police record than a couple of parking offenses, had murdered, with obscene brutality, five people in a single night. The victims were the members of two different families, living within a mile or so of one another in the outer suburbs. Both sets of victims were complete strangers to Howard. Each household had received, on the day before the murder, a notification of Howard's intention. "The same technique, you see," said the policeman, seeming to find satisfaction in the fact, as though it were a proof of order in a shifting world.

"But didn't the people he murdered—didn't they take precautions?" Joan asked.

"Seemingly didn't take enough," the policeman said grimly. In one case the recipients of the threat had dismissed it as an obvious practical joke by some friend of the family given to practical jokes. The other household had applied for, and received, a measure of police protection. Clearly it had not been sufficient because by some means which the killer would not, and his victims could not, disclose, Howard had gained admittance to both houses and carried out his threats to the letter. Obviously insane, he had been sent for life to the criminal lunatic asylum. Four days ago he had escaped.

"Queer thing how they caught him that first time," the policeman said. "It was psychological, kind of. He was very clever at disguising himself and he might have got clean away if it hadn't been for this psychology."

PSYCHIATRY had broken through to Buckforth police station; the policeman knew the words. "Total recall" was the phrase he used to describe how Barrington Howard, despite his remarkably able disguise, had been picked up after those first and famous murders. Several people had known of him that he had what psychiatrists call "total recall" on one particular subject—Germany. It had been quite a joke in the suburban bar he used to frequent. If anyone brought up the subject of Germany, Howard had total recall—that is, he would get started talking about Germany, and go on recounting quite irrelevant and uninteresting facts about Germany, till, as the policeman said, the cows came home.

"Some people," the policeman explained, "just *can* remember everything about something—something they read, say, or something they saw. Where it's psychological is when they *have* to remember it. And they come out with it, too."

"Compulsive total recall," Edward said.

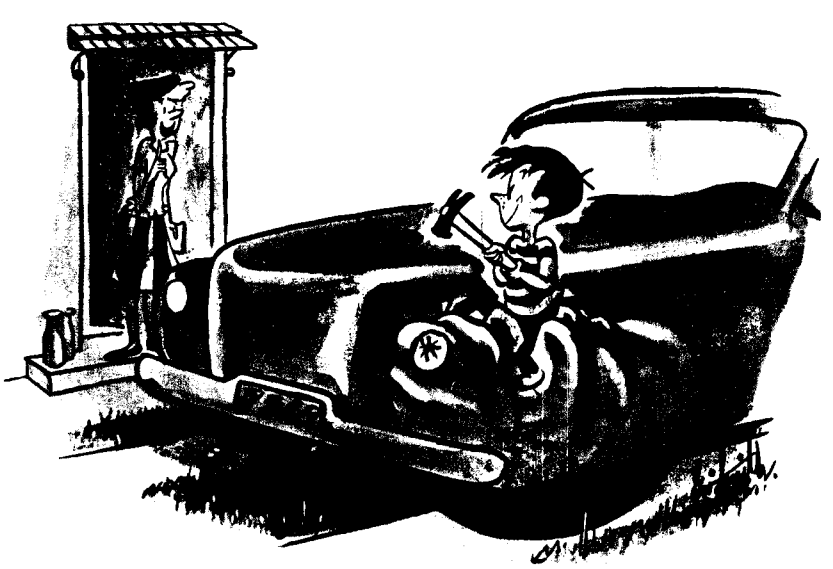
"The very words that were used," said the policeman approvingly. "That's the way they got him last time. Maybe that's how they'll get him this time. He's a plausible sort of chap, but they'll get him, all right. Don't you worry." He looked abruptly at his watch and fiddled with his hat.

Joan cried out, "But you're not going to leave us—like this—with that outside?"

The policeman shifted his weight from foot to foot.

"I know how you feel," he said, "but you see, the situation's like this . . ." The police already had had a message that the elderly farmer and his wife who lived in the most desolate part of the moor five miles to the westward had also received some kind of threat. The policeman's present assignment was to contact the officer in charge of the cordon, give him the message about the distant farm, and then go on ahead himself to do guard duty there.

"Now," he said, "if I go against orders, the lieutenant won't get the message about the farm, and the old couple out there won't get any quick protection. No one but you and me knows about the letter you got.



"Now you just sit there like that till Daddy comes home and you get one dollar's worth of jelly beans"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE SMITH

WHEN YOU HAVE A Headache

Alka-Seltzer

FIRST AID for Headaches—Alka-Seltzer!
FAST Relief when you need it most.
ALWAYS rely on this famous headache preparation that is giving relief to thousands every day.
When You have a headache, *remember* Alka-Seltzer—**FIRST, FAST and ALWAYS.**

© 1951, Miles Laboratories, Inc.

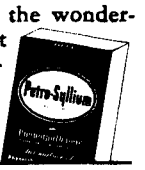
AT ALL DRUG STORES, U.S. & CANADA

'HAPPY ENDING' TO CONSTIPATION

prompt, smooth comfortable results with hospital-type laxative

Now you can have the simple, natural-type of constipation relief you want—quick, comfortable and complete. The very type of relief many doctors prescribe in hospitals—for patients either before or after an operation.

Petro-Syllium® lubricates waste that has been clogging your system, gathers it into a soft, smooth mass and carries it away—just like that. Take pleasant-tasting Petro-Syllium at night. Sleep comfortably without racking gastric distress—and get the wonderful single-action results next morning. No griping, or flushing action, no false alarms, or "hurry-up" calls. It's great!



P. S. please specify ***Petro-Syllium.***

There Is Nothing Phoney About VISE-GRIP'S Magic!

LOCKS With TON-GRIP
VISE-GRIP WRENCH

No other tool does so much so easily. Anyone can perform real magic with VISE-GRIP—it LOCKS . . . TURNS . . . TWISTS . . . RATCHETS . . . CUTS . . . HOLDS! Try it. You'll agree, whether you work on electrical appliances, plumbing or car, it makes every job a cinch.

WITH Cutter	No. 7W— 7-in.	$2.25
	No. 10W—10-in.	2.60
WITHOUT Cutter	No. 7C — 7-in.	1.95
	No. 10C —10 in.	2.25
World famous Straight Jaw model:		
	No. 7— 7-in.	$1.85
	No. 10—10-in.	2.15

Order From Your Dealer
Manufactured Only By
PETERSEN MFG. CO., INC.
Dept. C-4 DeWitt, Nebr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Seems to me, the only thing to do is for me to get going quickly, give them that information, and have them detail a man to come back here."

It made unanswerable good sense. Joan said, "You can't leave those two old people alone out there. With the killer near, perhaps." She gave a little shiver, and automatically her head turned toward the shuttered window.

"That's right." The policeman patted her arm. "Now look here, I can tell you one thing: it's unlikely Howard's got hold of a gun, and even if he has, it's a hundred to one against his having more than a couple of rounds of ammo for it. And that means he can't shoot his way in here, and by the look of these shutters and the door, he'd have a hell of a time breaking his way in, either. Now, the parson that's written to you, he's a good chap—chaplain in a commando raid, he was—and before it's full dark *he'll* be here. With a gun, too, I expect. That should see you right till one of our men gets back here."

They listened to the policeman's bicycle bumping away, and then to the silence. Joan turned to her husband and looked into his eyes. "Anyway," she said, "we're together again." The wrangle of the morning seemed infinitely far away.

"Yes," he said, taking her in his arms, "we're together."

Suddenly she leaned away from him. "Listen," she said.

THERE was a sound on the path. Then there was the loud, repeated ringing of a bicycle bell, and a voice called out, "Is that the Mansells? This is Beale. From Buckforth."

Edward called out in response. The voice came a little nearer, and then said, "Look, you'll probably want to take a look at me before you let me in. Do you want to open a shutter and shine a torch on me?"

"Okay." Edward opened the shutter a chink, and in the light of a flashlight surveyed the clerical figure standing rather stiffly beside the bicycle a few yards away. He wore a conventional clerical collar, but otherwise he might have been, from his appearance, a doctor or government inspector, or some other kind of civil servant whose work was in the countryside. He grinned pleasantly at Edward. "No good taking chances," he said.

He was a biggish man, and when Edward, as he let him into the cottage and secured the door after him, commented that he looked like a useful reinforcement, he laughed and said that he had a bit more fighting experience than most chaplains.

They thanked him for his offer and his prompt arrival.

"Well," he said, "if Howard is lurking round this bit of the moor the three of us ought to be a match for him. I brought a gun, just in case." He patted his pocket. "Now," he said, "what about showing me the defense plan?"

They showed him what they'd done, and he approved.

"There's nothing to do," he said, "but await developments. Could you give me a sandwich, or something? I've been on the go all day and I'm pretty hungry."

HURRYING, Joan got the food. They carved cold ham and ate a lot of it, and had a potato salad. Edward brought out bottled beer from the cupboard and they drank that. They talked low and listened often. But with their new ally there, an armed ex-commando, there was a kind of gaiety in the tension now. It was like the first night of a war. And then, since the visitor seemed an exceptionally agreeable, as well as a kind and thoughtful man, Edward brought out, too, a bottle of whisky which they had been saving.

As he did so, he saw Joan frown, and he said, "After all, if this isn't a special occasion, what is?" She smiled briefly. Their guest accepted a big shot of whisky, and the men were soon deep in cheerful reminiscences about the war.

They kept refilling their glasses, even when Joan said, with a little extra emphasis, that she would not have any more because she thought everyone should have a clear head. She sat a little apart, frowning slightly in the gloom of the half-lighted kitchen. Edward accentuated his cheerfulness, as though to prove that he, at least, was a jolly good fellow who appreciated what another jolly good fellow was doing for them. And so he was still listening with a slightly fatuous smile for at least a quarter of a minute after Joan had stiffened suddenly in her chair.

"I entered Germany," the visitor was saying, "on the Cologne *Autobahn* at three forty-five on the morning of May the twentieth, 1945. I remember it as if it were yesterday. It made, this first sight of Germany, a quite unforgettable impression on me. Of course, when one comes to think of Germany, and the fate of Germany, and so on, naturally one . . ." His voice went on and on talking about Germany.

Edward's fatuous smile started to freeze on his face. Then, while the guest looked down into his glass, and talked about Germany, Edward got his smile back into position again and kept it there. At the first break in the stranger's talk, he started to rise and muttered something about going outside for a moment. "Only outdoor sanitation here, you know, old boy."

The face above the clerical collar came up, alert and startled. "I really wouldn't do

Spudnuts
TRADE MARK
for Lasting Energy

A winner every time! Those good, golden-crusted Spudnuts give quick energy, lasting energy, in the most wholesome, enjoyable, and palatable form imaginable! Perfect for the kiddies after school with a glass of sparkling milk . . . grand anytime at a party, as a dessert, or for a quick snack. Try Spudnuts and see — over 300 Spudnut dealers throughout the nation are waiting to serve you.

Especially prepared potatoes, from which the product takes its name, are one of the ingredients in the secret formula that have made Spudnuts "America's Finest Food Confection." Spudnuts are "raised" in a proof box, just like the finest pastries, then deep-cooked in top-quality shortening to a nutritious, digestible, golden-brownness . . . a tempting morsel for every age around the clock!

Coast to Coast -- Alaska to Mexico
America's Finest Food Confection

More and More Spudnut Shops Now Have Spud-Over The Newest Spudnut Food Confection

EXCLUSIVE Spudnut FRANCHISES AVAILABLE

Like to be in business for yourself? Reed Wilson, Spudnut operator at Madison, Wisconsin sells over 10,000 dozen Spudnuts a month, works hard, but loves it, because it's profitable! Locations are still available, the investment is nominal, and every aid is given you by an aggressive, expanding, nation-wide organization. For full details, write Franchise Division, Pelton's Spudnuts, Inc., 1488 South State, Salt Lake City, Utah; Canadian Offices: Spudnuts Ltd., 1307 Burrard Street, Vancouver, B. C. Copyright 1951.

Pelton's SPUDNUTS Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SPUDNUTS -- a tasty Pelton product, sold only by authorized, franchised dealers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not when you can get new shoes with old shoe comfort!

All that joyful relaxing flexibility, all that easy soothing softness are yours in a Ward Hill Soft-Walk Shu. No binding, no burning, no tough breaking-in!

For carefree, all-day-long shoe comfort that begins with your first step — buy a Ward Hill Soft Walk. No other brand offers all four features: (1) flexibility. (2) reinforced arch cushion, (3) full cushioned innersole, and (4) a popular price. That claim is backed up by Patent #2,361,693.

WARD HILL
Soft Walk Shu
FLEXIBLE-CUSHION

No. 1101
on the Broadway Last

KNIPE BROS., INC., WARD HILL, MASS.
for over 60 years makers of fine shoes for men

that, you know. I wouldn't take a chance on going out there alone. You don't realize how dangerous Howard is. I'll come along with you, though, if you like. I've got the gun, you see." His hand went to his pocket.

Edward relaxed into his chair. "Oh, well," he said, "later perhaps. We'll have another drink first, anyway." The other relaxed, too. "I'm not going to let you out of my sight," he said, smiling.

Keeping it slow and casual, Edward leaned forward to take the bottle. "I'll fill that up for you," he said. The other looked at his glass, and as he did so, Edward got the neck of the bottle in his fist, jumped suddenly from his chair, and swung with what force he could at the side of the lowered head in front of him. The other rolled sideways and seemed to be trying to get out of his chair. His mouth came open, and his eyes stared up with the look of a man taken utterly by surprise. Before he could even make a move to handle his gun, Edward hit him again. With a deep, shuddering groan, the man toppled right out of the chair.

FOR a full couple of seconds, Edward stood, staring down at him, incredulous at the success of his act. Then he began to claw at his own necktie, ripped it off, and started awkwardly binding the man's hands behind him. Joan dashed to the cupboard and came back again with a length of clothesline. Silently, trembling with delayed terror, they trussed the big man's arms and legs, twisting the rope around him in a frenzy of self-protection.

The bound man was breathing heavily. Edward felt the side of his head with his fingertips and decided there was no fracture. They tied a wet dishcloth over the small bleeding wound the bottle had made. They stood back, looking first at the helpless figure on the floor, then at each other. Relief flooded through them. For a minute or two they babbled at each other. "It was my fault," Edward heard himself saying. "I took a couple too many drinks. He fooled me completely."

"But, darling," Joan was saying, "he'd have taken in anybody."

Edward looked at her gratefully, and then out of the corner of his eye he saw a movement on the floor. The man's leg had moved, gently, stealthily, and one of the knots they had tied had loosened and slipped.

Edward's voice came in a sharp whisper. "Look out," he said. "He's moving. He's—you remember what the policeman said—he's an acrobat. He may be a kind of Houdini."

Fear came back into the room. The prisoner was motionless now, his eyes still closed, but his immobility had the suggestion of a sinister trick. They stared down at him and actually wished that he would make another movement, something that would give an indication of what he planned. But he did nothing. And they, watching him in fascination, began to have the sensation that quite suddenly, in a single second perhaps, he would simply leap out of the knots and the clothesline and go for them.

"My God," said Joan. "I can't stand this all night."

There was no telephone at the cottage, and Edward said, "I'm afraid all night is what it's going to be. We could take turns watching."

"I wouldn't dare be alone with—that."

"We could drag him into the front room and lock him in."

They were talking in whispers now.

"It might be just his chance," Joan said. "While we were lifting him, he might get loose. They can get out of anything, people trained to do those tricks."

It was as though the man on the floor had established some commanding position, as though they, and not he, were helpless.

"Maybe," said Joan suddenly, "the real Mr. Beale, the real parson, will turn up."

Edward looked at his watch and saw to his surprise that even after all that had happened it was still early. Mr. Beale probably would keep his word and "look in" on his way back from what he had called the "outer edge" of the parish.

"I hope to God he comes," Edward said.

For a half hour that seemed a lot longer, they sat, not daring to take their eyes off the figure on the floor. Once Edward thought he saw a new, stealthy movement of an arm, and went over and tried to tighten one of their knots, which now looked horribly amateurish. And then they heard the repeated ringing of a bicycle bell out in the dark, and a voice hailing them.

"It's me, Beale," shouted the voice. "Are you all right?" His voice had a note of urgent anxiety.

"Yes. We're all right." Edward's voice was a little shaky. With an effort, as though he might be struck suddenly in the back, he went across to the door and started to unbolt it.

The man outside said, "I really ought to give you some kind of password."

But Edward already had the door open and was explaining the situation.

The other stepped quickly across the room to look at the man on the floor.

"My goodness," he said, "he really does look like a parson, doesn't he? Though," he added, "if you were entirely familiar with the behavior of parsons these days, you might have thought his getup a little, well, a little *too* parsonical."

He himself wore a clerical collar, but was otherwise dressed in rather crumpled light-gray flannels.

He bent over the bound man, and fingered the knots.

"If you'd just give me a hand," he said, "I think we could tighten up this job here and there. And what about the gun? Didn't you say he had a gun?"

Edward gasped. He realized that in the excitement of knocking the man out and then tying him up, he had forgotten the gun.

THE newcomer fumbled for it with slightly shaking hands and finally pulled it out of the man's side pocket. "Well," he said, "he seems safe enough now. There's not much trouble he can cause now."

Belatedly they offered him a drink.

"The thing I don't understand," Joan said, "is how this maniac *knew* that you were going to come here. I can understand his picking on us as his victims because of it being so lonely here. But how did he know he could get in right away by pretending to be you?"

"You see your note," said Edward, "was pushed in *after* his. It was nearer the door and must have pushed his along the floor."

The other looked at him with raised eyebrows.

"But I didn't push mine under the door at all," he said. "I pinned it to the door. Stupid thing to do, now I come to think of it. In fact, if I weren't a parson, I'd call it a *damn*' stupid thing to do. Howard must have found it, read it, resealed it, and pushed it under the door. That's how he was able to make his plan. Didn't you notice anything funny about the envelope?"

They remembered their bitter quarreling in the afternoon. They had not been in a noticing mood. "We didn't notice anything," Joan said sadly.

"And when *did* you notice anything?"

"When he had that 'total recall' thing about Germany," Joan said. "The policeman had told us about his peculiarity. Edward said something about Germany, and suddenly there he was, having 'total recall.'"

"Talked about Germany, did he?" said the other interestedly. "Now I could tell you quite a lot about Germany. I will commence with essential statistics of the area of the country, principal exports and imports, industrial and agricultural production, outstanding historical events. Taking the production figures for 1939, and comparing them with those for 1948, 1949 and the first quarter of 1950, we get a statistical picture of Germany susceptible of comparison with the statistical picture of pre-Hitler Germany."

Edward saw the man pick up the knife while he talked, and at the same time he heard Joan's dreadful scream. THE END

Mrs. O'Brien Enters High Society

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

knew, him and the older Donnell girl, Irene, were sitting in the parlor over there every night, making eyes at each other. This Princeton man came from a wealthy family in Pittsburgh and he had quite a lot of social position. He was just what Mrs. Donnell wanted."

"What happened?" I asked.

Mrs. O'Brien grinned. "I managed to throw cold water on it," she said. "It's a long story. Some afternoon when you have nothing else to do, I might tell you about it. Mrs. Donnell has never forgiven me. Of course, she's sweet to my face. I'm sweet to her, too. But I know she'd love to marry one of those girls to one of the men in my house, and, if I can stop it, she'll never do it. That's why I always discourage my men from eating over there. For Heaven's sake. Don't look now, but she's waving and I think she's coming over here."

The two girls had gone into the house and Mrs. Donnell was making her way across the street to Mrs. O'Brien's gate, where she paused and smiled at us.

"Your forsythia is lovely," she called to Mrs. O'Brien. "May I come in and chat with you for a moment? Or are you busy?"

Mrs. O'Brien invited her to have a chair on the porch. Mr. O'Brien's newspaper rustled impatiently.

"Be careful," Mrs. O'Brien muttered to me as Mrs. Donnell approached. "She's probably sizing you up for one of her girls."

AFTER some talk about the weather, Mrs. Donnell said, "I just had to come over and tell you how lovely your forsythia looks, Mrs. O'Brien. Everybody in the whole neighborhood is raving about it."

Mrs. O'Brien shelled a few Lima beans. "It's a wonder it bloomed at all," she said, "after the crew cut my lord and master here gave those bushes a few months ago. He's afraid his grass won't get enough sun. He'd chop down every tree and shrub on the place, if he had his way. But I've stolen his clippers and hid them where he'll never find them."

Mr. O'Brien squirmed in his chair and buried his head deeper in his newspaper. There was small talk about planting and flowers. I began to wait for a pause that would enable me to back out of there and go upstairs and take a shower and play a few of my roommate's New Orleans jazz records before it was time to go out to dinner.

Then I heard Mrs. Donnell saying, "By the way, Mrs. O'Brien, I notice you have a new roomer."

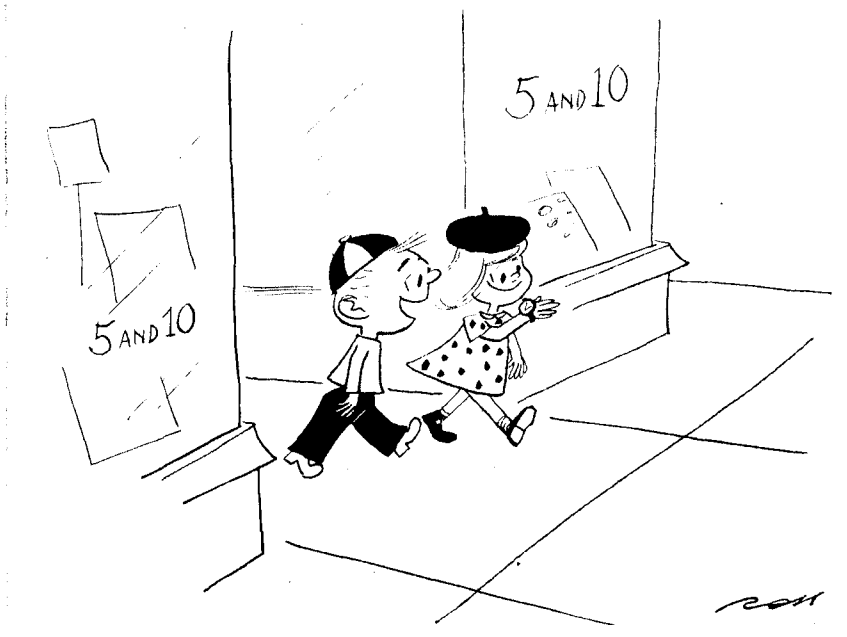
"A new roomer?" Mrs. O'Brien said.

"An older man," Mrs. Donnell said. "He doesn't seem like a Law School student."

"Oh, I know who you mean," Mrs. O'Brien said. "He's not exactly a roomer. That's an uncle of one of the students who lives here. His home on Long Island is being redecorated and he's staying here with his nephew for a few weeks. Then he's going to Europe."

I gathered that they were talking about the stranger who had been sleeping for the past few days on the extra bed in Nelson Cartwright's study. Nelson had said noth-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COLLIER'S **"And you never have to wind it, either"** AL ROSS

ing about him but I had seen him a couple of times in the hallway while I was looking over the morning mail.

The Cartwrights were a horsy family from Westbury. Each baby received a pair of race-track binoculars at birth. They had one of the biggest fortunes this side of Chicago. I wondered why an uncle from such a family would travel all the way to a rooming house in Cambridge to avoid a few painters and paper hangers. With his checkbook, I could have found a nicer place to pass the time, right in the Fifties near Fifth Avenue. I decided he might be one of those eccentric millionaires who memorize the serial number on each dollar bill before they get around to spending it. Or maybe the family had sent him here to check up on Nelson's progress with the law.

"He seems like a nice man," Mrs. Donnell said, looking, for some reason, for information.

Mrs. O'Brien was unable to resist the opportunity of throwing the Social Register at Mrs. Donnell.

"Yes, he's a nice man from a nice family," she said. "One of the New York Cartwrights. Very high in society, very wealthy. All the Cartwrights who went to the Harvard Law School lived in this house. The boy I have now, Nelson Cartwright—the nephew of the man you mentioned—is a younger brother of David Cartwright, who was here with me four years ago, and a cousin of Mike and Larry Cartwright who lived here back in the thirties. All Yale men, of course. David Cartwright was Skull and Bones, too. They had two horses in the Kentucky Derby last year. Not one, but two, mind you."

Mrs. Donnell then delivered her trump.

"Did you know," she said, "that this gentleman has been eating luncheon and dinner at my house? The one you say is the uncle of your young man."

"Is that so?" Mrs. O'Brien said.

"The girls and I have gotten to be very friendly with him," Mrs. Donnell added. "He's such good fun."

Mrs. O'Brien said nothing.

"Such a very nice man," Mrs. Donnell went on. "Not that it especially matters, but do you happen to know whether he's married?"

Mrs. O'Brien's reply was slow and reluctant. "No," she admitted. "He isn't."

Having accomplished her purpose, Mrs. Donnell said something about fixing the hair of her younger daughter, Evelyn, for a special dinner engagement, and quickly took her leave. I thought about the shower and the New Orleans records but I decided this was not quite the appropriate time to make an exit. Mrs. O'Brien thoughtfully shelled the remaining Lima beans. A silence settled over the porch. After a few minutes Mr. O'Brien slowly lowered his newspaper and peered cautiously at his wife. A frown came on his face. I looked and saw what was puzzling him. Mrs. O'Brien was smiling.

"What's so funny?" Mr. O'Brien asked.

"Oh, nothing," Mrs. O'Brien said. "I was just thinking of the time Cal Coolidge came here to Cambridge when he was President. There was a big parade and he rode in a car with Eddie Quinn, who was mayor of Cambridge then. Somebody in the crowd yelled at Quinn, 'Hey, Eddie, who's the redhead?' "

Mr. O'Brien turned to me and shook his head. "How I've stayed married to this woman for forty years is beyond me."

"Why should I get excited?" Mrs. O'Brien said. "At last Mrs. Donnell lines up a prospect for one of her girls. So what? More luck to the woman."

Mr. O'Brien put down his newspaper and removed his glasses. "Wait a minute," he said. "Let me get this straight. For years, you've been carrying on a cold war with that dame across the street. I've been dizzy listening to you worry about whether she might marry her daughters to your society boys. And now, when she—"

"Shush!" Mrs. O'Brien said. "Somebody's coming down the stairs."

THERE were footsteps in the hall and the central figure in the controversy, Nelson Cartwright's uncle, came out on the porch. He was a brawny and powerful man, carefully barbered and manicured, and he wore a white carnation in the lapel of his sharply tailored and expensive blue suit. There was no danger of anybody making a remark about the carnation. Although he was nearing forty, Nelson's uncle seemed capable of taking care of himself in a street fight.

"Hello, gorgeous," he said to Mrs. O'Brien.

I had never heard Mrs. O'Brien addressed so intimately before but she did not appear to resent it.

"I hope you're comfortable in that room," she said to him pleasantly. "I don't know how you can sleep with your nephew studying right next to your bed until all hours."

"I've been making with the torts and the contracts myself to keep him company," Nelson's uncle said. He turned to me. "I don't know how you guys understand that legal mumble-jumble they print in those books. Six weeks in this law school and a man in a white coat would have to pull me down from the chandelier and carry me off to a laughing academy."

I noticed that Nelson's uncle had a tendency to talk out of the corner of his mouth.

"I understand," Mrs. O'Brien said, "that you've been eating your meals at the University Arms, across the street. A very nice place, don't you think?"

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

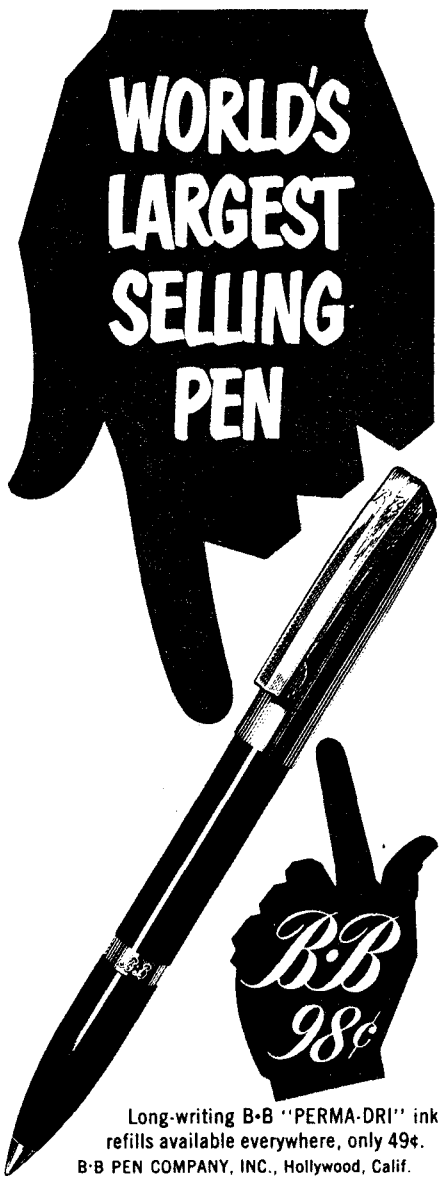
MRS. ROBERT P. GIBB, socialite and accomplished horsewoman of Far Hills, N. J. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Gibb says: "When I entertain, I always order extra cartons of Herbert Tareyton."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Long-writing B·B "PERMA-DRI" ink refills available everywhere, only 49¢.
B·B PEN COMPANY, INC., Hollywood, Calif.

REZNOR
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING GAS UNIT HEATER

LABOR SAVING HEATING MACHINE

"Boon to thousands"

Every factory and commercial building . . . every store and office can profit by this world's most universally used and easily installed gas heater. Without a fireman, beautiful Reznor units automatically manufacture and distribute heat for every required area.

There's a dealer near you.

REZNOR MANUFACTURING CO.
30 UNION ST. · MERCER, PENNA.
Send me 20-page catalog in full color
Name_____
Firm_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

"It's not Chambord or Pavillon," he said. "But you know what the old lady said as she went fishing in a pond near her home where there were no fish. It's convenient."

"The people who run the place are nice, too," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Mrs. Donnell and her two daughters, Irene and Evelyn. I think you've met them."

"You mean Cambridge's answer to the Gabor sisters?" Nelson's uncle said. "Yes, I've seen them around."

"If I were you, I'd keep on eating there regularly," Mrs. O'Brien said. "It's a friendly, homelike atmosphere. And the food is better than you'll find in the restaurants in Harvard Square."

"Thanks for the tip," he said. "And you know that one about man not living by bread alone. I don't want to sound like a road company Ezio Pinza, but, just between the four of us, I'm sharing a table there tonight with Evelyn, the younger daughter."

Mrs. O'Brien gave him an understanding smile. "You could do worse," she said. "She's a very attractive girl."

I sneaked a glance at Mr. O'Brien. He was staring at his wife, his mouth slightly open. The whole thing was getting too complicated for me, too. I excused myself and went upstairs and took my shower.

DURING the next few days I was busy with Legal Aid work, and an interesting postdebutante from Brookline came into my life. I did not follow closely the goings on in the neighborhood but I could not help hearing that Nelson's uncle and Evelyn Donnell were getting to be quite a thing.

At least it was becoming obvious enough for most of the other boys in our house to be aware of it. Art Johnston, the Northwestern man who lived at the University Arms, told me he could not enter or leave the place without tripping over Nelson's uncle in the hallway. I wondered how Mrs. O'Brien was reacting to all this. I didn't get a chance to talk with her until Wednesday, when she came to my room in the afternoon to put the bite on me for ten dollars.

"I need a little something to hold off a bill collector," she said. "He wants sixty-five but ten will keep him quiet for a week or so. He's threatening to trustee the old man's wages. If that happens, I'll be murdered down in the cellar and there'll be pictures all over the newspapers. Your family won't like it."

"How about the twenty-five dollars I lent you last month?" I said. Mrs. O'Brien was always in financial hot water.

"Oh, I haven't forgotten it," she said. "I might surprise you with it one of these days. Where there's a will, there's a way."

"I'll let you have this ten," I said, "if you'll come clean with me about Nelson Cartwright's uncle and the Donnell girl. Exactly what are you up to?"

"Mr. Robbins, I have no idea what you're talking about," she said innocently.

"I know you," I said. "You've always called Mrs. Donnell a fourflusher and a social climber. Now you're helping her to marry her daughter into society. It doesn't add up. You must be playing some kind of an angle."

"Maybe Mrs. Donnell isn't one of my favorite people," she said. "But I've got nothing against Evelyn. If she wants to fall in love, it's no affair of mine."

I took out my checkbook. "Do you want this ten dollars, or don't you?" I said.

"All right," Mrs. O'Brien said. "I can't tell you the whole story just yet. But you're right—there's a little bit more to this thing than meets the eye. Now are you satisfied? You can make the check out to me, or to cash, if you'd rather."

There were no startling developments for the rest of the week. I ate most of my meals at Lincoln's Inn, a Law School eating club, but on Sunday the Inn was closed and my roommate and I had dinner at an Italian restaurant on Church Street. Nelson's uncle and Evelyn Donnell occupied a nearby booth. They hardly touched their food and they did not take their eyes off each other. The next morning, when I was leaving the house there were three pieces of expensive pigskin luggage standing on the porch.

I glanced inquiringly at Mrs. O'Brien, who was sweeping the steps.

"Our friend is moving," she said. "The road company Ezio Pinza, as he calls himself."

"Back to Long Island? The painters and paper hangers have finished their work?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. O'Brien said. She nodded in the direction of the University Arms. "He's moving across the street. I guess it's beginning to look serious and Mrs. Donnell is taking no chances. She doesn't want to let him out of her sight."

"You're really getting soft," I said to her. "It's bad enough handing Mrs. Donnell a blue-blooded son-in-law on a silver platter. But I never thought you'd let her lure a paying customer out of your place of business."

"That'll be the day," Mrs. O'Brien said. "If that woman tried to hijack one of my tenants, I'd go over there and cut her two legs off at the ankles. She's making no money on this deal, I can assure you. He's simply being invited for a social visit, as a friend of the family. No rent. She explained the whole thing to me yesterday and asked my permission to invite him, if you please. Naturally, I told her to go right ahead."

Mrs. O'Brien winked at me and went on with her sweeping.

"I wish you'd tell me what's at the bottom of this," I said. "The suspense is killing me."

"Be patient," she said. "It won't be long now."

That was Monday. Thursday was the big eventful day. At seven o'clock in the morning, when I was shaving, I heard the telephone ringing downstairs. Thinking that Mrs. O'Brien might still be in bed, I went to answer it, but as I was coming down the stairs, she appeared in the hallway in her robe and slippers and picked up the receiver. I went back to my bathroom to finish shaving. In a few minutes, I heard Mrs. O'Brien calling to me.

"Mr. Robbins, what time is it?"

"A few minutes after seven," I said.

"Can you imagine her getting me on the telephone at this ungodly hour of the morning? Wouldn't you think she could have waited until nine o'clock, at least? She's so excited she doesn't know what she's saying."

"Who's excited?" I said.

"Mrs. Donnell. She doesn't know whether she's going or coming. Her daughter and Mr. Cartwright's uncle eloped and got married last night someplace in Maryland."

"Eloped? Married?"

"I can't stop to talk about it now," Mrs. O'Brien said. "I've got to put some clothes on and get across the street so I can hear all the details."

NEWS of the elopement spread quickly. I heard talk about it at breakfast in Lincoln's Inn. Between classes later in the morning, Art Johnston told me that the Donnell household had been in an uproar since dawn, when the absence of Evelyn and Nelson's uncle had been discovered. Then a telegram from the newlyweds arrived, delighting everybody but the bride's sister, who had been looking forward to a fancy church wedding with a large corps of eligible ushers from Long Island. Mrs. Donnell suddenly revealed an intimate and extensive knowledge of the Cartwright family's genealogy and financial standing. She described to Art Johnston the colors of the Cartwright racing silks.

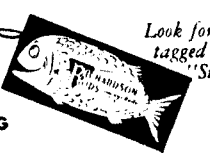
On my way to the library after lunch, I ran into the bridegroom's favorite nephew. It occurred to me that Nelson had been somewhat forgotten in the general excitement. In fact, now that I thought of it, I realized that I had not seen him in class or at the house in the previous five or six days. Nelson explained that he had been released only that morning from the Stillman Infirmary, where he had been confined with a virus infection.

BULL'S-EYE ACTION
with this NEW
RICHARDSON
"BLUGLAS" ROD

Just the right tip action for bull's-eye casting of light lures.

Strength and backbone in butt end to set hook.

Blue fibre glass will not fade. Guides put on to stay.



Look for the rods tagged with the "Sign of the Fish"!

write for FREE CATALOG

5277R

RICHARDSON ROD & REEL CO.
3177 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago 18, Illinois

BEAUTY IN A HURRY!

Clean and Glaze Your Car . . .
in one simple operation!

Mac's Speed Glaze, FINEST OF ALL THE SILICONES, cuts grime and dirt faster...puts a more beautiful glaze on your car in 30 to 60 minutes.

Ask your dealer about MAC'S SPEED GLAZE.

CRAZY Water Crystals

give you quick, ephemeral relief from nervousness, insomnia, lack of energy, loss of appetite, if and when excess gastric acidity and constipation are contributing factors. Satisfaction guaranteed.

At all DRUG STORES
CRAZY WATER CO., INC., Mineral Wells, Texas

Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits — 90 Proof
Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston, Massachusetts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Quite a stunt your uncle pulled off in your absence," I said. "I guess you can't leave those old fellows out of your sight for a minute."

"My uncle?" Nelson said. "Which uncle? Oh, you mean Sparky. I heard about it. I never dreamed Sparky had it in him at his age."

"Sparky?" I said. "Is that a family nickname?"

Nelson laughed. "Don't spread it around," he said. "But he's not really my uncle. He's Sparky Owens, the big New York bookmaker."

"Bookmaker?"

"Yes, a bookie," Nelson said. "Sparky decided to leave New York in a hurry. A grand jury wanted to ask him some questions about a few television sets he had given to police inspectors as Christmas presents. He didn't want to stay in a hotel, where he would be recognized. So he came here and moved in on me. I couldn't say no. I owe Sparky over seventeen hundred dollars for bets that I don't want my family to know about."

I pulled myself together. "I won't say a word about it," I said. "But I wish you'd let Mrs. O'Brien in on this. She has a strong personal interest in the case."

"Mrs. O'Brien knows about Sparky," Nelson said. "She's known about him all along."

"What?"

"Sure," Nelson said. "When Sparky moved in on me, I told Mrs. O'Brien who he was. She made up that story about him being my uncle. She didn't want anybody to know a bookie was living in her exclusive rooming house. Of course, I didn't want anybody to know it either."

"Oh," I said. "I see. It all becomes very clear to me now." . . .

Mrs. O'Brien was somewhat disappointed when she learned that evening of my talk with Nelson. She had been looking forward to being the first to break the news to me about the identity of Sparky Owens. Or, as she called him now, Uncle Sparky.

"Well," she said, "there's still some of this thing you haven't yet heard about."

I dropped my books on the porch and took the chair beside her.

"Since early this afternoon," she said, "I've been forced to get my news about the Donnell family secondhand. Since early this afternoon, Mrs. Donnell hasn't been speaking to me."

"I take it that early this afternoon she found out Nelson's so-called uncle was a bookie instead of a Cartwright," I said.

"Right," Mrs. O'Brien said. "But here's what I want to tell you. Mrs. Donnell has nobody to blame but herself. Uncle Sparky didn't try to pull the wool over her eyes. Over a week ago he told Evelyn and her that he was a bookie and that the grand jury was after him for giving too many television sets to policemen. Evelyn decided to marry him anyway. But Mrs. Donnell didn't believe him. She thought he was only joking."

"Why should she have believed him?" I said. "You wouldn't expect her to take his word against yours, would you?"

Mrs. O'Brien let the remark pass.

"Anyway," she continued, "this afternoon the honeymoon couple called her on the phone long-distance and convinced her that Sparky had been on the level. I don't know why she's so upset. He makes good money. And he doesn't have to pay a withholding tax. Speaking of money, that reminds me."

MRS. O'BRIEN dug into her apron pocket and pulled out a roll of bills. She peeled off three tens and a five and handed them to me.

"You and I are now even," she said. "I had a little understanding with Nelson Cartwright. His Uncle Sparky was making him nervous. He was afraid of what his family would think if they knew he was harboring a fugitive from a grand jury investigation in his room here. Besides, Sparky snored at night while Nelson was trying to study. He promised me a substantial gift of cash if I could figure out a way to get rid of Sparky. This afternoon Nelson came through like a major. Fine boys in that Cartwright family."

I thanked Mrs. O'Brien and pocketed the thirty-five dollars. She counted what was left of her money.

"I hope I'll be able to buy the happy couple a wedding present," she said. "A television set would be nice. But maybe Sparky might think I was being a wise guy."

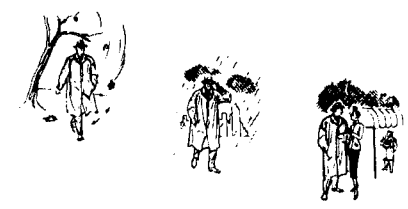
THE END

BUTCH

"Sorry I woke ya again, but when I got down th' street it started in rainin' all over your nice suit"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

alligator
gold label
the coat you'll live in
around the clock . . . around the calendar



America's most wanted gaberdine . . .
100% all virgin wool worsted

The coat you'll wear and enjoy more than any other! Smart, comfortable, truly *right* for all weather wear, it will be your stand-by season after season. Choose *your* water repellent Gold Label *now*, raglan or set-in sleeve model, **$45.75**, Trench Coat, **$56.75**

Other Alligator Rainwear water repellent or waterproof $8.50 to $56.75
All wool button-in warmer for any Alligator coat, $10.50

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE
Alligator
RAINWEAR
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES

HOLD-E-ZEE
The Original AUTOMATIC GRIP SCREWDRIVERS

Hold, start and set up screws in unhandy places. Gripper instantly released by SPRING ACTION, sliding up out of way when not in use. Highest quality throughout

New Models FOR RECESSED HEAD SCREWS

UPSON BROS., INC., ROCHESTER 11, N.Y.

At Leading Dealers Everywhere

Personal
To Women With Nagging Backache

When kidney function slows down, many folks complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Don't suffer longer with these discomforts if reduced kidney function is getting you down—due to such common causes as stress and strain, over-exertion or exposure to cold.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While often otherwise caused, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

INCREASE your income taking care of subscriptions for this magazine and all popular publications. Write to—
Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

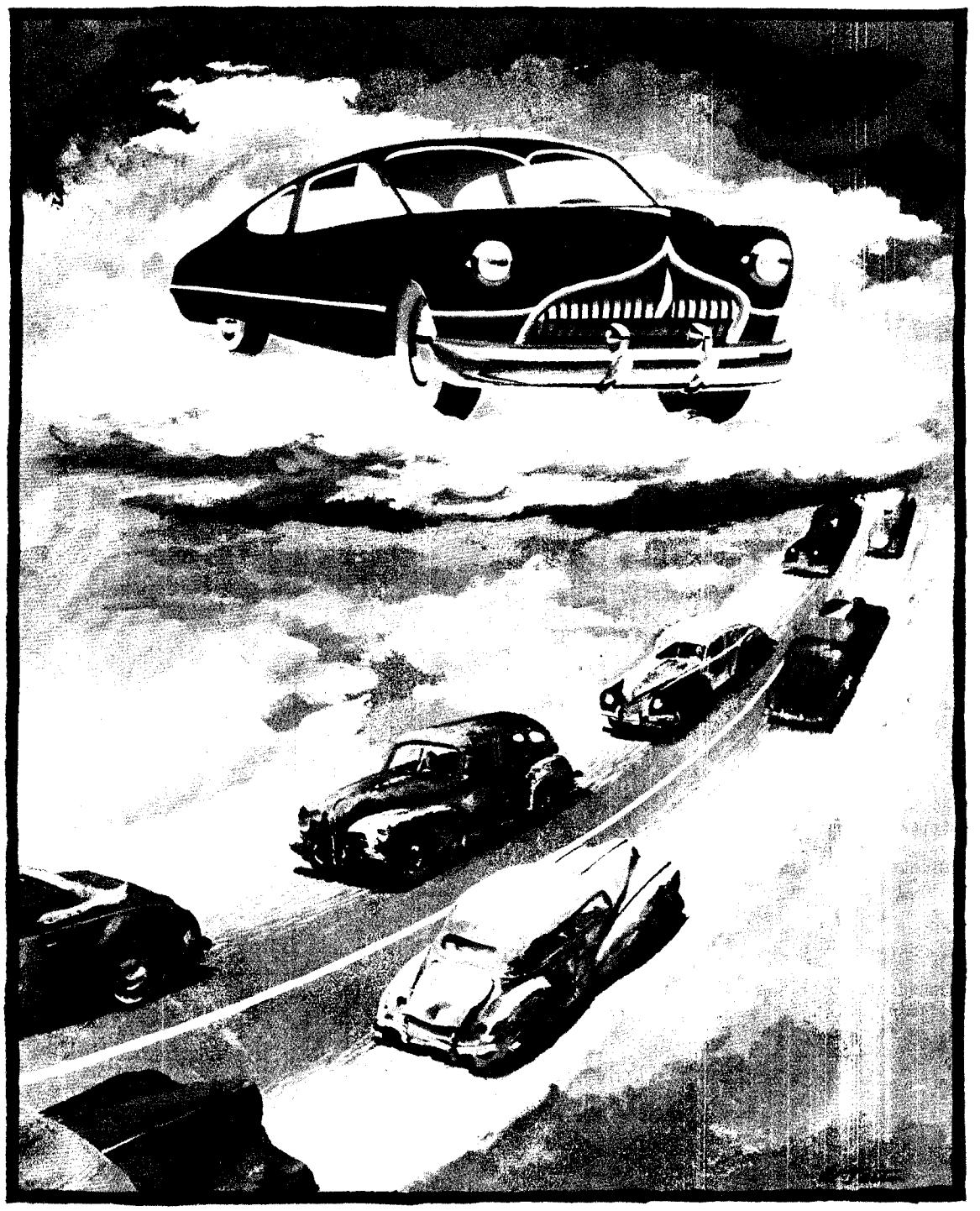
A FASCINATING . . . MONEY-MAKING
art career can be yours
America's 12 Most Famous Artists Show You How!

Norman Rockwell
Al Parker
Jon Whitcomb
Ben Stahl
Stevan Dohanos
Robert Fawcett
Peter Helck
Austin Briggs
Harold Von Schmidt
John Atherton
Fred Ludekens
Albert Dorne

Now, for the first time, you can study art under the personal supervision of America's 12 most famous artists. And you learn at home, in your spare time! Write today for our handsome illustrated booklet that tells you all about it. It's FREE—Write today!

FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE
FREE — Dept. 45-R, Westport, Conn. Please send book about your home study art course.
Mr. Mrs. Miss ..... Age .....
(Please Print)
Street .....
City, Zone, State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AL TARTER

Keep It Down on the Road

CONGRESS IS NOW ENGAGED in the sensitive process of deciding where to sink the government's teeth, and how hard, for the big tax bite that is on the way. Several methods of performing the painful operation have been suggested, and more will probably be forthcoming. But it is natural that close attention should be given the administration's own tax plan.

It was Secretary of the Treasury Snyder's job to try to sell this plan to the House Ways and Means Committee. The assignment was neither easy nor likely to increase his popularity, and if we weren't so sorry for all us pore shiverin' taxpayers we'd be inclined to extend him some sympathy. Any effort to translate the President's lump-sum request into specific items is bound to be difficult and controversial. Still, there was one recommendation in Mr. Snyder's package which seems to us a grave mistake.

That was the suggestion that the manufacturer's tax on new automobiles be hiked from the present 7 per cent to 20 per cent, and a new and unspecified excise be levied on used cars. This would put the auto in the class with other items which are classed as "luxuries," and which were also nominated for a 20 per cent tax tag. And if, in addition, the tax on gasoline were doubled, as Mr. Snyder proposed, the luxury designation might seem appropriate.

The trouble with these proposals, of course, is that the automobile is not a luxury. And a virtual tripling of the present tax on new cars is wholly out of line. This is far above the proposed tax increase on other items of standard use. The president of the American Automobile Association has figured that if Mr. Snyder's recommendations were adopted, motorists would be paying more than 40 per cent of the $3,000,000,000 which the administration wants to collect in new excise taxes.

Such a means of raising revenue would carry a heavy risk. The blow would certainly be felt throughout our whole economy. For that economy is geared to the horseless carriage, which has been with us for more than 50 years and now may safely be considered here to stay. The automobile fathered scores of new industries. Hundreds of thousands of people today depend on those industries for their living. But, more than that, hundreds of thousands and probably millions of others are dependent on the automobile to get them to and from work or to conduct their business.

We know of several communities that are completely isolated except for the private car, and there surely are many more that we don't know about. We also know of families that maintain two cars at a considerable sacrifice because those cars are a necessity, not a luxury.

The automobile has changed the face of our country as well as revolutionized its industry. It has decentralized the urban population. It has practically banished the trolley car to oblivion. It has caused many companies to abandon train or bus service as unprofitable. Any move now to raise auto prices as drastically as has been proposed would be rash and shortsighted.

Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson has announced that the country isn't going to operate under an "economy of scarcity" if he can help it. That is a wise decision. This promises to be a long emergency at best, and there must be top production and top efficiency if the big war is to be avoided. But we shan't have top production or top efficiency if, as time goes on, the roads are filled with jalopies that ought to be in the junk yard because people who need a new car just can't afford $100-a-month payments on it. And that, with the proposed taxes and the proposed new credit restrictions, is about what the tab would be on a medium-priced car. The way the rest of our "frozen" prices have been going, not many wage earners could make the grade.

There's no dodging the fact that the government must collect a lot of new money. But we would suggest that the lawmakers look to more expendable items than automobiles when making the biggest tax increases. We would suggest that Mr. Truman, who testily dared Congress to cut his budget, might make an earnest search for further economies in government operations.

All of us are willing to sacrifice and to suffer, if necessary, to prevent further war. But sacrifices should contribute to the country's strength. A punishing tax on automobiles would eventually mean a wasteful and unavailing sacrifice by many. So we hope that Congress will turn down this part of the administration's tax plan. For it certainly would be taking money out of the wrong taxpayer's pocket.

. . . and Speaking of Taxes

ANOTHER OF MR. SNYDER'S suggestions for raising revenue is a whopping increase in the tax on wine—233 per cent on table wine and 150 per cent on the dessert variety. This also strikes us as being shortsighted.

The big market for domestic wine is in the middle- and low-income groups. This proposed tax might remove store-bought wine from these families' budgets. But it is a safe, and we hope not too cynical, assumption that it wouldn't remove wine from all their tables. It seems likely that there would be a big increase in home production, not only on the farm but in city kitchens and cellars. Thus a revival of this prohibition-era custom might result in less revenue from wine taxes than the government is getting now. And that's hardly the way to finance a pay-as-you-go defense program.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or try the

Finest Paul Jones in Five Generations

SO SMOOTH, SO MILD
SO RICH AND MELLOW—
YOU JUST CAN'T BUY
A BETTER DRINK!

We sincerely believe that today's Paul Jones—in the beautiful new bottle it so richly deserves—is the *finest* Paul Jones we have ever offered!

Try it, and we believe you'll agree—you just can't buy a better drink!

Paul Jones — Since 1865

Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR YOU- PROOF of Mildness with no unpleasant after-taste

FOR YOU- PROOF OF MILDNESS

"When I apply the Standard Tobacco Growers' Test to cigarettes, I find Chesterfield is the one that smells milder and smokes milder."

Statement by hundreds of Prominent Tobacco Growers.

FOR YOU- PROOF OF NO UNPLEASANT AFTER-TASTE

"Chesterfield is the only cigarette in which members of our taste panel found no unpleasant after-taste."

From the report of a well-known Industrial Research Organization.

SEE BOB HOPE
in his new Paramount Picture
"THE LEMON DROP KID"

HEAR BOB HOPE
on radio every Tuesday night
ON N.B.C.

ALWAYS BUY MILDER CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1951, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED